

YOUNG
FOLK'S
GOLDEN
TREASURY
OF
TRAVEL
AND
ADVENTURE





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THE ICE PALACE, DOMINION SQUARE, ON INAUGURATION NIGHT.

YOUNG FOLKS GOLDEN TREASURY
OF
TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

SHORT SKETCHES
BY THE BEST WRITERS

INCLUDING

ROSE G. KINGSLEY, ANNIE SAWYER DOWNS,
HELEN JACKSON, DAVID KER,
JOHN WILLIS HAYS
AND OTHERS

ILLUSTRATED WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS
BY WELL-KNOWN ARTISTS

BOSTON
D LOTHROP COMPANY
WASHINGTON STREET OPPOSITE BROMFIELD

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YOUNG FOLKS' GOLDEN TREASURY
OF
TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

THE CRUISE OF A COVERLET.

OFF BARNEGAT.

Mie Benton Fremont

THE small cabin of an officer on sea-duty makes his home for so long a time that all belonging with home-like ideas gets new value to him. For that, you will see the most feminine devices in rugs and embroidered cushions and pillows, and photographs surrounded by frames that speak of tender personal meaning. While the most dainty girl might envy some of the ribboned and lace-trimmed toilet covers on the tall stiff regulation chest of drawers.

This precious collection gets safely stowed away in rough times, but comes out in full beauty in fair weather, or when they make port; for visiting parties and many ladies are sure to come on a man-of-war, and then these little nests of homes are admired and understood, for there is a universal language of the affections.

When Lieutenant Webfoot found himself in command of a vessel—small, but his own separate command—"Cap'n of his own tug-boat," he had the pride of a promoted young officer, together with the housekeeping delight of a young girl beginning her cruise of married life in her own house.

The Government puts in the essentials, but Government has a skimp idea of what is necessary, and the officers get the rest themselves—in the proportion of four fifths to the Government one fifth. Where so much outlay is obligatory for necessities, any adornment has to come in last, and it is there the home women do their part. This first command was to go on rough duty with a lively chance of going to the bottom, as her work was Gulf Stream soundings in winter weather. The Bahamas with their far-reaching reefs are known as "the wrecking-ground of the Atlantic." And as the *Foam*—not her true name—was only a small sailing vessel, the winds would have their say in storms as to whether the Bahama reefs or the surf-beaten coast of Florida should be their next move.

Meantime the little ship was being made ready to get the best work out of her, and every detail carefully gone into against the straining and hard chances ahead. And as men count for more than even a stout ship in emergencies, the crew was picked, and preparation made to get the best work out of them. The *best*, not the *hardest*. The best requires both moral and physical conditions to be in prepared readiness.

When a Hindoo wants to rest, or to eat, he comes to his employer and says, "Sleep is a good thing, and necessary to the life of a man." Or, "Food is a good thing, and necessary to the life of a man."

Sleep and food determine a man's working-power. So their young commander took care they should have each of these good. They were a picked crew; Americans from New York harbor, and from Maine and Marblehead, and Swedes and Danes, each man up to his work and cheerful and willing; example as well as orders kept out all drinking, and such was their health and content that in over two years, mostly of exposed dangerous work, no desertion or dismissal, or even illness, occurred.

May I digress? Lord Morpeth (years and years ago) visited a sugar estate in Louisiana belonging to one of my mother's family. Mrs. Preston was suddenly very ill, and Lord Morpeth hearing the order to ride for the plantation doctor was horror-struck, and exclaimed, "You are not going to have the doctor of your negroes attend your wife!" "No," was the answer, "it is my wife's physician who attends my negroes."

In the same way the officers' cook made the health and strength of this crew. Badly cooked food is the nurse of intemperance. The Government allows a cook to the officers and another to the crew, with a sailor detailed to help the men's cook, with small wages to each. The work of all these three had to go on in one small "galley" (kitchen). Any woman would

see there must follow "trouble in the kitchen;" but Governments do not meet the consequences of their orders. To secure good cooking for all, one well-trained cook, a Portuguese, was taken for both officers and men, and paid the wages allowed for the two. Make it worth while to work and man or woman will do better work. With his sailor cook-maid to help, this was not too much work for the cook; and the men had their food as carefully and agreeably prepared as that for the cabin. Especially as Lieutenant Webfoot followed up his plan by often asking at the galley window for a taste of the men's dinner or a cup of their coffee.

The beautiful order and nice use of every bit of space on any ship-of-war is admirable, and on this very small vessel it was as clever as a good puzzle to see the ingenuity which secured order, and even beauty, out of prosaic necessities.

The working-table took up nearly all the cabin, and their charts and drawings had to be cleared away for each meal, for it was also their dining-table. Two berths on each side made the sleeping places for the young officers, while their captain had a dot of a cabin at the stern.

The young officers had beautiful afghans and embroidered silk pillows on their berths (for fine; for sea-service only plain white), and Webfoot clamored to his womenkind for fine things also: "Because I am married am I not to have what girls work for these youngsters?"

"What do you want?"

"What I *really* want, what would finish the warm look of my cabin, would be a berth-coverlet to go with the red carpet and portière."

"Shall it be velvet, or satin, Commodore?" asked one.

"Satin will do — dark-red — and made to look pretty — embroidery and that sort of thing."

"I can't embroider," said one; and, "I have children's clothes to make," said another; and another: "You are extravagant in your notions. Such a coverlet would cost lots and lots of money."

But Webfoot's mother, who would have liked to give a steady favoring wind for all winter, with a clear sky by day and a full moon every night, thought she could compass the coverlet though she could not manage the skies and the seas.

It took many weeks to work all the flowers and stitches, but the result was a charmingly pretty and rich-looking bed-spread. It was of dark-red satin, with a yellowish-pink silk piece turned over at the top and fringed with some good lace she had, so that it would all look complete and pretty when laid over the berth, pillow and all, in the sensible English way for the day-spread. It was lined with dark red Canton flannel; to keep the lining smooth



WEBFOOT'S COVERLET. (*From photograph.*)

butterflies and lilies-of-the-valley and horseshoes and four-leaved clovers and daisies were added, in place of little bows of ribbon or quilting, and each had its home-meaning. The triangular pocket stitched on, for a handkerchief-pocket, was lightly wadded and perfumed with orris-root, as fresh violets could not be had at sea to give the right fragrance to the many violets worked on it—for that was the mother's flower. The pink silk at the top had the favorite flower of some one else close in his life—a story of a Rose, beginning in the bud, growing into a full

rose with its own buds—and a bar of music with the closing words of a favorite “good-night” song. The ideas, the drawing, the needle work, were the mother’s; but there were thoughts of all the home from a copy of “Buster’s Shoe”—the small shoe of a Shetland pony kept for good luck and good memories—on, to the last rosebud and the last song of good-night “ere he sailed and he sailed to the winter sea.”

When all was quite ready, the coverlet held a reception; the little ship being for the occasion anchored at a Staten Island landing. Various friends and well-wishers who had seen Webfoot grow from boy to man, and also watched, with suggestions, the growth of his coverlet, came, bearing gifts for his special tastes: a lovely

Then the long, last chat on deck—all the world’s commerce passing by to the great rich city—then good-bye! and good-bye! and with all her pretty things carefully stowed, the little *Foam* sailed away to her lonely risky work.

No more ladies and lace and kind good wishes; but the stormy Atlantic in the winter-time and all the rough chances of the mysterious Gulf Stream. Hard work, and at times hard fare, but a fine body of willing men who knew each could be relied on for the best work in him.

Their work was over, and the *Foam* having become disabled in the Gulf Stream they started for New York, but were forced by strong headwinds, which in their disabled condition they



THE FOAM. (From photograph.)

cushion with a schooner etched in white on the dark blue ground; a lamp shade too fine to use of real Valenciennes and pink silk; jars of preserves; big fruit cakes; and many novels for the long silent hours to come.

Auguste, the Portuguese cook, had ready a delicate breakfast at which only ladies could sit down, the officers looking after them in the nice home-like way navy men do.

could not work against, to take refuge in one port after another until they could patch their mast in Charleston. Then they caught a fair wind and carried it from Charleston to Barnegat, where at sunset of the evening of the fifteenth of June they found themselves, almost becalmed, in company of four large three-masted schooners, the smallest of which was at least three times the size of the *Foam*. They were for two

hours so near each other that they talked together. On one, the finest and largest, were Swedish sailors, who told the *Foam's* men that their Captain's wife was on board and the captain was eager to get her home as she was not well. He was put out by this calm which delayed them just at the end. They were nearly home, only forty-five miles to Highland lights, those welcome twin-lights that tell of safety and rest to the in-coming ships.

It was lovely June weather and the season of storms was over. After the first of June the Government closed the life-saving stations; just as in the small country towns their authorities do not light the street lamps on the nights the moon *ought* to shine. Sometimes, however, when the almanac says "Full moon" there is a black night and howling storm.

From all indications, this night of the fifteenth of June, the wind was expected from the northwest, which would make smooth sailing into New York. But about two o'clock in the night it came out in a strong and sudden gale from east-northeast, which was the worst point of the compass for them to be caught in. The heavy merchant schooners, being slower sailers, and not having large crews to handle them, were wrecked on the Jersey beach, or foundered, that night. All probably were within a radius of twenty miles during the time they remained afloat. Yet the *Foam* never saw but one of them again, and that only for a moment — through the fog and breakers, while they were trying to save the *Foam* itself from the same fate.

It was the next forenoon, after they had been beating on and off all night, trying to keep up to windward and hold against the gale, where they could just make out through the drive of the wind and the rain the breakers — and, back of them, dimly, some large buildings, seemingly hotels. It was all over in a moment. The lookout, one hand holding on to the rigging, pointed to them. No sound could be heard in the deafening storm, but a wave of the hand ordered "Ware-ship," as Webfoot jumped to help the man at the wheel, where the two hung on while the men jumped to their stations: the helm was

put up, and the little schooner came round with her head pointing in-shore — where it seemed it would never turn any further — when, as she dropped off the top of the big sea and her rudder got its chance to make her mind, she came round with a rush; plunging through the first breaker she headed up to, with not half a fathom to spare under her keel.

As the *Foam* stood off from what every one knew was a very close shave, they involuntarily looked back; and there, in the midst of the breakers, mast partly gone, rags of sails flying, and the sea breaking over her, was the largest and finest of their companions of the evening before.

Afterward they learned that her captain finding she had sprung a leak and was sinking had run for the beach to try and save his crew — and his wife — by beaching his vessel in the neighborhood of one of the life-saving stations. He succeeded in doing his part. The men at these stations are heroic in daring and courage and lives are rarely lost while they are on duty. But it was past the date for which the Government allows help. The station was closed, and the ship was a total wreck. All on board were lost except two men.

The other three schooners foundered at sea during the gale.

Again and again during the gale the *Foam's* cabin was flooded. Furniture, even the big table, broke loose, and the chart had to be nailed to the cabin floor. Everything broke up in heaps, and all was saturated with salt water. For thirty-six hours no sleep or food was to be had. She was a sorry sight as she crept in to her Staten Island landing, scarred from battling with mighty seas; strained and broken masts, and strained worn faces on officers and men. She needed too much repair to go out again soon; and everything had to be taken out for a thorough overhauling. Carpets, beds, clothing, were hopelessly damaged; but out of its waterproof bag came the Coverlet, dry and bright, and all right to follow Webfoot. For new orders had come to him, to go to sea again, this time on our historic old flagship, the *HARTFORD*.



THE CRUISE OF A COVERLET.

FARRAGUT'S FLAGSHIP, THE HARTFORD.

Miss Benton Fremont



ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

"Indeed it shall go with you. Why should you take such care of it when we cannot save you from the climate?" He had to carry that and all the tokens of home that could be crowded into his state-room.

Three years of absence!

To reach their ship they had to cross the Isthmus, and at Panama Webfoot stopped at a hotel kept by a Frenchman who, hearing his name, told him of having packed him, when he was a young baby, in a hammock made of a tablecloth and slung on the back of an Indian, with a supply of chicken bones and crackers, for the day's journey to Gorgona. The Frenchman was pleased to see him and very nice to him and the other young officers. Telling them, however, it was well they could get away at once, for cholera, yellow fever, and general disorder prevailed on shore.

They found even on a clean-kept man-of-war the mouldy heat, the languid fevered conditions which soon made illness the rule among them, and that blessed coverlet with its roses and memories often covered aching limbs as well as an aching heart.

Lower down the coast, where the climate was better and many Americans and English were settled, they met delightful hospitality, and everywhere their ship itself was treated with honor in memory of its great days and its great commander.

But it had not always been great days and victory for Farragut.

It cost him his home in Virginia, and the loss of all his Southern friends, when he decided to remain true to the Union, and fight for it under the old flag which he had already served under for a long lifetime.

Our Government was slow to employ him and trust him with a ship. It was a time of distrust and painful surprises, and strange things had been done by trusted old officers—Northern as well as Southern men—and the just had to suffer for the unjust.

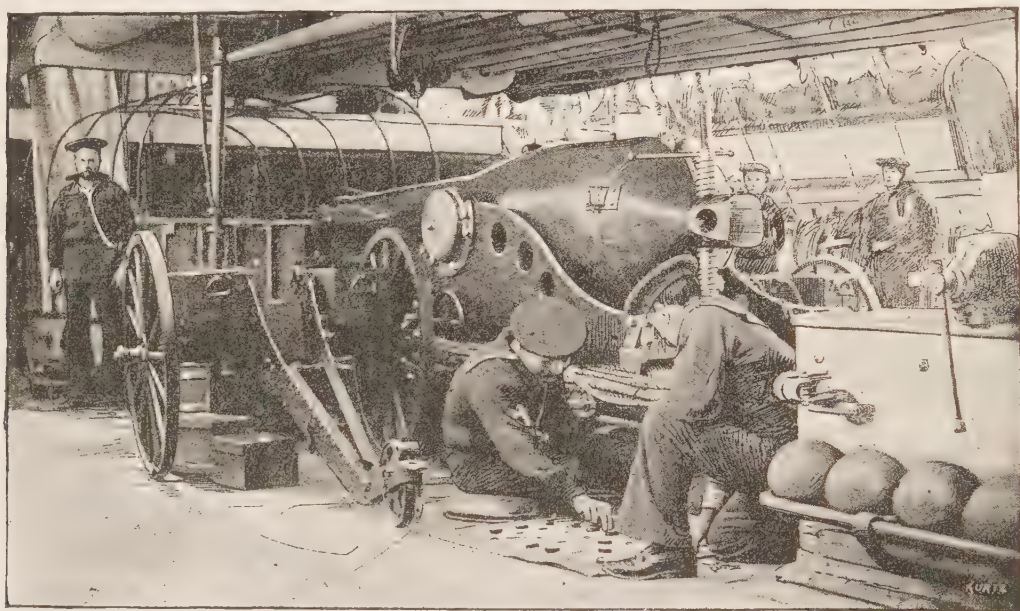
Away from his own people, his home gone, and on the small pay of an officer waiting orders, Farragut came with his family to the village of Hastings, near the city of New York; he could not afford to live in town. By his cottage was

the line of the Croton Aqueduct. Its high-raised level roadway on top, only used for the care of the aqueduct, makes a fine promenade. On this the sorrowful discouraged Farragut walked incessantly. Not a long stretch, but going and returning on a short beat near by his cottage. Any one knowing the habits of navy officers, how they had their four hours "watch" each day, and had to do this amount of walking on the confined limit of a ship's deck while scanning sea and sky for a sail or the weather, would have comprehended how natural

their fear being that he was there to aid a plot to cut off the water-supply of New York City.

Of this he fortunately knew nothing at the time. After weary waiting the orders came, and once the chance given him to prove himself I rather think no one doubted Farragut's loyalty, or his value to his country.

After the war when he was living in New York—in a house given to him by grateful citizens—when he was overloaded with attentions and invitations, he told me of this Hastings idea at a dinner where I was invited to meet



THE HARTFORD—FORWARD PIVOT.

was this measured walking on the aqueduct's green level.

But the times were out of joint and the doubts of the Government were shared by many well-meaning men in regard to Southern officers.

They saw Farragut keeping apart with troubled looks, and these solitary paces to and fro on one spot kept up for hours by night as well as by day. That he was unhappy, that he could not sleep, that it was the habit of a lifetime to watch and walk by night as well as by day, and that the exercise brought him some quieting, his neighbors did not seem to think of. They made a committee to watch him all the time, and see that he did nothing to injure the aqueduct;

him. He was a single-hearted, direct man, and scarcely allowed for the complicated conditions of that sad time. Had he been bidden to "sell all thou hast and follow me" he would have done so. To "turn away," or feel regret that he had followed, was not in his nature.

The lady giving the dinner had brought together many distinguished men, but being a heedless sort of woman she had not remembered that two of them did not speak to each other. When she did recall it she carefully arranged so that these should not sit near one another, and by putting them both on the same side of the table they need not even see each other. There were but four ladies, herself,

Mrs. Farragut, myself and one other. It had been many years since I had seen the Admiral. He was then unmarried and greatly pleased with a lovely girl—a fellow bridesmaid with me at the Bodisco wedding. She died young, and that hope ended for him. Perhaps some thoughts stirred in him of that young time, for he was very unreasonable over me. He even insisted on taking me down to dinner.

“But you *must* take *me*, Admiral,” said his hostess.

“Very well, then I will have Mrs. Frémont on the other side.”

“But, dear Admiral, that upsets all the table—we are only four ladies. We *must* sit one at either end and one at each side, else all the men are jumbled together.”

“You asked me here to please me?” said this straightforward sailor; “then let me have what I want. I want Mrs. Frémont by me.”

And he had his own way. The fun of it was that the two men who did not speak were consequently brought side by side.

At other dinners where we met the Admiral demanded me, and had his own way.

The lesson taught by that interval of doubt and neglect had left its impression even on Farragut's sweet nature, and he was impatient of attentions to his rank and honors since he had been made to feel he was of little value for himself.

One of the most beautiful squares in our beautiful National city is named for Farragut, and there on a May-day I was at the unveiling of his statue. Myself I would have preferred the design which gave him lashed to the mast on his battle-ship. The spars would tell well against the sky in that fine space looking towards the Potomac. I sat by the Admiral of our Navy, Porter, a great name from father to son in all our naval history. The General of the Army, Sherman, and other men who had shared the danger with Farragut were there to do his memory honor. And chief figure on that stand was the President of the United States, himself a tried soldier, still young, full of health, and in the flush of full success and power. In a few weeks the hand of an ignoble assassin laid all this low and left only lingering months of dumb anguish until death ended the sufferings of Garfield.

“Blow, thou winter's wind!
Thou 'rt not so unkind
As friend remembering not.”

With many savages, and among our own Indians, there are tribes who turn out their old people to starve and die when they are past being useful. The highest civilizations make helpless age a claim for care and secure protection, not only for people but for monuments recalling great deeds.

After the death of President Taylor his old white horse which he had ridden during the Mexican War was cared for by a Southern family who had a beautiful place on Georgetown Heights. “Old Whitey” had the freedom of the lawn as well as of his large pasture. He was so sure of petting that if one passed slowly he would come gravely to the low hedge and stretch his neck over for the sugar so many carried for him.

In the English service, not only inscribed on their flags but woven into their finer mess-tablecloths is the list of their victories. “The Black Watch”—the 92d Highlanders—has a long roll handed down from its earliest date of service. And in building war ships the name of a famous old ship is given anew, and by way of baptismal certificate, a piece of the old deck is inlaid in the new one; on the brass frame surrounding it is the inscription that tells of England's glory and the hero who won it for her on that ship.

We were asked to Woolwich to visit the little fleet *Lady Franklin* had fitted out to search for the lost Arctic explorers. From these small low vessels we were taken up to the deck of a huge man-of-war still on the stocks. Her name was to be the *Agamemnon*, and we were shown, with pride and feeling, the diamond-shaped piece of the deck of the old *Agamemnon* which was inserted in this new deck. On its bright rim of brass was inscribed name and date telling this was from Nelson's first ship.

Just lately at the Jubilee Naval Review, the old *Victory*, on which he was killed in battle, was made ready for a part in the great fête. She has long been anchored at Portsmouth, but colors were run up on her old masts and a gun mounted on her memorable deck, and every vessel in that splendid naval procession gave

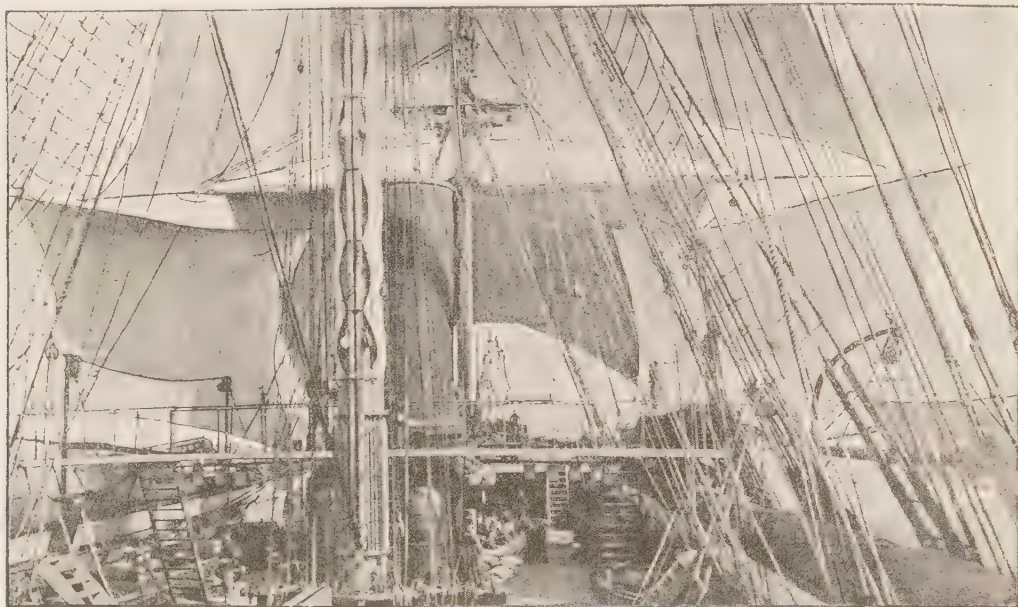
thundering broadsides in her honor as they passed Nelson's last ship.*

Everywhere on the Pacific coast the old *Hartford* met this feeling for her past—for her great Commander in the days when he made her famous as his Flagship.

The seacoast of South America is lined with English who have there large interests, and their long-trained, national veneration toward their own great names found expression towards these noble names of ours.

my Webfoot. The official order reached them a little later. There was a tangle between the Government and Pacific Mail which made the official mails irregular and slow; but we had friendly personal relations with people who sent our letters through quickly.

The *Hartford* lay at Callao to recruit the health of her people who were nearly all down, men and officers, with Panama fever. Webfoot had written that he did not like to use his lovely coverlet so much, but that it really did do him good



THE HARTFORD — ALL SAIL.

Death had set its seal on the good Admiral, and decay was fast ending the life of his ship.

Before the term of her cruise was over it was seen it could not be completed. It required much care to get her back to the Bay of San Francisco, where she was to be overhauled and, if possible, repaired.

This decision was kindly told to me in Washington with permission to repeat it by letter to

* "On the eve of the anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar, on Friday, the gallant old *Victory*, Nelson's battle ship, anchored in honored repose at Portsmouth, was discovered to be sinking, and was only rescued from a watery grave by the prompt action of the crew of the *Duke of Wellington*, who manned the pumps, and the assistance of numerous tugs. Britain holds no object dearer than the glorious old hulk that once signaled 'England expects every man to do his duty,' and well may the *Telegraph* say: 'We would not see her taken from the eyes of Englishmen for a whole squadron of big black metallic monsters and steam rams and gunboats.'"

to spread it over him himself and feel its warmth in his aching bones, and see home in it. He wrote again that he was aching after a chill, and lying covered by "your quilt" when the mail was distributed: "*When I read your letter and what . . . said, I made off to the Admiral's cabin and showed it to him, and in half an hour the whole ship went wild.*" . . . "*No more fevers! No more heading south! With the home pennant flying, we are done with quinine and homesickness.*"

And home they came. A risky bit of travel; putting into San Diego for repairs enough to get up to San Francisco. After the irregular foreign mails, the far seas, the evil chances to a breaking-up old ship, this was practically home. Telegrams giving instant news, and

"that blessed square-jawed Washington bringing you for two cents your daily letter."

During the delay at San Diego many thousands travelled there to see the *Hartford*; it became a regular excursion from all the country around. One of her young officers told me of a quiet-looking man who asked him to point out just the spot where Farragut was when lashed to the mast. He had pleasure in meeting the feeling of this visitor and in explaining why it had been right for Farragut to be so fastened there. To get rid of the smoke (they were in action, off Mobile) the Admiral had gradually climbed the rigging until he was about seventy feet above the deck. Had he been wounded the fall would have been fearful. One of the Signal Quartermasters, thinking of this, ran up after him and, without his knowledge, passed some turns of the signal halyards round the Admiral and the futtock-shrouds.

The Admiral asked, "*What is the Brooklyn backing for?*"

"*She signals, 'Torpedoes.'*"

(A big "*D*") — *the torpedoes.* GO AHEAD."

He dashed her up, taking the lead of the line himself and the *Hartford* was the first ship in.

When the officer turned to his visitor after he was through, the man was standing, hat off, looking up at the mast with tears thick in his eyes. "God bless him," he said.

At San Francisco the ship was examined, and they found so much was to be done that she had to be "put out of commission."

Do you understand what this means? Everything that has made the power of the ship, and the comfortable living of hundreds of men for over two years, was to be taken out of her. (A precious relic of the *Hartford* was packed away in a small camphor-chest, with the cherished coverlet, and both rest in it now from the dangers of the seas.) The powder magazine was emptied, her guns carried off, her engines taken out, her spars taken down—in short she was changed from an active war ship to an empty hull.

Then the vacant ship was well whitewashed below. By this even the rats left her.

All being cleared and ready for the last ceremony, the crew dressed in their best uniforms —

officers the same—are drawn up on deck and the Captain reads to them the order putting the ship out of commission.

He makes the regulation speech for such occasions; speaks of the special history of the ship, of their own cruise, and hopes always to have as good a crew to sail with.

Then, all hands take their hats off. With bared heads they look their last at the flag as it is hauled down. The ship is deserted and left to the care of the watchman on the dock.

Then, what—?

Everywhere, especially in California where she lies in a Government dock, the cry went up against her being broken up and sold.

But it will require an "Act of Congress" to save her and keep her as an honored relic of patriotism. And Congress listens to the voice of the people.

Many years ago the *Constitution* affectionately called "Old Ironsides" was to be broken up and sold at auction because her glorious services had made her unseaworthy. There was great feeling against such a desecration of a



THE HARTFORD IN DOCK.

faithful servant of the Republic, and one young voice spoke that feeling in some brief strong verses that settled themselves as the voice of the people, and saved the ship. The old *Constitution* is still doing duty as part of the Naval Academy class-rooms at Annapolis; her days ending in suitable and honorable usefulness. Not a middy studying there but knows by heart

—in his heart—the lines that saved the ship.
I do not know who will speak for the *Hartford*
and turn away the hammer of the auctioneer,
now hanging over her. But men come with the
hour.

I thought the verses written so long ago by
Dr. Holmes might be fresh to some of the young
people of to day and trusting that again
they might help win the day for a grand old
ship I asked his permission to put them with
this talk of the *Hartford*; and received his
kindly and gracious consent to using them here :

OLD IRONSIDES.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down !
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky ;

Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar ; —
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more !

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread
Or know the conquered knee ;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea !

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave ;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep
And there should be her grave.
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of storms
The lightning and the gale !



THERE once was a wealthy Pasha
Who, when bills were presented, said "Law !"
Then he'd go to a pile
Of gold bars with a smile,
And he'd cut off a yard with a saw !

CHILD LIFE IN VENICE:

Annie Sawyer Bourns.



A VENETIAN NURSE MAID.

marble walls the silent tides steal ever onward like the march of fate, furnish any playgrounds for boys and girls?

So when I stood, very early the morning after my arrival, in the great Piazza of St. Mark's, no thought of childhood was in my mind.

I thought instead of the mystic-winged lion poising himself on his soaring column; of the rose-colored mass of the Doge's palace with its exquisite marble arcades; of Nero's colossal bronze horses over the doorway, in the grand Oriental front of the ancient basilica; of the glistening mosaics, the marvellous carvings, above all of the unfathomable depths of blue sky over me, and the equally unfathomable depths of blue water at my feet. And this singular beauty, which no

THE idea of children does not readily occur to the stranger in Venice. Why should it? Are not its citizens born into the world men and women, with faces beyond their years? Do its narrow, crooked passages, hardly worthy the name of streets, constantly interrupted by steep bridges over sea-channels lined with aged palaces, between whose

picture had ever revealed, no book had ever shown, was silent. Neither sound of hoof nor roll of wheels, nothing but the splash, splash of the ever-moving water, and the soft croon of innumerable pigeons.

And what dissipated my reverie? Why, the merry laugh of a Venetian baby! Yes, the only other figure in the stately square was that of a young and comely nurse, who carried tenderly in her strong arms the first child I saw in Venice. She came through the Piazzetta, that little passage which leads from the great square to the water, and in her dark red-trimmed skirt, long white apron with its great bow behind, black bodice, and quaint, tight-fitting cap, was a significant embodiment of the every-day life, which in spite of unique situation, and unparalleled surroundings, is as



A VENETIAN TRAVELLER—TIME 1878

much the heritage of Venice as of the most ordinary European city. The pigeons saw her sooner

than I, and when a couple swept down as if to light on her broad shoulders, the baby put up his tiny fingers to catch them, and not succeeding, laughed instead. How that laugh rang through the shadowy arches, how it took possession of

ceases within its walls, and the sacrament is constantly adored upon its altar. Therefore there is an endless crowd, old and young, women and soldiers, children and priests, continually passing through its nave. In fact, so accustomed are the

people to the most familiar use of the church, that I often saw the market-woman set down her heavy basket in the vestibule, or the vender of fried fish deposit the yoke upon which his wares were hung at the entrance doors. From a little narrow street which elbowed St. Mark's on the north many busy mothers emerged to rush across the square and say a hasty prayer in the church. These mothers never had any baby carriages, but they pushed the little ones before them in a queer sort of cage, akin to what in remote parts of New England is even now called a "standing stool."

These standing stools are high enough to come under the baby's arms and allow his feet to rest on the floor. Being larger at the bottom than the top, the support is firm, and the wheels, fastened securely to the base, allow the child to push himself along. It is very convenient

to use this old-time contrivance in Venice, as the squares and many streets are paved with great blocks of white marble, smooth and level as a drawing-room floor.

One morning a mother left her baby in his stool at the principal entrance of St. Mark's. I do not know if she prayed longer than usual, or if he thought it a good opportunity to go off a little on his own account, but he began to roll himself around. Nearly opposite where he was left, on the east side of the square, is a paved street not more than seven feet in its widest part, and upon whose every side shops are set as thickly as possible. I was picking my way gingerly amid its



A SWIMMING LESSON.

them, so that I heard it ever after, must be left to the imagination. But this baby though a beauty was not of the Venetian type. His blonde hair, blue eyes, and fair skin, contrasted strongly with the gleaming, surprising loveliness of the next child whom the accidents of sight-seeing caused me to notice.

The Piazza of St. Mark's is as much the centre of the religious as of the social life of the city, for its crowning glory is the church of St. Mark. Marvellous upon its exterior, it is no less marvellous within, appealing more strongly to the religious element than any other church in the world. Its doors stand open day and night, prayer never



BOUND FOR THE REGATTA.

fruit sellers, fish dealers, and shell venders, when loud shouts and hearty laughing made me turn sharply. The little Venetian traveller was coming right down upon me. Doubtless the square slanted a trifle, for his rapid motion left his hurrying mother far behind. His short-sleeved blouse showed his plump brown arms, while the funny cap, embroidered with shells instead of beads, permitted us to see how his gleaming eyes laughed to their dusky depths as he shook defiantly in the air the odd toy he sturdily held close in his wildest flight. After him still clattered his irritated mamma. On account of her high-heeled shoes she could not run very fast, but there was little need, for a good-natured water-carrier stretched out his brawny arms and the runaway was captured.

I have called this narrow alley of St. Moisé a street, for there are streets in Venice, and one may walk all over the city if one chooses. But the real streets of Venice are its salt water canals, upon whose banks its famous churches, finest palaces, and most interesting monuments are situated. These water-streets are navigated day and night by gondolas, a kind of boat whose form has been as curiously adapted to its purposes of instant obedience as that of a bird's wing. It must draw very little water, carry almost any weight, shelter its passengers, move lightly, stop instantly, turn as on a pivot, glide like a serpent in and out of every cranny, in short, obey not so much an order as a hint. It is long, slender, and very high from the water at both ends. Bow and stern are sharp, and the former ends in a beak, or flat steel, which towers to a considerable height. This deeply-serrated blade of steel is an ornament, but it is useful as well, for by it the gondolier steers, and under whatever bridge it passes, he knows his black cabin in the centre will pass too. The danger of collision obliges him to face the bow and, as he never uses but one oar, he pushes, not pulls. The cabin is often removed and an awning put up, which may in its turn be dispensed with, when one has full view of the pale-faced, black-eyed

beauties as they take their twilight airing. Gondolas, like cabs, are numbered and licensed, and it is said there are now four or five thousand in this strange city of the sea. They are black from stem to stern, the law having regulated their color for centuries. The necessity of the law is evident; for we read that nobles and citizens vied so with each other to be finest, that whole families were brought to poverty.

Realizing that Venetian cabs are boats, and Venetian streets are canals which rise and fall every tide, we are prepared to hear that Venetians themselves take all their pleasure on the water. So they do now, and have done for ages. When Naples has welcomed royal guests with brave horse races on the Corso, when Rome has honored Pope, or Cardinal, with a gorgeous procession, Venice has summoned the splendid barges of the Republic and taken her guests to her palace-lined canals. Was it a victory—then they decked the Doge's boat with flags from Lepanto. Was it a poet—then they brought out the banner which floated over the barge of the illustrious Petrarch, when with acclamation they rowed him over the shining waves of the Giudecca. Or, holiest of all, at the great Feast of the Sacrament, the sacred emblem of St. Mark, and the trophies blind old Dandolo brought from the Holy Sepulchre. A dozen times in a summer they have a grand regatta; and



CROSSING THE STREET.

good children are taken in a gondola to see the fun, just as in America they go to the circus. The month we were in Venice there was a famous regatta to welcome the young Queen of Italy. Hundreds of boats started from the Grand Canal, rowed around the gilded plumed gondola where

the Queen sat, then made their way to the Rialto bridge where they turned and glided slowly back. Each black hood was removed, and festoons of pink and salmon, orange and violet, red and green, blue and white, so changed the mystic fleet, that it is little wonder we likened it only to the storied boat which bore King Arthur to Avalon. The band played during the entire pageant, and the

lovely music floated out on the Lagoons and was lost in the cry of the sea-gulls over the Lido.

Each was in holiday dress, which in Italy means all the colors of the rainbow, and everybody was kind and polite

to the two strangers who had come "so far to see their beautiful Venice." No police were visible, and although skillful rowers must have been much annoyed by awkward ones, we heard no angry words. After a little we, too, took a boat, that we might see the effect from its level. The gondolas looked particularly fine as we thus watched them from the stream. Standing so high on the narrow platforms at the stern, with their long oars bending hither and thither, they resembled a field of slender rushes waving in the wind. Opposite the Royal Gardens, with much of the most interesting architecture of Venice in view, we came upon a gondola load of children, who like ourselves were going home from the regatta. Their tall slim gondolier, bursting unexpectedly upon us, recalled the classic charioteer urging his horses in the antique games. Standing with one foot behind the other, and with outstretched arms, he seemed to skim the water. His attention was given to steering his craft amid the scows which pressed upon him, but his freight of children were too happy even to look any more. For once the eager eyes had seen enough, for a time at least the restless little hearts were satisfied, and we had no doubt in many a distant northern home as they gathered by the evening fire that cheeks would flush and eyes sparkle as they told

of the regatta that midsummer day in Venice.

And who can tell what such days in Venice are to the children of the poor to whom summer is the only luxury? Then boys, even street boys, are crazy with joy, for they have not only air but water in which to be mischievous. It is no trouble for a boy to go swimming in that city of the sea. Every high arched bridge, no matter how serpentine the canal beneath, may be turned into a swimming school, every kind-hearted father, uncle or brother serves for a teacher, and as each novice is, or may be, provided with some kind of a float, there is no apprehension of danger. From the beginning of June far on into September, the boy-part of Venice is far oftener in the water than out, where they either shout and clamor to each other, or poise themselves for a leap from any friendly doorstep; and as the Venetian bathing dress is a mere hint of that elsewhere worn, you are never tired of admiring the fine statuesque limbs, bronzed by the too kindly sun.

Many a time as I have stood watching those happy boys I have wondered at details of the architecture about me, which in every place appeared more inexplicable than in every other. The chimneys especially I never could understand. I never saw two alike—some rose tall and slender from the lofty houses, with a tapering stem a yard or more in length, and with a top resembling a tulip. Others looked like the watch towers of a mediæval castle, and still others expanded into so wide an opening that you thought of a sunflower.

And not only do boys swim as much as they like, not only do they take gondolas when sent on the commonplace errands which in other cities demand street-cars, but they often own tiny boats themselves wherein to paddle from one side of the



A VENETIAN GIRL.

street to the other. Has a boy left his arithmetic, does his mother send him for his missing handkerchief — I suppose there are boys in Venice who have handkerchiefs, though I never met one — then he slips the painter of his frail canoe which looks as

lofty houses, now perhaps hotels, warehouses or factories where glass, beads, and mosaic pictures are made. But whatever their present use, whatever their ancient splendor, they had always a high marble wall, with its feet in the cooling water and



A VENETIAN BACK-DOOR.

if it had just come from the hands of the toy-maker and glides away noiselessly, gracefully, like an Indian boy of the Adirondack forest. Sometimes our gondola, following one of these fairy boats, would penetrate into the very heart of a row of

its top gav with the bright-colored plants in which Venice delights.

A stunted fig or plum-tree often showed itself in the precious garden which extended between the wall and the palace, whose actual entrance was

upon a much statelier canal. Merry groups of children were always seen on these old walls. Here they sheltered themselves from the burning sun of noon, here they fondled their pets, sailed their toy boats, and, if well to do in purse, threw soldi to their less fortunate neighbors, who dived and brought the coins out of the shallow water. Another shower of coins often rewarded one of these brown-limbed divers, if he was sufficiently dexterous to climb a tall mooring post and bow his thanks from its top.

In a dark twisted alley at the side of one of these palaces lived pretty Bianca, the daughter of our laundress. We should have called her home a cellar, and only sharp eyes could detect any convenience for cooking or washing. The light came in by the door, and the fireplace was simply an elevated table of stone upon which the scanty fire was made. As wood is very dear in Venice, two or three twigs costing a cent, three or four cents' worth is supposed to be enough to warm such a home as Bianca's the coldest day. The only artificial light ever seen within its narrow limits was the tiny taper which burned always before the picture of the Blessed Virgin.

But the twelve-year-old Bianca was merry and light-hearted enough to chase the gloom from the dingiest home. Her ebon hair knotted low behind as if she were already a woman, her liquid eyes which in spite of their fun seemed to hold all the sadness of the past, and her nose with the exquisite curve of a Greek Venus, might have been found in many of her neighbors; but nobody had Bianca's bewitching smile, nobody had her ringing laugh, and certainly nobody could sing like Bianca. Up and down the alley she flitted, and her "*Viva Italia*," quickened the beat of many a heart, and when at nightfall the fishermen's chil-

dren went out to the Lido that their evening hymn might guide their fathers over the treacherous Adriatic, no voice like Bianca's to lead the chorus!

Yet neither her glossy hair, her lovely eyes, nor her unequalled voice, was Bianca's pride. But she was proud—she went to school! Schools for the poor are new in Italy, and with tears did Bianca tell me, that not only did she read and write, but she actually studied arithmetic.



FEEDING PIGEONS IN ST. MARK'S SQUARE.

And if she thought herself lucky, what did Nello, the polenta and pumpkin seed seller just

across the street, think? He was poorer than Bianca, though no older; for he had no place to sleep nights, excepting the water-step of any unoccupied warehouse, and he only earned enough money in the day, including what he ate himself, to pay for his wares. His clothes were very scanty, his only cap a ragged red one which he wore on Sundays; but he had picked up somewhere a string of the many-tinted shells of the Lido, and his one passion was Venice, his one admiration Bianca. "It is well the dear Signora should see our Venice; she is the pearl of the world; and as for Bianca — ah, how beautiful she is, how she can sing, and is she not clever — she even knows the arithmetic!"

One Sunday Nello was among the crowd of children who, in the Square of St. Mark's, were feeding the sacred pigeons. I knew how often the poor boy went hungry, and was touched to see him pull from the sleeve of his tattered blouse a bit of polenta he had saved from his supper; he never had any breakfast. Although the plump, comfortable birds are fed at the public expense, not a child in Venice but longs to have something of his own to give them. This feeding is shared by the whole population; for when, in 1849, Venice was besieged by the Austrians and reduced to famine, no one thought of touching the doves of St. Mark's. Although grain was so scarce that men fought in the streets for a morsel of food,

not for a day were the pigeons deprived of their supply.

They owe this good fortune to the virtue of their ancestors. When Dandolo, early in the thirteenth century, was besieging Candia, some pigeons brought him good tidings, and he in turn dispatched news of his success to Venice by the same white-winged telegraph.

Since then it is imagined that the doves fly three times around the city in honor of the Trinity, and that while they are protected, Venice will never be swallowed up by the waves.

It is one of the prettiest sights in the world, when in the square, they are fed each day a little past noon. They are perfectly fearless, for any one who injures a pigeon, is first fined, then imprisoned; so from the nooks and crannies of surrounding buildings, even from the wondrous façade of St. Mark's, they descend like snowflakes, to take food from childish hands; and often a shriek of ecstasy is heard as one swiftly stoops for the kernel of corn on a baby's lips.

Their meal over, they perch again on the domes of St. Mark's, they flutter undismayed about the granite column where St. Theodore stands on his crocodile, and they nestle close to the terrible winged lion who for ages has watched the rising and falling of the opal waves, thus adding by the grace of their continual flight another beauty to the spot which of all others needs it least.



CHILD LIFE IN VENICE:

Annie Sawyer Bourns.

PART II.



A VENETIAN BOY.

ET the Piazza, or great square of St. Mark's, is not the only open space in the city; though as if to give its noble architecture due honor, the others are called *campi*, or fields.

Churches are frequently situated upon these smaller squares, or *campi*, and in the Middle Ages were surrounded by vast conventual buildings. They vary in interest as in beauty. One I remember for its soft green turf, the religious and heavenly loveliness of its Gothic

church, and the mellow sunshine which, penetrating to the very heart of every block of marble, disclosed the rose and purple, the violet and orange, that centuries of exposure to the bitter air of the sea had rendered ordinarily invisible. Another was famous for a noble equestrian statue, another because Desdemona lived in a house on its corner, and a fourth, because tradition asserts that there Titian and Tintoretto among its crowd of beggars and idle loiterers looked for models.

Roaming aimlessly, we came unexpectedly one day upon Signor Antonio Rioba, who has been for generations the Venetian embodiment of practical joking. Signor Antonio is only a rough stone figure set in the wall of a provision shop, with a pack on his back, a staff in his hand, and a coarsely

painted face. He is always surrounded by a crowd of laughing boys, who receive with shouts of derision any stranger, young apprentice, or green serving-man who has been directed to bring a parcel to the Signor. As there is a bell handle above the Signor's name, the glee of the boys is uncontrollable when the simpleton gravely pulls it. But Signor Antonio is memorable to us, because at his elbow we saw what I am positive is the ugliest *campo* in Venice. It is that of the Ghetto, or Jew's quarter. During the Middle Ages no Jews were permitted to live outside its limits, and while the law has long since fallen into disuse, it is still densely populated by the poorer class of Hebrews as, owing to its vile and unhealthy situation, rents are very low, and nobody interferes with the filth in which they delight. We went down some steep, narrow stairs to find ourselves in the middle of a small space, only partly paved with broken brick and completely walled in by tall houses in various stages of decay. A hideous wooden bridge crossed a slimy canal into just such another space, but filled with sellers of what, even in Venice, must be called rubbish.

The entire population of both squares appeared to be out of doors, but the nature of their employment determined the identity of the spot. All were picking geese, excepting a few of the boys who were dragging half-denuded specimens round by the legs, or throwing the disgusting web feet which had been cut off, at each other. As the fat of geese is indispensable in Jewish cookery, it was perhaps a necessity that this disagreeable condition of things should exist; but having no wish to endure it, we eagerly hailed a boat on the dirty crooked canal. Our perplexity as to the best way out of the unpleasant mass, evidently delighted the staring urchins; and just when we thought we saw a safe path, one boy, whose laughing eyes indi-

cated his comprehension of the situation, dropped the contents of a ragged apron which he wore over his greasy trousers, and turned a somersault in their midst, covering us from head to feet with the fluffy particles! The joke was against us, but he looked so impishly mischievous that we laughed with him, and threw him a couple of very small copper coins. He deserted his goose-dragging at once, and before we embarked was playing *mora* on the steps of the landing, with a youth as handsome and audacious as himself. Venetian boys and men as well, all play *mora*, the simplest, though I should judge by the emotion it excites, the most effective gambling game known to civilization. The players throw out two, three, or four fingers with the celerity of

day there, taking bath after bath, gathering the scarlet poppies everywhere abundant, and looking for the brilliant shells which in their musical tongue they call, "flowers of the sea."

Steamers cross every half-hour from the Riva, but the fashionable way is to go in one's own hired gondola. Friends vie with each other in the beauty of their boats, the gay costume of their gondoliers, and the tasteful dress of the children and nurses. It is upon such pleasure trips that two gondoliers are employed. Only one is necessary; the second is purely an adjunct of luxury, a fitting accompaniment to the gilded chains, the exquisite carving and the polished steel beak of the excursion boat. Probably there are never any showers in Venice, for



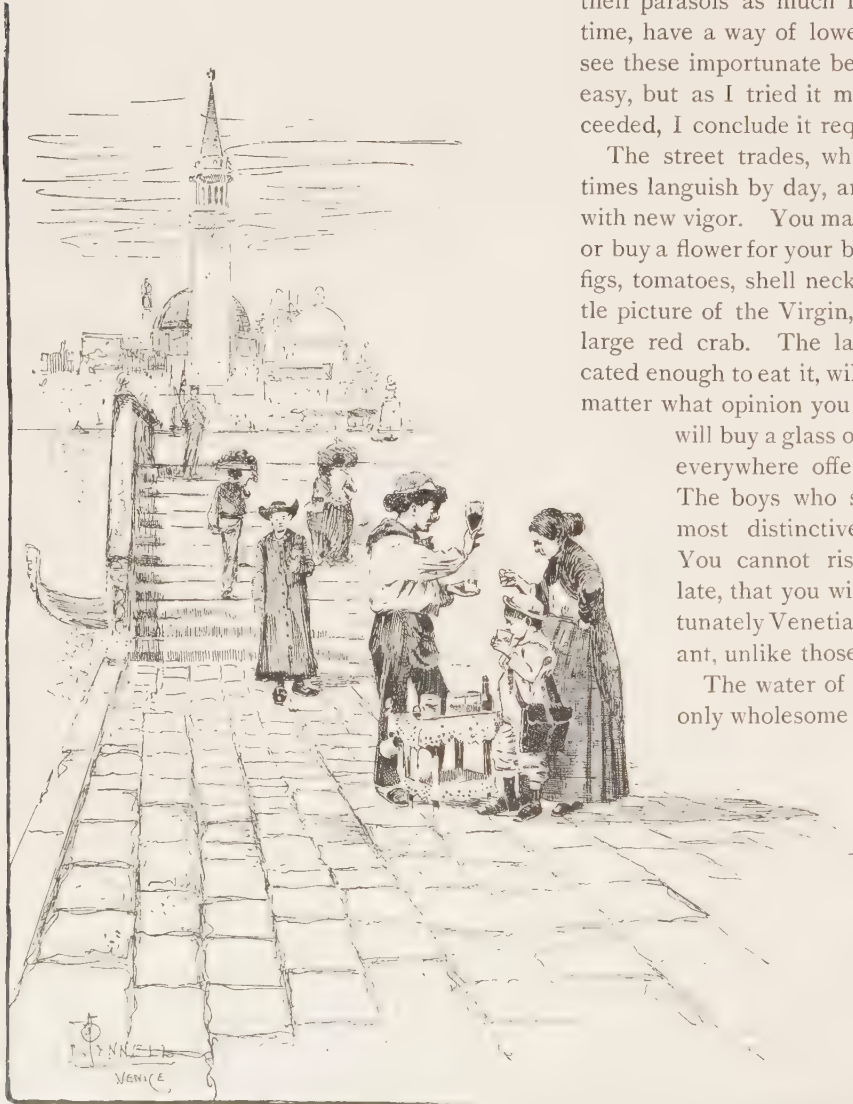
OUT FOR THE AFTERNOON.

thought and if the opponent calls out the correct number the stakes are his.

Two or three times a week all Venice goes to the Lido, for the Lido is the seashore, to bathe. It is a long narrow strip of sand, stretching between the lagoon in which Venice is situated, and the Adriatic. Only half a mile wide, almost all strangers walk across for the seaward view, but Venetians frequent only the side nearest the city. Entire families, servants and cats included, pass the whole

even the babies sit in the uncovered gondolas with bare heads, although the mothers sometimes wear a little lace veil, and the nurses always a huge comb set around with gold, silver, or glass beads. It is a white day to the fishermen's children of the Lido when these visitors from Venice give them the fragments of their luncheon. They all are sallow, ragged and dirty, but they have large soft eyes, delicately cut lips, small feet and hands, a bewitching archness of manner, and how hungry they

are! Their fathers, costumed as if for a picture, in wooden slippers having toes only, heavy brown stockings reaching to the knees, and high-colored wool caps, do not disdain to assist their families in
* disposing of the bounty of the stranger, and when there is nothing more to eat, gallantly escort their benefactors to the boats, mounting the delighted baby on the shoulders of the tallest.



ON THE RIVA.—A WATER VENDER.

glorious full moon may have arisen to shed its tender lustre over basilica, palace, and Campanile, and to diffuse over the noble square additional life and gayety. The hoary porphyry lions at the side of the church bear always a heavy freight of boys, who select the position as a convenient place to hear the band, and from whence to make frequent dashes at any innocent-looking victims who may give them a copper. Venetian ladies, who carry their parasols as much in the evening as in daytime, have a way of lowering them so they never see these importunate beggars. The trick looked easy, but as I tried it many times and never succeeded, I conclude it requires great art.

The street trades, which in this quarter sometimes languish by day, are after nightfall endowed with new vigor. You may have your boots blacked, or buy a flower for your buttonhole, grapes, melons, figs, tomatoes, shell necklaces and bracelets, a little picture of the Virgin, a small blue lobster or a large red crab. The last, if you are unsophisticated enough to eat it, will cause such thirst that no matter what opinion you hold as to its danger, you will buy a glass of the "*acqua, acqua fresca*," everywhere offered you for one centime. The boys who sell water are one of the most distinctive features of the place. You cannot rise so early, nor retire so late, that you will not hear their cry. Fortunately Venetian voices are low and pleasant, unlike those of Italians elsewhere.

The water of St. Mark's, considered the only wholesome water in Venice, is always

offered you (no matter from whence it really comes) and is borne from place to place in a large leathern bottle strapped to the shoulders. In one hand is carried a low stand with openings for glasses and bottles of essences wherewith to flavor to please the customer. Anise seed appeared to be the favorite

Is Venice a little late in returning from the Lido? Then Venice will land at the Riva de Schiavoni, the stone quay nearest the Piazza of St. Mark. The

ore with the boys of whom we bought water, and a more insipid compound it would be difficult to imagine. The water boys earn between one and

two francs a day, and have regular routes and stations.

Dwelling houses are usually supplied by women, who wear a peculiar uniform according to the locality from whence their water comes, and as they are in some sense under police surveillance, it may be possible to know what you are drinking. The women who obtain their supply from the wells in the courtyard of the Doge's Palace wear a short skirt, a black cotton velvet bodice with white linen sleeves, and a gay kerchief about the neck. A Tyrolese hat of felt with a bunch of bright flowers completes the costume, for they are either quite barefooted, or their unstockinged feet are thrust into very slipshod sandals. Generally strong and slender of figure, they are often very handsome with blue-black hair, and piercing eyes, and in their picturesque dress are one of the prettiest sights of Venice. They carry two brass kettles on the ends of a flat piece of wood, curved like a bow, which is balanced from one shoulder, and in one hand hold a rope to lower the kettles into the well, and with the other they gracefully protect their skirts from damp. We never wearied of standing on the magnificent staircase of the Doge's Palace and looking down into the courtyard with its two marvellously wrought well-heads surmounted by brazen altars, where scores of boys and women came for their stock in trade. They dabbled and splashed in the most primitive fashion, dropping their cans, filling them to overflowing, then jerking them up only to spill their contents; laughing and gesticulating all the time like the fauns and dryads of whom they reminded us.

Wells however, though numerous, do not half supply the present city. Artesian wells add a vast number of gallons each day, and pipes of recent origin, laid across the railroad bridge from the mainland, are in constant use. One of the most difficult problems to solve, was how a city built as Venice is, could obtain water, but so satisfactorily did her founders dispose of it, that while she has often suffered for food when besieged, she never has been reduced to straits for water.

From the Doge's Palace through the busy street of the Merceria to the Rialto is a gay and cheerful walk. What a place for shopping is the Merceria! Beads from Murano, turquoise ornaments from the Orient, mosaics recalling Byzantium, gold chains of Venice, slender delicate goblets with serpents en-

circling their stems, winged lions for charms, rings which break your heart, with their "Remember Venice" — for alas, you know you can never forget her — all tempt you as you never were tempted



AT A GATEWAY.

before. The Merceria brings us out at the Rialto, the island upon which ancient Venice was situated, and which has always been the centre of commerce as St. Mark's has of art. Shylock says:

Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys.

In 1180 the first bridge connecting the island with the land on the right, was built, taking the place of the bridge of boats before used. The existing one was begun in 1588, and the Venetian ambassador entertained Queen Elizabeth with a lively description of its splendors. At present its footway is lined with shops and its parapet is the favorite spot to sell coarse felt hats. At its steps all sorts of boats discharge all sorts of cargoes —

cabbages, squashes, cucumbers, onions, beans, crimson gourds, and scarlet fish baskets with silver and gold fish wrapped in green leaves. But the painted sails of the fishing boats are most dazzling to our Northern eyes, for they are orange and purple, scarlet and blue. Everybody clamors at the top of the voice, everybody tries to drive a sharp bargain; and you marvel how in the deafening roar the curious statue of a hunchback, *Il Gobbo di Rialto*, retains his composure. He gazes thoughtfully upon the crowd, patiently bearing on his shoulders the

railing, clamber out of the water, only to dive again, and scruple not to walk on their sunburned toes directly across stout swarthy fishermen asleep in the shade. The streets are very dark in the Rialto neighborhood, and all goods are brought out of doors for examination, and while you see much artistic work you wonder at it, so clumsy are the tools and handled in the most inconvenient and awkward manner. Once watching a cobbler who presumably was teaching his apprentices to last a shoe, we were amazed to see him hurl the wooden form at one of the grinning boys. The cobbler's dialect was outside our learning, but we gathered from our gondolier that the boy had a brother who was a priest, and that the master, an old Garibaldian, thought little of the clergy. Rowing to the doorway we saw the shrine of the Blessed Virgin was empty, and that a rough print of Victor Emanuel covered the carved head of a stone saint, and concluded he might be that cobbler who, when Venice celebrated her reunion with Italy, being too

poor to buy a flag, suspended before his door great strips of red, white and green paper, writing on the white, "*We will die for Italy!*"

But if the Rialto is the entrance to many crooked canals, to many mean houses and shops only interesting because they show how the very poor may live, it conducts as well to many a stately waterway, where are lovely entrance gates, on whose steps are now crouching exulting bathers instead of the liveried menials who once obsequiously awaited the arrival of their haughty lords. The beauty of many of these gates is beyond words. The delicate vines which soften the rough outline of the aged arches, the surmounting vases, the Gothic windows, even the glowing crabs which cling like weather-beaten mariners to the blackened and



VENETIAN STREET-COBBLER AND HIS APPRENTICES.

stone platform from whence the laws of the Republic were once proclaimed.

The Rialto bridge is as much common property as is the square of St. Mark's. Boys dive from its

wave-washed steps, all imperatively demand the vivid colors of Carpaccio, Giorgione, and Canaletto.

We may perhaps say of the crabs that they are



"A HEADER."

so abundant they are the cheapest food in Venice, enough being sold for a cent to afford the hungriest child a dinner. Indeed the aristocratic cats who haunt the waterentrances, scorn them, partaking instead of such unnatural diet as corn, grapes, and watermelons. From the earliest time these large handsome cats have held the place in the affections of Venetians, usually given to dogs. Consequently they are not timid, shy, as in other cities; but gaze with great interest on the life of the street, and walk statelyly along after children of high and low degree. Probably they owe their extraordinary beauty to the Persians and Angoras brought home by the voyaging shipmasters of

Murano every room pointed proudly to its especial pet. Often when the factory boat comes from the island with its freight of beads to be strung by women and little girls, a fine-haired, glossy and plump kitten will choose that way to see a little of the world. Watching the curious intentness with which he looked at the unloading of the hampers, we fancied he possessed the secret of the first fugitives who brought to these sea-girt sands the mysterious art of making glass. Instead of solitary and individual labor, hundreds of persons are now employed in the different departments of the art, and instead of the shoemaking, and sewing of custom clothing, familiar to us, many fam-



THE BEAD-STRINGERS OF VENICE.

whom Marco Polo tells, and at any rate their dignity and gravity accord well with the traditions of a seafaring race. They are much prized by the sacristans and vergers, and at the glass factories of

ilies eke out their only too certain income by stringing the beads whose manufacture is eagerly investigated by every tourist. Stringing beads tries eyes and wears nerves; but in Venice, as

everywhere, if the poor would eat they must work. Only during the Carnival season does the ease-loving southern temperament rebel. Then, no matter how large are the orders from Europe and America waiting to be filled, even the head stringers will not touch a bead, preferring to beg.

Ah, happy bead-stringers of Venice, you may be cold, hungry, and tired, but you will never see, vanishing from your receding gaze, the grace and the glory of Venice ! For Venice is an enchantress ; Venice is the goblet of Scandinavian story, in which the loveliness of the universe is mirrored.



BESIEGED.



OLONEL, the Hornitas League has jumped the Black Drift!"

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"Only mining work," was the answer. "You had best go to sleep again."

And in my blissful ignorance go to sleep I did. It was in the hot summer weather, that furnace-like heat of the dry season in a deep valley of the Sierras where the only touch of cooler air comes after the night has shaded the heated earth; and it was in the dim dawn of this fresher hour that the cautious, low-spoken call was made to "the Colonel." *

As Mr. Frémont often rode to the mines, three miles away, before the sun was over the range, it was no surprise to find on waking that he had had his coffee and gone. How early I was not told; nor was I let to know anything of the danger that was calling out the best thinking and best action of all our people.

In my ignorance, we went about our day as usual. We could drive out quite late after the sun was well behind the western range, but all the long day we had to find in-door resources. This was to the advantage of the young people, for we had found some regular occupation necessary and made it of what was around us. Our agent had left an unusually good collection of books (he had recently died) and though it was a very irregular course, yet we secured a lot of amusement as well as instruction from these. In French there were several fine histories of France illustrated from historical portraits and pictures, and good memoirs on the French Revolution. Both the young people knew Paris well and we could locate events in palaces and parks and streets they were familiar with. A superb Shakespeare, also illustrated, gave more than enough for English study, but there were also many of the English classics, and, what fascinated us, works on medical juris-

prudence, and selected cases of circumstantial evidence. From these I would read ahead—I being pilot-engine for my young train—and put limits for their reading on which we would talk together after.

We were only three, but our differing ages and countries made variety in thinking. An English friend had asked us to let his son, a delightful lad of seventeen, go with us for the few months we were to be absent from New York—the boy had outgrown his strength and was ordered travel and rest. My daughter was much younger but accustomed to grown-up minds, as she had never been sent from home. These two followed eagerly and intelligently my hap-hazard lead and we all found real pleasure in it. And the tall young Douglass became steadily stronger and more boyish. I felt very responsible for the health of this precious eldest son, and we all grew attached to him for himself. I think a clean-natured, well-bred boy of a happy affectionate nature is a charming associate. All the more if he is, as a boy should be, full of healthy, bold explosive life.

This day we settled to our talk-lesson, but soon I noticed their hearts were not in it. And at luncheon their wholesome young appetites had failed them. The two little boys were also restless, for "Isaac wouldn't let them go out to play in the barn," and it was not possible for them to play out of doors during the fierce heat of the day.

It does not take long for the mind to group little things into proofs of some larger disturbance. Too soon I had to know that that early morning messenger was a herald of danger—of almost inevitable conflict and loss of life.

It is too long to explain here; but a bad local decision had lately been made by the State Court which gave to all persons the right to enter and hold any "unoccupied" mining claim or mine. This was so worded (and so intended) that the large body of those who had not bought and regularly worked such property could seize and legally hold the property of those who had,

* Richard Dana of *Two Years Before the Mast* made us a delightful visit in our mountains. He told us that while every man he met was a colonel who was not a judge, yet from Stockton up "*the Colonel*" meant Mr. Frémont—hence the localism repeated here.

"if unoccupied." All the trouble arose from the construction of that word, "unoccupied." A small miner working alone would go to his dinner, and immediately men watching for the chance would seize and hold against him his lawful property.

These outsiders had organized into a League and were bound to help one another. Property-holders, surprised by such a construction, were not ready on their side with organized resistance. And the chief judge was openly in sympathy with this League.

Now Americans much prefer to live peaceably, but they will not give up their rights. If it comes to trying force you know their record as a fighting nation is made. Consequently in a brief time there were over fifty cases entered for trial where men had been killed or had to kill others in defense of their rights.

We had in California at that time a bad element of foreigners. It was believed the English authorities over the convict settlements of Australia did not "take notice" of the shiploads of escaping convicts crowding into California.

We had enough bad Americans, but they, being American, had not that long inheritance of want and crime known to older countries. These criminal outcasts, exulting in their escape from Botany Bay and Sydney, finding themselves in such thinly scattered and far-apart settlements, without any visible officers of the law, felt free to follow every bad impulse. Many honest but misled men were at first in this League, men who believed all the lands free because we had bought the country and they were told Mexican titles were of no value and only actual settlers could hold lands and mines. To this ignorant though honest body came the element which only cared for this legalized chance at plunder. The Arabs say "A court of law is not a court of justice:" justice would settle this question properly, but the letter of this law was against justice.

On our place was a fairly orderly industrious and prospering people in settlements of small towns and mining camps scattered over a dozen miles of mountain country, isolated in sudden emergencies. And our nearest large town and first telegraph was eighty miles away, at Stockton on the Bay of San Francisco.

The invading party numbered over a hundred. They came from Hornitas, a place of evil fame just below our mountains—a gambling nest such as Bret Harte tells of—a place "where everything that loathes the law" found congenial soil and flourished.

These men announced we should get no help from outside, for they would let no messenger go through; they had guarded every ford and pass, and had their marksmen-watchmen out everywhere. Our local sheriff actually declined to call out a posse. "No use," he said; for the "Hornitas crowd" were the terror of our neighborhood. They had bribed the night watchman to leave free to them these mines; a group of three close together on a high spur of the mountains, which then had been carefully worked for four years, chiefly by experienced Cornish miners brought over by the Colonel.

You must know it is very dangerous to displace the "shoring"—the timbers that protect sides and roof of the long tunnels—but the Hornitas men cared nothing for the future of the mine; no picks and slow work for them. They put in shallow blasts wherever gold showed and were already ravaging the Black Drift.

In the two other mines luckily six of our men had been still at work, so that the League could not enter them even under its own unjust law. This angered them, and they determined to starve these miners out and so compel the "unoccupied" state they required in order to take possession.

Remember that this property had been bought, paid for, and worked for years under a United States patent.

These three mines opened out high up the precipitous mountain-side, close together, on a small space levelled out to receive the "dump" and allow the ox-wagons to load and turn easily; they were reached only by one road (with a few turn-outs) cut into the face of the mountain. Sixteen hundred feet below was a ravine opening to the Merced River where were the mills with water-power. The opposite mountain rose so near and so high that it was always dark down below in the deep, deep ravine with its jagged walls of rocks and stunted shrubs. Its appropriate name was Hell's Hollow. A fall into it was death. Bad ground for a fight, you see.

Yet on this confined space were gathered the men of the League; and for our side, only the Colonel and a few of our friends. Knowing how easily a word can kindle into wrath ill-meaning and unreasoning people he preferred to be almost alone. It was hard to hear the shouts and blasts in the Black Drift and know the good work of years was being endangered; but to-morrows did not exist for the spoilers, and the day was theirs. The League, baffled by the fact of six men in the other two mines (which connected) gave answering shouts, and swore they would starve out our faithful men who steadily refused to surrender the mines.

The captain of the miners was one of the six, an excellent quiet American who had a slim little bright wife from Virginia and a brood of small children who played like chamois on the sharp mountain back of their cottage near the mines. This little woman bore the waiting and the threats quietly and bravely; doing her part to "help the Colonel."

Above all Mr. Frémont wished to prevent violence—the first shot would have brought out all the delayed evil of one side, all the restrained indignation of the other; and once begun it would have been a deadly contest—not only at the mines, but followed up wherever there was plunder to find or a friend to be avenged.

He hoped that by quietly talking with them, by keeping off new sources of dispute, above all by keeping away drink from them they would, as there were Americans among them, come to a better mind and see violence would not ultimately profit them. Our men who had rapidly held a council with him (while I was asleep!) saw this necessity for silence and forbearance and seconded him in every way. They guarded the road and the only path anything but a goat could move on, leading along from the village to the mines; the enemy had cut off communication from the mines, and our men claimed it fair play to cut off communication to the mines. So the danger from whiskey was kept back, in spite of various efforts to get it through.

An express through to Stockton to rouse good friends there to telegraph to the Governor for State aid, as the sheriff refused to do his duty, had been immediately attempted and as imme-

diately stopped by the guards of the League. They on their side were prepared for all moves. As the Colonel had to be with his men at the mines, and no communication was allowed between them and the village or the steam-mill, he had to leave this and all else to the care of those managing the works—chiefly two very unusually well-qualified men, the book-keeper being one; a man whose silence was as proverbial as his cool courage and high honor. He was to keep a lookout for us also.

Our two brave, faithful colored men, Isaac and Lee, were our guard—this duty the Colonel trusted to them—and as strange horsemen were riding all around firing off pistols, the little boys too were not to leave the house. This arranged rapidly, in the early dawn—while I slept—he was off to the mines.

When a danger is safely over only those who wore through its agony of suspense can realize what vague horrors beset the mind. The year before I had been in Paris during the time of the Indian mutiny; its hideous facts filled the public papers, and we had some English friends in such distress as can never be forgotten. In this League were some elements as evil and cruel as the Sepoys. Our men had been ordered what to do for us if, as was threatened, the house was burned and ourselves attacked. Death from a friendly hand was more kind than chances among such wild beasts as bad men become when intoxicated.

It seemed unreal—impossible that in my own country, in the State for which my father and my husband had done so much, on our own ground and in our own home I and my young children should have to face such a condition. And have to bear it all so helplessly; without knowledge even of what was going on but three miles from us. The only certainties to give comfort were that no firing had been heard, and no whiskey allowed to get through.

Towards evening the policy of moderation and patience began to tell. Standing under a sun of over a hundred degrees, with no space to move about and no food to eat, had tamed the enemy into offering a truce for the night. Doubts and disagreements were at work among them. The better men would not join in violence, without which they now saw they could

not carry out their plan of holding these mines. They proposed to "sleep on it" and begin afresh next day, demanding everything should remain as they left it.

But little Mrs. Caton rose against this. She said her husband should have food. She made her way through the packed crowd, a little creature but a great heart, carrying a big basket of provisions and—a revolver. Her finger was on the trigger as she pushed forward.

"I shoot the first man that hinders me. You wouldn't like to be shot by a woman! But I'll shoot to kill. You've just got to let me carry his supper in to Caton. You have your quarrel with the Colonel about mines and lands and you can fight that out with him. But I'm a poor woman that's got only my husband—and five children for him to work for. You sha'n't take his life for your quarrels! He's only doing his duty. He's been cap'n of these mines four years and he'll stand by them till the Colonel orders him out. And I stand by Caton. So let me pass."

And with her uplifted revolver waving like a fan towards one and then another, they fell back and let her enter the mine—some laughing, some praising her, some swearing at her. She carried not only food but ammunition; and three revolvers hung from her waist under her skirts. She "stood by Caton."

Then the League set their watch at the mouths of the mines and returned to the village for the night.

The rush of relief at seeing the Colonel made me realize what I had been fearing—and it was all to begin again with morning!

He had to stand by his men on the spot. He felt it already a victory to have warded off action by discussion, to have carried them through a day without violence and without drinking. All we could do was not to distress him by showing our fears but to help him to go, quietly, and refreshed by sleep and home, to another day of chances. Then to wait—to wait with a brain growing hot and benumbed with one fixed terror!

If only we could get word to the Governor.

But our expresses had all been turned back and warned that any fresh attempt would be met by a rifle ball.

Then I was told what my two young people had done.

They had had many climbing walks up the mountain back of our house—many rides all about the country-side and with good glasses had studied out future rides on the eastern face of the mountain, from whose uppermost narrow level the Yosemite Falls showed glittering and seemed near, though thirty miles distant. They knew dry creek beds and thickets of manzanita and chapparal which would effectually hide a horse carefully led up to and across the summit—then the rider could mount and make as good time as night and rough, unknown, untracked mountains allowed, down to the Merced River—following the river about eight miles up to a large mining camp where Isaac knew the miners—he had hunted and "prospected" all around about us for many years, and with Isaac's name as voucher and passport, there were men there who "would see him through" to Coulterville; Coulterville being a town and mining settlement about twenty miles to the northeast, and of a steady, law-abiding character.

Douglass had been refused permission to go in the early dawn with the Colonel—his friend's son must not be risked—but stay inactive he could not while danger pressed on us, and so the two thought up this move to the northeast while all the watching was directed west and south. With Isaac abetting, the best route had been studied out, and as dusk fell the dear boy had got off, leading my daughter's sure-footed mountain-bred mare "*Ayah*."* He was already far when the Colonel got home. I had not been told, for I could not have consented.

But we both felt deeply his devotion to us.

And it was another strength for Mr. Frémont to hope that by way of Coulterville a messenger could get off without suspicion; a day's hard riding to Stockton "eighty miles away"; the brief delay for the Governor's answer—then the swift ride back with his announcement of support. Fresh horses everywhere were only a matter of money; all lay in the success of the first messenger getting away from our place and the besieging League.

* The Hindoo name for bearer or nurse; *Little Henry* and his *Bearer* was a Sunday school classic in old days.

The safe hours of kindly night went all too fast. With the rising of the sun we were again left to watch and fear; with now the added anxiety for Douglass.

From our window was a long stretch of view, past the steam-mill and up the mountain-side to where a sharp bend in the road from the mines was clearly defined, its yellowish level and the side-cut glaring out in the hot sunshine. Often, at the usual hour for the return from the mines, the little boys vied in watching that point where just one flash of the swift horse showed black against the sunset sky, and the level tawny road then was lost in the chapparal, hiding the descent into the valley; "Father's coming! I saw him first!" was the glad cry.

Now, at this window, with sight and feeling concentrated on this bend of the road, I stayed while the dreadful time moved slowly on. Isaac permitted my little men to comfort themselves by climbing into a thick-leaved oak, where they obeyed the order for silence—the hush of dread was on us all.

While we watched the mountain-road a new danger came up from the village.

A note was brought from there by a man Isaac knew to be a friend—no other would have ventured into our inclosure while he and his dog "Rowdy" kept watch and ward—and with the note was a verbal message that "the answer must be at Bates Tavern by sundown."

It was addressed to me, and informed me that at a meeting held at Bates Tavern the night before it had been "Resolved" that I should be allowed twenty-four hours to leave the place—that an escort would see me across the mountain down to the plain—that no harm should be done to us and that I could take my children and my clothes. But that if I was not gone within the twenty-four hours the house would be burned and I must "take the consequences."

This was signed: "For all prisnt"

"DENIS O'BRIEN,
President."

Even in the first moment I felt pleased it was not an American name signing this document.

"They mean mischief," Isaac said. "They want to entice the Colonel away from the mines."

He was sorely angered and troubled. His Indian blood boiled for revengeful action, but Indian tactics made him submit—apparently—for we were at a woful disadvantage. Myself and my young daughter, two little boys and the two good women who had come with us from home, with only Isaac and Lee and the dogs for guard; that was the whole garrison. That revenge would be sure and wide-spread was a comfort to Isaac—but revenge cannot restore.

Isaac learned there had been decided opposition to this move against the family, but the better men had gone to the mines.

Mr. O'Brien, President, and his faction remained at the tavern, and if they should grow wild from drinking the lookout for us was bad. The near chance of meeting a grizzly bear had unnerved me, but a wild animal is a simple danger compared with the complicated horrors of a man brought down to animal nature and made furious by drink.

To gain time I sent word that an answer would be given them.

Then, back to my watch.

At least the brain had been stirred, and a tide of anger had displaced the benumbing fear.

And later in the day, not from mountain or village, but from the Indian encampment back of us in the hills came our dear English boy, looking fresh and leisurely as though just in from the usual ride.

"Douglass! Douglass!" shouted the boys (what does not the small boy see!) as they caught the first glimpse of his white turbaned head. An East Indian muslin "puggaree" wound round his hat had been agreed on as the signal of victory—and he sang out a cheery "all right!" as tired "Ayah" made for her stable.

Then, horse and man refreshed, we had details; the main facts of safety and success were so good we made him wait until he had eaten. Then, Isaac in the doorway, his gun between his knees and his dog at his feet, and Lee beside him, with the little boys and the good women listening, too, and his fellow-plotter serenely enjoying their success, we all heard his report.

He had started as soon as dusk set in, Isaac's directions and the stars guiding, following up

the ravine where overhanging bushes hid "Ayah" as she very unwillingly was led up the mountain at her regular time for rest. After the crest was turned he could mount; then along shelving slopes with steep descents, to the river; keeping to it as well as giant boulders and steep, projecting spurs of hills with rolling-stone-faces allowed, he came, towards midnight, to the bend and little meadow where cabins and tents and a smouldering fire showed he had reached the camp, which roused at the sound of his approach; but Isaac's name was the countersign and brought out the friend asked for. Instantly the news was given it was met by heartiest sympathy and action. Only the brief halt to saddle up, to offer the unfailing coffee, and he was off again; this time cheered by friendly companionship, and sure to lose no time as the way was well known to his comrade. This miner knew who to go to; and quickly two swift riders were off on their eighty-mile stretch—eighty miles of open plain but cut by deep rivers only one of which had a bridge, the rest only rope ferries. At these there was the risk of men watching on the side of the League.

Bret Harte has peopled this country with creations "founded on fact," doubtless—men with "a single virtue and a thousand faults" (fault is good), but to me the ferries of the Stanislaus and the Tuolumne, the lonely mining camp of the Merced and the remote mining towns tell a better story; of patient courage in work, and a brotherhood for maintaining order and the law—quick as the minute-men of our Revolution in united support of the right, and with a largeness of good-humored generosity special to our far-Western life.

Coulterville had this stamp. They had lately raised there and equipped a uniform Home Guard, to prevent disturbances and maintain order, and this body volunteered to march over at once, taking the nearer stage-road.

Before sunset they would be on the ground at the mines. By sunset our express to Stockton would be there; the telegrams to and from the Governor sent and answered; and return messengers would ride through the night so that another day would open upon the arm of the law outstretched in protection over our far-away mountain home.

Our book-keeper had given Douglass blank orders for all outlays throughout—but all would have gone well even without this, for everywhere we had struck the right kind of men—"the true vein." Men, who at every risk and sacrifice, in those early days built what was best in Americans into the very foundations of this empire of California; not amusing to read of as the Bret Harte characters, but the men who had home traditions and guarded them, and handed them down broader and stronger from fiery trials.

How we watched now for that horse at the turn of the road! How glad came the shout from the oak-tree—how blushing, yet proud and glad, was that refined English lad as we made him tell, himself, the modest brief story of his night ride, alone, with the stars for guide—how our chief relaxed into himself in this atmosphere of home love and support—all was good, too good for words to tell.

"They also serve who wait." The difficult waiting was almost over and still violence was kept at bay. Now, the glad news that our expresses had gone through and were already on the return was spread abroad. It was the best—the only answer to Mr. O'Brien. During the night we heard angry voices of horsemen riding around, firing pistols, and otherwise exhaling disappointment and defiance. But our tried chief slept, and so did Douglass; while Isaac lying on the gallery by my window would say to me in his low cautious voice: "Don't you mind 'em—they're mad—but they're afraid of us now—we are bound to win now."

As we did. The better men refused to act longer with the disorder-loving faction.

"When I go gunning next time I'll make sure first if we are after wild-duck or tame-duck," said an Arkansas man noted and feared as a reckless leader; he came to say to the Colonel that as he saw they were in the wrong, he wanted to stay on the place and would do hauling of quartz, "and help put down that Hornitas crowd if they stay fooling around where they've no business." This alliance was a great gain, and as effective in its way as the arrival of the fine Coulterville Guard.

Soon came the expresses, tired but triumphant. The Governor had telegraphed that the

marshal of the State would start immediately with a force of five hundred men. That, if needed, he would come up himself, with all force required to restore and maintain order. "Nye of Stockton" — Nye, whose great establishments of wagons and mules, and teamsters who could defend their convoys as well as drive their twelve and twenty-mule teams, made the transportation before railroads — Nye was directed to send up the arms and ammunition post-haste, and the troops the same. And behold our peaceful valley traversed by "prairie-schooners" filled with fighting men and munitions of war — all concentrating on our twelve-acre inclosure whose grass was sadly cut up thereby.

We had put up a big barn and a store-room my French cook always called "*le grocerie*." Supplies for months, and for undefined numbers of friendly visitors, were the necessity up there. These barrels and sacks and many tins and much glass were now piled on planks laid across barrels under the shade of oaks and giant pines (black pepper by the quart scattered on the planks to head off the ants). Our long French trunks and boxes of delicate clothing (the "clothes" I was to have safe with my children!) were just stacked under trees; the arms and ammunition were the precious things now, and had the best accommodation, while their guard bivouacked around and found the big hay loft not a bad sleeping place — three years later how many a cherished son and husband would have been thankful for such quarters!

Of course there were lingering threats and more or less disorder, but it retreated into more congenial quarters. And in a brief time all was again safely back in smooth working order; even the Black Drift. For of what use was the mine when they could not carry off or crush the ore? Not at our mills — nor in our wagons — nor on the long private road belonging with the works. So the trouble all vanished like a bad

dream. But it had developed far more good than evil; and organized the good against the evil.

The heat and the nervous strain had told against me and as Mr. Frémont had to go to San Francisco on business he took us all with him. A friend "going East" left us his house with its beautiful gardens and grounds, and in that reviving sea air and with "nothing to make me afraid" I ought to have got well. Instead of that I slipped into a nervous fever — a horrid blur of bad men shooting — of the children stolen — of a riderless horse tearing round the bend and bolting into the stable, and all such horrors. Poor Douglass came in to say good-by when his steamer was to leave and I could only connect it with his ride for the relief and forbid his going. He was a distinguished and important man when I saw him next, at his own charming country house in England, with wife and children about him.

As everything ends — "*tout passe*" — I got well, and refused out-and-out to stay in San Francisco. As we had to remain until the unjust law was repealed, and that would require a year, I went back to the mountains "to stand by Caton."

To wind up more fully, the year brought round poetical justice; for the judge whose known prejudices caused the expression of this "law" caused also his own downfall by an act of violence. "Hoist by his own petard" he had to fly for life from outraged public feeling. The new election gave us a judge who respected justice as well as law.

All the same our three-months summer tour had to stretch into two-years residence; in a country more remote, more isolated, more without any resources familiar to me than I should have chosen, but for all that full of interest and lasting usefulness, and teaching me effectually what one can do, and what one can do without.

Jessie Benton Frémont



A CANADIAN CARNIVAL.

BY DR. W. GEORGE BEERS.

[*Harry Tandem to a Boston Friend.*]

WINDSOR HOTEL, *Montreal, Jan. 19, 1883.*

DEAR BOB:

Such a jolly time as we have had straight through! I never thought there was so much splendid fun to be had out of snow and ice. I remember the fine times we had camping out below Quebec, two summers ago; but the winter is the time for holidays, and I'm going to get father to have half our school holidays in July and the balance in January. I always thought the Canadians spent winter shivering around the coal fires, and that they kept in doors when it snowed and blowed; but they all turn out just when I thought they all turned in, and don't they enjoy it!!! I put these three notes of exclamations here instead of a yell, which I could give, I feel so jolly. Father tried to scare me before I came, by reading me a story about a chap called Pentagruel, a hero of another fellow called Rabelais, who reached a place so cold that the words as they passed from the lips of the men were frozen, and fell on the deck, but when brought near the fire thawed and gave up their sounds. But I didn't scare worth a cent. We expected to see the people muffled up like mummies, or like Esquimaux, but all through the carnival, I saw more Canadians in felt hats than furs, and they say the climate is so changed since father was a boy that the whole winter dress of the people has changed too, and furs are more worn for the fashion than because they are necessary. I never saw snow so dry. Our Boston snow is nearly always fit for snow-balling and building forts and snow-men, you know, and they sometimes have that sort here too, but mostly snow of a dry sort, in which you can roll, and which shakes off you like fine sand. The other day I saw one of the maids using it to sprinkle on the carpets before sweeping; Emily says it beats tea-leaves. It is used, too, with whisks to clean clothes. When the sun shines,

after a new fall of snow, you'd think you were in one of those diamond mines we used to read about in the days when we believed in the *Arabian Nights*. The air is dry, bracing. No fog, no slop, no malaria, no cyclones.

And now for the jolly times these splendid fellows of the Curling, Toboganing, Tandem, Trotting, Hockey, and Snow-Shoe clubs provided us Yankees! First of all, just out of our window I can see the Ice Palace, in Dominion Square. It is lit by the electric light, every night. Father was reading from a poem by Cowper, a description of an ice palace built on the bank of the Neva, in 1740, by the Empress of Russia, in which he called it

The most magnificent and mighty freak
The wonder of the North.

The Montreal Palace is the first ever tried in the New World, and the carnival people say they had to hurry it up, and had to do a good deal of guessing, but that they'll beat it in the one to be erected next January. I'll try and describe this one, as it won't be here when you come up in July. You'll have to get a dictionary and find out what the big words mean, for I don't know myself, but everybody is using them here. The building was made of blocks of ice, forty-two by twenty-four inches, each block weighing five hundred pounds, and the whole structure containing forty thousand cubic feet of ice. Its dimensions are about ninety by ninety feet, with rectangular towers at each corner, and a central square tower one hundred feet high. The blocks were "cemented" together by snow for mortar, and then water was pumped on from a hose, and the whole palace made into one solid piece, so that you couldn't separate one block from another without sawing them apart. I heard a fellow, with long hair, say that it was a disappointment to him; but you know that the people who really enjoy this sort of thing don't care a rap if it isn't as perfect as those long-haired fellows could

make it. My opinion is that it is the most beautiful sight I ever saw in sunlight or moonlight, and a boy has a right to have an opinion as well as a man. Father says the Ice Palace by electric light reminds him of what Charles the Fifth said of Antwerp Cathedral, that it was worthy of being placed under a glass shade. I've been in and out of it day and night. They wouldn't let me on top of it. Every time I look at it I see something new and beautiful. One block had a curious thing embedded in its centre. It looked at first like some sort of a fish, or the skeleton of a fish, with lots of legs, and I heard somebody tell somebody else that it was an animal of the glacial period, whatever that means; but I guess it was nothing but straw. I heard people using big words like "spectrum," "polychromic," "prismatic," "diaphanous," when looking at the palace. You know you hear these people using jaw-breakers about pictures, too. I don't intend to talk that way when I get big enough to like a daub of an oil painting better than a good chromo. I heard somebody call the palace "a new revelation in architecture." One girl called it "a religion in ice." At any rate, Bob, it is "too utterly too-too," or, as Emily says, "too nice for anything." I went on top of the mountain, and looking down at the thousands of lights throughout the city, and then at this glowing structure in the middle, why, you'd think you were dreaming. When I wakened the next morning I thought I had been dreaming. But there was no *Arabian Nights* about it, Bob. It was all as real as Bunker Hill Monument.

You know they say the Yankees are a fast people, and perhaps that is why we Boston folks enjoyed the tobogganing so much. It's the nearest thing to flying you can find. You couldn't live long if you kept going at such speed. The toboggan is made of two pieces of thin bass wood, about six feet long and two feet wide, bent up in front like the dashboard of a sleigh. It has cross pieces of wood for strength, and long, round sticks at each side, and is all clasped together by catgut. The Indians make them, and the Canadians cushion them. The red-skins used them to carry the game they'd shoot over the snow through the woods, and the Canadians turned them into the jolliest use for pastime, in sliding down the hills, and they've been doing this long before father was born, without saying much about it. The to-

bogan is so light that it doesn't sink in soft snow like a cutter, and is so smooth on the bottom that it goes down hill like a shot, especially when the hill is slippery. It adapts itself to the hollows it meets in such a way as to make you feel as if you had no more bones than a worm; and I tell you when you jump a *cahot*, as they call the hollows



TOBOGGANING ON MOUNT ROYAL.

here, you'd wish you were a worm, until you get used to it.

My first experience of tobogganing was on the back part of Mount Royal. The mountain was thus named by the discoverer of Canada, when he first saw the St. Lawrence River and the landscape from its summit. The tobogganing slide here is partly an artificial one, and is a jolly sort of thing that could be easily built upon a prairie. I'm going to see if I can't get them to put one up on

Boston Common. It is a big structure of logs and planks made in an inclined plane, up one side of which there are steps, and down the side beside it a smooth, ice-covered slide. There is room on top like a little platform upon which you settle yourself on your tobogan. They generally put the girls on first, and you'd wonder to see a girl seat herself in the bow, because if the tobogan collides

The sensation is exciting. You lose your breath as the snow dashes up into your face, and you have all the feeling of going on the road to a regular smashup, but before the smash comes, your sleigh eases off as gently as it started, and you get up and want to do it again. If you stand to one side of the slide, and see a tobogan whiz past you like a shot, and see the frightened faces of the

strangers who are having their first try, you feel as if you were looking at a group who were going to destruction; but by and by you see them coming up hill again laughing at their fears. You'd think you'd get tired pulling your tobogan up again every time you slide down, but there's so much fun in the whole thing, and the air is so splendid, that you do it a whole afternoon and forget to get tired. Just fancy how it would fag a fellow to walk half as far to school.

You should see me in my winter sporting rig; a white blanket coat trimmed with scarlet, with a *capot* or hood on the back; a scarlet sash around my waist; scarlet stockings, white knickerbockers trimmed with scarlet; "mocasons" on my feet, and the old French "*tuque bleu*," with a scarlet tassel, on my head. The *tuque* is worn by all the Snow-shoe and Tobogan Clubs, and by all the Canadian youngsters. Each club has a different colored *tuque*, and my rig is the same as the oldest Snow-shoe Club, the "Montreal." Emily is great friends with a fellow belonging to the St. George's Club; and she's got a whole white blanket suit, trimmed with purple, and she's got a St. George's cross on her coat, and wears the purple and white *tuque*. Lots of Canadian ladies dress this way in winter. It's a very pretty sight to see a lot of strong, active fellows in their club uniform, out on the



THE SNOW-SHOE STEEPLE-CHASE.

with anything in front, the girl would get the worst of it. But they seem to like the risk, and the Canadians mean well when they give strangers the place of danger. But to tell the truth, there's no danger on proper hills. A fellow sits behind and steers with his foot.

hill. Don't tell Polly, Bob, but I've made the acquaintance of a Canadian girl here, and I rather think she's got a big opinion of Boston, because when she heard some one say that I came from the "Hub," she walked straight up to me, looked at me as if she was going to box my ears for fun,

and offered to take me down the slide on her tobogan. I hadn't seen a girl steer, and I knew I'd have to sit in front, but I'd have slid off the top of the French steeple here if she'd asked me to go with her. "Are you all right?" she asked. "Yes; go ahead," said I. She gave the tobogan a push, and then jumped on herself. I thought it was my last hour on earth. The speed was awful. We came to a *cahot*, jumped it, and came down flop! until my teeth rattled. I was sure she had fallen off and was lying dead on the snow. I never expected to see Boston or Bob again. But I got to the bottom, and as I looked around, there I saw my Canadian girl shaking the snow from her neck, and smiling all over as she said, "Wasn't that jolly? Will you try it again?" I kept on trying it again until her big brother came along and asked her to give a friend from New Orleans a slide. Confound her big brother, and confound New Orleans!

The Montreal Toboganing Club has a splendid series of slides a short ride from the Windsor. The inauguration night was magnificent. The hills were lit up all along the route with torches stuck in the snow banks at each side; and a great lot of lanterns and locomotive headlights illuminate the ground, while at the foot a huge bonfire was kept burning, into which they threw colored powder. Emily enjoyed this hugely. Toboganing has already done her more good than all the medicine she has swallowed in two years. If I was a doctor, I'd give more prescriptions of toboganing and snow-shoeing than quinine. Several young ladies, Canadians, came to see Emily at the Windsor, yesterday; she didn't think I heard her, but I couldn't help it. "What complaint have you?" she asked them. They all roared, laughing, and one said, "Well, my complaint is I can never get enough to eat;" and she was a rosy-cheeked, bouncing girl, that would have made two of Emily. "We Canadian girls go in for outdoor exercise, my dear, and do not have 'complaints.'" Everybody here seems to belong to some sort of an athletic club; and parents are as proud of their boys who win prizes at snow-shoeing as if they had won the "*dux*" at school. They say they can't beat us in Latin verses, but what's the good of Latin verses if you're always sick?

On Wednesday morning we went to see the Curling Bonspiel on the river; but a fall of snow

came on, and father and I saw the play at the rinks. They've got a lot of cosey covered rinks in Montreal. I never saw such people for sports. I'm sure they must be sorry when spring comes. The Montreal Club is the second oldest of over four hundred formed this century, under the Royal Caledonian Club of Scotland. At first I thought the game awfully stupid, and I said it so loud that a big Scotchman, who looked like a thistle, turned to me and swore at me awfully; but a Scotch friend of father's afterwards wrote on paper what he said to me, and here it is: "Gang awa' wi ye, ye bairnie; gang, an' play bools;" which he said means marbles. I ganged, of course. The Scotchmen were big fellows, and they seemed to be proud of the way they talked. Old Thistle came up to me the next day, and shook my hand, and swore at me again, but he laughed pleasantly as he did it, and then he let me slide a stone or two, and I think I'll go in for curling when I grow up. It's just like a Scotchman. You never know him at first, and they say the crusty ones are always trusty ones. My Scotchman gave me a real silver curling-stone scarf pin.

What a city this is for sleighing! No sloppy roads one day and hard ones the next. No wheels to-day and runners to-morrow. A constant jingle of bells, and quick trot of horses, and all kinds of sleighs, rough and handsome, little and big. And just fancy, Bob, the hackmen of Montreal turned out their finest teams, six and four in hand, and gave everybody free drives all the afternoon! Father said he believed the winter carnival had inaugurated the millennium. It was a civic half-holiday. There were over two thousand sleighs in the procession in which the hackmen joined, and it was such rare fun to get a free drive, that several of us boys had a luxurious old time jumping out of one into another, and trying all sorts of turnouts, from four-in-hand to single rigs.

After the drive, we stopped at McGill College gate and saw the Snow-shoe Steeple Chase, when fifteen fellows toed the line, and started in their jerseys and knickerbockers to run to the top of the mountain and back, a distance of about three miles cross country. They think nothing of running to the Back River, eight miles; and they go to Lachine and back, or some other place, every Saturday, about twenty miles, just for the sport of the thing. It was great fun to see some of the most

eager fellows going headlong into the deep snow when they tried to pass those ahead. Any unfair racing, such as tramping on each other's shoes, was not allowed, but in a jostle it must be awfully hard to avoid it. There wouldn't be much show for a Boston policeman if he had to chase one of these fellows over the snow. But perhaps you don't know what snow-shoes are. Of course one is worn on each foot. They are of Indian origin, made of light ash, bent to an oval, and the ends fastened together by cat-gut. The interior is then crossed with two pieces of flat wood to strengthen the frame, and the whole is woven with cat-gut, like a lawn tennis bat. An opening is left for the motion of the toes in raising the heel in stepping out. The netting sustains the weight of the body, and the shoe sinks only an inch or two, and when one foot is bearing the weight the other is lifted up, and over, and onwards. The shoes are fastened to the moccasoned feet by thongs of deer-skin. The Canadians everywhere in Canada, from Halifax to the Rocky Mountains, use these shoes, and in the cities and towns form clubs. The Montreal Club ("Tuque Bleu") is half a hundred years old, so you see they've been enjoying themselves here for a long time. Father calls the carnival a "Snow Symposium." I asked Mr. Isles of the Windsor what that meant, and he gave me a city directory to look it up. I don't believe they've got a dictionary in the establishment. Perhaps they expect us to bring our own.

But of all sights under the moon, Bob, you should have seen the grand Snow-shoe and Torch-light procession of all the Snow-shoe clubs, the other evening, when they inaugurated the Ice Palace. Don't you remember how we used to watch for Christmas; when we rose early to see the new white world which had been born in a night? Wasn't it a sort of snow intoxication when we jumped into it, and shovelled it? Well, this seems the way even big men and women, and the horses, too, are affected by the snow. You see gray-headed men in blanket coats, with snow-shoes on their feet, jumping fences like deer. Father says he believes the Snow-shoe clubs worship the snow as the Persians did the sun.

A snow-storm set in during the afternoon. They said it was Vennor's contribution to the programme. In the evening everybody came to Dominion Square, where there was every sort of light but

sunlight. The Palace looked like glass; and I never saw anything so beautiful as when they burned blue, green, crimson and purple fires inside. By and by we heard a great cheer, and the procession of fifteen hundred fellows appeared, in club uniforms, each man carrying a lighted torch in one hand, and discharging Roman candles from the other. The old Montrealers led off, followed by the St. George, Le Canadien, Emerald, Argyle, Prince of Wales Rifles, St. Andrews, Mount Royal, and deputations from the Frontenac Club of Ottawa, and the Levis Club of Quebec. After going around and through the Palace, the procession headed for the mountain, went up



INSIDE THE ICE PALACE.

the old snow-shoe track, and returned down the zigzag road. From the city below the sight was picturesque. The long, serpentine trail was seen moving in and out, and twisting like a huge fire-snake, while the Roman candles shot their balls of fire into the air, and every now and then you could hear the peculiar "hoo-oo-oo-oo-oo" snow-shoe call. It was a grand and wild sight to see them coming back. A snow-storm had set in, and the flickering lights, the costumes, the sturdy, steady tramp of the fellows made one think of a midnight invasion by an army. I wonder if Boston would

turn out like that if we had more of Jack Frost's company. Every night since I've started in my sleep with imaginary snow-shoe calls, and think I

letic Association Gymnasium, and hundreds went in, and a good many of us strangers, too. Just think, they've got a Lacrosse Club, a Snow-shoe

Club, Bicycle Club, Chess Club, a Library, Reading Room, Billiards, Bowling Alley, Shooting Gallery and this Gymnasium in one association. I never saw such people. The Gymnasium has a piano, and a stage—they've got a dramatic club in it, too—and volunteer songs were sung, and speeches made, and some visitors from "the States" were "bounced" by these fellows in white blankets. When they want to show you how glad they are to see you, they catch hold of you and pitch you up into the air, and catch you in their arms as you come down. They did it to a gentleman I know, and he said he'd like it every day. He thought it was good for his liver, and that is what's the matter with him. They never bounce ladies.

I'm sure the Canadians must have a fellow-feeling for the Laplanders, who held that Paradise is in the centre of the snows of Sweden. Father was telling me that his sleeplessness has gone since he left his business behind him; and he says that there's many a man in Boston who cries with the French barber, "Alas! why is there no sleep to be sold!"

who could get it to perfection, for nothing, in Canada, in winter. Old men have told us that the most delicious hours of their lives were when they were members of the old Montreal Snow-shoe Club.

There were three days of trotting races on the river, and lots of fun. Some good horses were brought here from "the States." I don't know anything about horses, but I should think they en-



THE HURDLE RACE.

see hundreds of fellows in white blanket coats, on snow-shoes, singing as they swing along—

Tramp! tramp! on snow-shoes tramping,
All the day we marching go,
Till at night by fires encamping
We find couches mid the snow!

They all stopped at the Montreal Amateur Ath-

joyed being horses that day. The skating races and games on the river took my fancy. First came a snow-shoe race of two hundred yards, followed by a skating race of a mile ; then a quarter-mile barrel race ; a quarter-mile backward race ; another of two miles ; a hurdle race of one hundred and fifty yards ; a quarter mile obstacle race ; and another one of two miles, all on skates. You see it was a jolly programme. You can hardly imagine the dash and excitement of the hurdle race. I never supposed they could jump the hurdles with skates on, but they went over them like deer, and you'd have laughed a pain into your side,

and then clearing the hurdles, and coming down safe and square to recover your balance and shoot off again. One fellow with a handkerchief around his head seemed as if he had wings. One



HOCKEY.



THE BARREL RACE ON SKATES.

in jumping looked like some of your specimens of bats, or butterflies, as he sprawled his legs. Another looked like a jumping-jack with the string pulled full length.

The barrel race kept everybody looking on, as well as the skaters, in roars of

had you seen the odd positions some of the skaters took when going over. Fancy flying at full speed on the glare ice, and jumping at the right instant,

laughter. I would have given anything to go in for it myself. Several common barrels, with their ends out, were placed at some distances

apart to the extent of quarter of a mile, and a lot of boys entered for the competition. At signal to start, off they dashed, and at the first barrel, two boys struggled to get in first, as the barrel would only hold one at a time and everybody had to go



FANCY DRESS CARNIVAL AT THE VICTORIA RINK.

through every barrel. The first boy who got in could hardly get through, as the barrel wriggled round on the ice, and when he came out he found his head facing where his heels had been, and he began to run back where he came from until he turned around and saw the other barrels, and then he bolted back again. The way those barrels turned around when the boys were in them was very funny. They seemed to turn the boys' heads too, as they had to look around where they were when they got out.

You and I know what lots of fun there is in

hockey on skates, but the Canadians go in for it systematically, and have clubs in the different cities. The contests between the cities drew thousands to the river, but the matches were finished in the skating-rinks, though they were narrow for an all-round game like hockey. The club from Quebec, and the McGill College Club of Montreal, were evenly matched. Some of the fellows got great cracks. They say that the great Canadian game of Lacrosse resembles hockey, and is even more fascinating. The players collided and tumbled over each other on account of the narrowness of the rink, and I guess some of them had pretty sore shins, for I saw a good many of them limping. But the limping ones were laughing the most.

On Thursday evening we all went to the Fancy Dress Carnival at the Victoria Skating Rink. The city has any number of enclosed skating-rinks, but the Victoria is the best, and has a very large membership. We went early, and the circle of seats was filled with spectators. The ice was like a huge piece of plate glass. In the middle a small edition of the Ice Palace was built, lit by electricity and colored lights, while a fountain of water played inside. Some one on top of it kept changing the colors, giving the ice and the water a beautiful appearance. I quite forgot that there was to be a masquerade of skaters, until the band struck up, and suddenly hundreds of fancy-dressed ladies and gentlemen on skates came from the two dressing rooms and glided into procession. In a few minutes the whole rink was a curious, pretty, changing circle of all sorts of dresses and colors. The characters of all our school histories seemed to be animated and put on skates, and among them glided fairies and harlequins. It was very funny to see the curious acquaintances, the different characters picked up as they went around. There were a lot of fellows dressed like fiends, with horns on their heads, and after they kept together in each other's bad company for a time, one went off arm in arm with "Queen Elizabeth," and another with "Brother Jonathan."

The animals were very clever. Two bears skated with a pretty girl. It was a sort of Beauty and the Beast, only Beauty couldn't make up her mind which to choose. One of the Bears fell down, and Beauty left them both and went off with the Gorilla.

Two skaters did Jumbo to perfection, and the big elephant swayed along the ice as easily as if it was its natural amusement. A crowd of boys followed it, catching hold of its tail and its trunk. I fancy the fellows inside had a hot time of it, and were glad to get out of their skin. The Lion and the Lamb skated together. There was a May Pole on the ice, and the band struck up a waltz, and about a dozen good skaters got hold of colored ribbons and waltzed around until they wound up the ribbons on the pole as they skated. It was very pretty. Then there was some splendid

was told I was too small to go, but Emily says it was "charming, elegant, exquisite." She wants me to tell you to tell your sister that she wore ecru satin, with lace trimmings, and garnet ornaments. At any rate, she looked good enough to eat when she was ready to start, but she looked as if somebody had been trying to eat her when she came back. She says the garlands and festoons of laurel and smilax, the camellias and roses, all came from Boston; and that the ball was perfectly splendid. I went to the Snow-shoe Concert instead, where the clubs gave us their rousing songs



SOME OF THE MASQUERADERS.

fancy and figure skating; and I was awfully sorry when I heard the band play *God Save the Queen*, which is always a hint in Canada to clear out.

We had tickets for the Grand Ball at the Wind-sor, but I didn't care a rap for it, especially as I

and choruses in costume. It was just like a club night, and the stage was got up in style. I tell you these snow-shoers can use their lungs as well as their legs.

On Saturday the Tandem Club met. There

was a splendid display of horses, trappings and sleighs; four-in-hand, Unicorns, Tandems, Paris, etc., and there was a tobogan, crossed with a pair of snow-shoes for a dash-board. They had a pony hitched to this, and I tell you they got a queer dusting of snow from the pony's heels. The club has regular meetings once a week, and drives out of town, and every single sleigh has a lady, and the big sleighs seemed to crowd as many girls into them as they can hold. I believe Canadian girls wouldn't be afraid to jump on the horses' backs in a pinch. We were all invited to the drive, and had a jolly four-in-hand. We wound up by going to the Kennels of the Montreal Hunt Club, the oldest club of the kind on the Continent. You should see this institution. It's worth coming to Montreal to see. The members wear scarlet coats, and hunt with a pack of hounds—forty couples. We had a splendid lunch at the Kennels. Father says they cost thirty thousand dollars.

I should have told you that we had a ride on a real railway, with a real locomotive, over the frozen St. Lawrence to Longueuil, on Saturday morning. We finished our programme by going to the snow-shoe races in the afternoon, on the Montreal Lacrosse grounds. There were two miles, one mile, half and quarter-miles, one hundred yards, hurdle races; boys' races; and a whole crowd of exciting sports on snow-shoes;

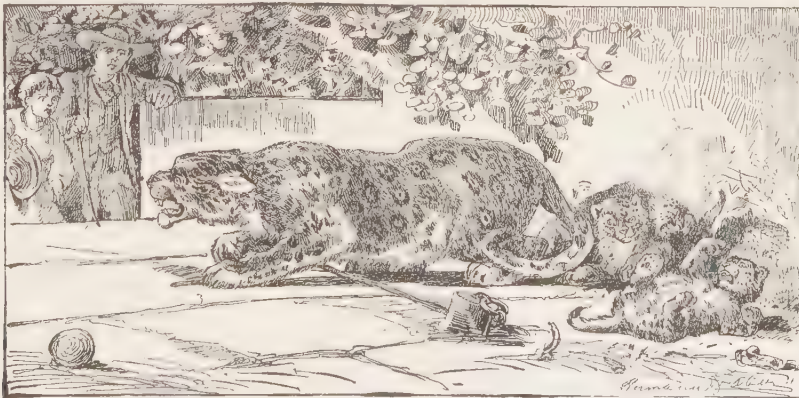
and the club members were all in uniform. It's perfectly splendid to see even boys younger than I am, racing on these snow-shoes as if they had some sort of steam invention fastened to their feet. They must make strong men; and father says the Carnival hasn't only given him intense pleasure, but serious thoughts. He says the Canadians in their healthy love of out-door sports are an example to young America, and, "Harry," said he, "if you never smoke, never drink strong liquor, strive to be a manly gentleman in thought, word and deed, and develop your muscle with your mind, and go in for gymnastics, and all honorable and healthy exercises, I'll be proud of you, my boy. There's a good deal to learn out of this Carnival. I'm glad we came, and I feel more like a brother to Canadians; and I must say, I admire their self-reliance, their pride in their Dominion, and their loyalty to old England, the mother of us both."

Wasn't that a speech for father to make?

I must stop now. This is the longest letter I ever wrote, but I've kept my promise, and I enjoyed writing it too. Keep it safely, as I'd like to read it myself often. I hope you'll come with me to the next Carnival. It will beat this one, they say. But I can't see how it can.

Your affectionate cousin,

HARRY.





EXTINCT CRATER OF HALEAKALA, ISLAND OF MAUI.

HOW THE BOOJUMS WENT DOWN THE CRATER.

BY TEN OF THE BOOJUMS.

INTRODUCTION (*by Papa Boojum*).

ON the little Island of Maui, one of the Hawaiian group, and occupying the largest part of it, is the mountain of Haleakala, or The House of the Sun. It is an extinct volcano raising its great dome ten thousand feet above the sea, and has in its top the largest crater in the world.

You may be sure that when Papa Boojum announced that he would take all the children of the neighborhood who could join him on a two days' camping-trip into the bottom of the big crater, the proposition was received with enthusiasm.

Eight boys and girls were allowed to go. The boys ranged all the way from Willie-boy, aged ten, to Papa Boojum's big boy Lyle, just down from the San Francisco High School on a vacation, who

nursed a very downy mustache on his lip and claimed to be sixteen. The two girls were eleven and twelve years old respectively.

The proposed trip has the name of being a very hard one and is seldom undertaken by tourists, who generally go only to the summit and look down into the crater. We were to explore its depths, a much harder trip, but perfectly feasible for people in good health if taken by easy stages.

The start was to be made from Olinda, a mountain retreat half-way to the summit, where the party was to gather long enough beforehand to be well rested for the undertaking. This was easily done as Papa Boojum was living at the mountain house at the time giving his family a little mountain air.

A merry party assembled at Olinda, filling the

house to overflowing. All were children except Papa Boojum and the Kanaka guide, "Uncle Joe;" but late the evening before the start a young gentleman made his appearance and asked to join the party. He was voted in (although he was not a child and could only claim to be a very distant cousin) because he brought a very handsome silver bugle with him and gave each one a chance to toot on it.

The party was dubbed "the Boojums" (after reading Lewis Carroll's poem) because the crater was "just the place for a Snark," and things had a way of "softly and suddenly vanishing away," especially the food and water.

No pack animals were taken, but the blankets and food were proportioned out so that each animal carried a share and none were burdened. Uncle Joe carried a light tarpaulin to be used as a tent.

After the party returned, Papa Boojum proposed that the children write a history of the trip. He divided the time occupied into ten as equal sections as possible, and let the Boojums each draw their subject by lots. Following is the result. Papa Boojum reserved the right to add parenthetical remarks, but all the matter outside of the parentheses were written by the children themselves, excepting, of course, the sections drawn by the bugler and Papa Boojum.

THE START (*by Salty Emma Boojum*).

We expected to go to the crater and stay a day or two, and hunt for the "Bottomless Pit" and the "Blow Hole," a hole that has been said to have been seen by a priest and by uncle Joe when he was a boy. (These wonderful and unfindable places are further described by Lyle Boojum in his section.)

The party was got up for Lyle Boojum who had come home to spend his vacation.

When the seven horses and four mules were saddled and packed with all sorts of bundles and bags, we all started about seven o'clock in the morning from Olinda.

Harry Bumpus Boojum carried one of the canteens and rode a little mule. ("Tommy," who had a reputation for eating rubber coats and running away.) Harry Boojum I. rode a little mule and carried a canteen. Henry Boojum rode a big mule and also carried a canteen. All the Henrys

were just alike. They all rode mules and carried canteens. Willie Boojum I. carried a canteen but he rode a horse ("Zulu"). Willie Boojum II. was the littlest one of the party. He is ten years old. Maud Boojum was the oldest girl in the party, and talked in her sleep. Emma Boojum was the youngest girl; she it was who put salt in Walter Boojum's coffee for sugar. Lyle Boojum was the oldest of the boys. Papa Boojum was the boss of the party. (He rode old "October" who had a sore side and had to be ridden without a girth.) Walter Boojum was the bugler and he rode a mule ("Uncle Abe" who knew just exactly when to stop to rest). He had a bugle and would sound the halts and starts.

Now there was one more, the Kanaka guide, whom we called "Uncle Joe." (His real name was Keo Kaima, and he was famous for the places he couldn't find.)

We rode on merrily, laughing at every little joke and picking ohelos. (The ohelo is a delicious mountain berry shaped like a huckleberry and colored like a cranberry, but tasting like neither.) Harry Boojum got the biggest bunch of all. It was just lovely.

When we got to Puunianiau (a large hill on the side of the mountain where the last water can be got as you go up) we found the water-hole almost dry, so we went round Puunianiau three miles out of our road. There we found plenty of water and also that Harry Boojum had left his canteen at the other water-hole. (Here the animals were watered and containers filled for the trip.)

After we left Puunianiau uncle Joe lost the track. (He was always doing it.) We rode on a long way and at last Papa Boojum found it again.

Next we came to the cave. (Yes, after several hours' ride over horribly stony and precipitous roads that she don't mention. The cave is an old lava bubble with the side blown out, about half a mile from the summit, where travellers sometimes sleep if the fleas will let them.) Here Walter Boojum, the bugler, passed around some doughnuts and said, "Dough-nut to spare!" — "Do not despair!" And Papa Boojum made a fire.

After resting awhile we rode on up, and everybody was anxious to get to the top, for there were six of us who had never seen the crater. (And yet they had nearly all lived for the greater part of their lives on the slope of Haleakala within sixteen miles

of it. Uncle Joe and Papa Boojum were the only ones who had been to the bottom.) After that we found not so many ohelos but more bunch grass. (The ascent this last half-mile is very steep for horses, through heavy black lava sand and bunch grass.) When we got almost to the top, there was a great hurrah in the party. Bumpus had found an old saddle blanket.

OVER THE RIM (*should have been by Walter Boojum, but wasn't, four Boojums had a hand in it*).

A few more steps, and the grand old crater was before us in all its weirdness.

The sight was so impressive that for a time all stood silently gazing. It was awful to think that this immense desert waste was once a lake of fire, with all its throats belching forth streams of molten lava, ashes and pumice-stone. It is about twenty-eight miles around the rim, and nine miles across it the longest way. It is not round but horseshoe shaped, and has two great breaks in its sides through which the rivers of lava used to flow out and down to the sea at Koolau and Kaupo. The wall, with the exception of these two gaps, is continuous and very steep. The depth of the crater is twenty-five hundred feet.

Its bottom is flat and dotted with smaller cones containing craters which were probably active long after the main crater was hardened over. Some of these cones, or fire-chimneys, were very large and would be called mountains in a level country. The largest is over eight hundred feet high. From the bottom of the nearest cone seemed to come a stream of very black lava flowing off across the floor of the crater out of the Koolau Gap. This, we are told by scientists, is the newest lava in the crater and was thrown out by the last dying effort of the volcano. This was so many hundreds of years ago that there is now no reliable tradition of its activity since there were people on the Islands.

To explore this great waste gulf was our errand. There is only one place to go down into it — some miles around the crest to the right. Formerly there was another trail, off to the left in the Koolau

Gap; but this has been allowed to fall into disuse and is now almost impassable. We all stood and had a good look before we had our dinner.

Just over the edge was an elegant echo. It gave back four distinct reverberations. Papa Boojum dropped over the crest and tooted the bugle and shouted till he was red in the face to furnish echoes for the rest to hear. We had plenty of fun rolling big stones over the edge and watching them go bounding down, kicking up a dust till they were so far down that we couldn't follow them with our eyes.

Part of the crater was clear, and part covered with clouds; but as we stood there they all disappeared, leaving it clear. Away off to the southwest over the far rim of the crater we could see the two peaks of Hawaii — Mauna-loa and Mauna-kea, the latter covered with dazzling white snow.

And now for our first meal. An overhanging ledge of lava rocks sheltered us from the wind and sun, and our lunch was set out on papers and stones. Hard-boiled eggs and scalloped oysters were the preferred articles of the bill-of-fare. Some of the Boojums had the assurance to complain of the water, because it had a taste to it. (They would have given anything for a drink of it the next day coming up the Sliding Sands.) After our lively appetites had been appeased, all mounted, and off we started along the rim, through ragged lava rocks, with a peep over into the yawning gulf every few minutes as the trail led us near the brink. The horses did not like the rough lava and needed a good deal of urging.

To our right, as we rode, the mountain sloped to the isthmus of sand which connected the two mountains forming this island; but the grand view of mountain and sea was hidden by a white covering of clouds.

But for this cloud-carpet five islands besides our own could have been seen at this point where it was nearly two miles above the sea-level. The roads were fearful, the horses climbing up and down ledge after ledge of jagged lava which gave a very insecure footing. Our animals were used to this kind of travel, however, and no accidents occurred.



THE DESCENT OF THE BOOJUMS INTO HALEAKALA.

HOW THE BOOJUMS WENT DOWN THE CRATER.

BY TEN OF THE BOOJUMS.

OVER THE RIM (*continued*).

AN hour's ride brought us to the "White Hill," the landmark that told us that the trail down into the crater was near. This hill was covered with old forts said to have been built by an ancient chief. Here we made a half-hour's stop and looked around for specimens. Sometimes old stone hatchets and weapons have been found here, but all we could discover that looked mysterious was some smooth round stones such as are found only at the seashore. We concluded that the ancient warriors had brought them up to use as weapons, perhaps as ammunition for slings.

From this point an immense sandbank sloped to the bottom of the crater much less abruptly than the rest of the inner wall, and it was possible to ride down; so here we go over the edge and down the dizzy slope. Those who preferred, walked, and led their horses. This sand had evidently been blown up into this corner of the crater by the trade-winds, for all the space between the first cone and the side of the crater was so filled that the trail down led us right over the top of it, and we could look down into its mouth. A halt was called and we examined it. It was perfectly round and funnel-shaped, some three hundred feet across and perhaps one hundred and fifty deep. We could see that a stone pen had been built in its bottom—it may be as an altar by the ancient worshippers of "Pele." (The goddess who formerly made Haleakala her home, but afterward abandoned it for the warmer quarters of Kilauea, the active volcano on Hawaii.)

Papa Boojum had an idea that the wonderful Blow-hole was somewhere near the base of this cone. So he took Bumpus and Henry Boojum with him and they slid and jumped down the steep side, while the rest of the party led their horses down the more gradual sand-slope.

At the bottom of the cone the explorers found the point where the newest lava had forced its way out and flowed off over the older floor; and in this they searched, unsuccessfully, for the Blow-hole. But they did find a peculiar cave with a tall chim-

ney to it, and they called it "Satan's Kitchen." Travelling around the foot of the cone, they made their way over toward the horses' trail, where they met Lyle Boojum who had left the rest below, and come back to find them.

Farther on they found another and very remarkable cave. From a very small opening in the top, not two feet across, it extended in both directions, very small at one end but sloping off the other and spreading out into several chambers. Two of these were nearly eight feet wide and floored with a fine black sand which had sifted through the crevices in the top. The roof was fully seven feet high and covered with pendants like icicles, formed by the melted lava, cooling as it dropped. They called this cave "Anaoka Moo" or "The Cave of the Serpent," but the children vulgarized it into "Snake Cave."

Going on down they joined the cavalcade on the flat floor of the crater at the foot of the next cone, where they had had a good long rest and got the sand out of their shoes. Before us stretched the even floor, as firm and almost as smooth as a shell road. There was plenty of room for a canter; for this beautiful, beautiful floor extended for miles in all directions, only broken by the great cones and chimneys which towered above us. Off we dashed, every one enjoying it—even the horses, after their slow and tedious day's trip.

IN THE BOTTOM (*by Willie Boojum I*).

After the Colonel (Papa Boojum), Bumpus and Henry Boojum had joined us at the bottom of the crater, we went off to look for water. Keo Kaiama said he knew where water could be found, so we went over for a long time, and then we came to the place, but there was not any. Joe went off to hunt more while we Boojums got off and ate some taro. (This is the main food of the natives, and is a very nutritious vegetable. It is the root of a plant something like a calla lily, and is grown in pits of soft mud. The Kanakas usually pound it into a soft paste, called poi, but what we had was simply boiled.)

Lyle Boojum left his horse, Iolani, untied. He got his foot in the bridle and jerked up his head and that knocked his saddle under him. And then he kicked and backed, and then flew towards where people go out of the crater. Papa Boojum and Harry Boojum followed after. They saw him racing up the side of the crater. Some of the other Boojums followed after, on foot. First we found a stirrup, then an oil-cloth coat, then a boot. When Papa Boojum and Harry Boojum came back, they had found the other stirrup. When we got back to the rest, Joe had returned, but had not found

any water. Then we got on our horses and rode off to find the sleeping cave, but we could not, and we had to pitch our tent beside a hill. Joe had to find a place for himself. He slept under some trees by a blazing fire.

THE FIRST CAMP (*by Bumpus*).

Uncle Joe, after looking for the Ana Mokuahi (The Cave of Smoke) a long time, said he couldn't find it, so Papa Boojum picked out a place to camp. (This cave has its only opening in the



FIRE FOUNTAINS AND TEMPORARY CHIMNEYS.

[In speaking of the fire-crater at Kilauea Miss Gordon Cumming says, "The surface of the outer crater is at any moment liable to change; the-lava floods . . . may open up 'occasional' chimneys in unexpected places, quite independently of . . . the true chimney . . . known as Halemaumau or House of Everlasting Burning." She describes one of the blowing cones, or chimneys, as "a quaint hollow tower about thirty feet in height which within the last few days has built itself up . . . it began to roar and blow as if in great excitement, and a white light, like burning gas, played above it. The molten metal within surged up . . . A weak place in the funnel . . . trembled . . . rose and fell as if struggling convulsively, like the lid of some mighty kettle; finally it burst open, and the torrent of molten rock poured forth in a thick liquid stream, of a glowing flame-color. . . . This chimney-building is a very curious process. Each is literally built up by its own internal action . . . layer upon layer of shining gray lava. The interior is of a much redder colour, and is highly glazed. . . . Some of the hottest fissures are edged and lined with flowers of sulphur, like golden frost-work, always scalding to the touch. . . . Sometimes the great fire-fountains toss their spray so high that . . . the breeze catches it sportively and carries it far away over the island and the birds line their nests with this silky volcanic hair . . . this filmy finely-spun glass is known as Pele's hair. It is of a rich olive-green, or yellowish brown colour . . . glossy . . . brittle. . . . Sometimes you can collect handfuls, clinging to the rocks to which it has drifted, generally with a pear-shaped drop attached to it."]

top. Inside it spreads out on all sides and is large enough to sleep fourteen people comfortably. Papa Boojum relied on Joe to find it, as he had only been to it twice; but Joe failed him as usual. Ana Mokuahi really means "Steamboat Cave.")

The place picked out was beside a hill which was covered with grass and bushes so that we could get feed for our horses and mules. (The hill was one of the oldest of the fifteen cones or small extinct volcanoes. Most of them have no vegetation on them at all.)

When we stopped, Boojum-Walter made a fire. The rest unsaddled the horses and tied them to the bushes and rocks. When the horses were all tied we began to look for a place to spread the tarpaulin. We thought we would hang it on a tree that was just at the bottom of the hill; but when it was up the tree held it so high that it did not cover enough ground for all ten of us to get under. So Papa Boojum found a ledge of rocks about three feet high, and we put one edge of the tarpaulin on that and fastened it down by putting rocks along the edge of it. Then we fastened the other side and one end down in the same way. We got some sticks and put them up in the middle with one end in the sand. Then we had a tent three feet high, six or seven feet wide and twelve or fourteen feet long. (The camp was in the midst of rough lava ledges but the bottom under the tarpaulin was perfectly flat.) When the tent was fixed and the blankets and provisions had been brought over, all the boys took off their shoes and stockings and ran over to the fire to get warm. When the coffee was made Boojum-Walter thought he would have a drink before the rest began to eat; so he looked for the sugar but he could not find it because it had been forgotten. (Yes; as only children and Papa Boojum comprised the party as first planned for, no coffee was provided, but when Walter Boojum joined, the coffee was added for his benefit, but the sugar was forgotten.) At last Boojum-Emma thought *she* had found it and handed it to him. It was really salt, but he did not know it and put a good lot in his coffee. You ought to have seen the face he made! (Bumpus forgets to tell how Boojum-Walter melted the nose, handle, and cover off the coffeepot in his frantic efforts to make that coffee. New campers always do it if they get a chance.) The girls and Papa Boojum spread bags down in the tent over the sand and

put the bread, jelly, chicken, and crackers out on them, and we sat around and ate them, and they tasted good, I tell you.

After supper all went over and lay around the fire that Joe Kaiama had been building higher and higher with big logs. Every one that he put on would send a lot of sparks away up in the air. (If any of the old heathen goblins were in the neighborhood they must have been startled at the shouts the children gave at each host of sparks.) While we lay around the fire we sang all the songs we could think of. (The night was beautifully clear and the cold rare air was delightful.)

About nine o'clock we went over to get the tent ready to sleep in. First we spread rubber coats all over the floor, then saddle blankets over them, so nobody had to sleep in the sand. Just before going to bed two of the boys went out to see if the horses were all right. They found one not tied at all, one had broken his rope, and one was tied to a little bunch of ferns that he could have pulled right up. So you see if the boys hadn't gone out, there would have been a big pilikia the next day. (This word "pilikia" is one of the most expressive in the Hawaiian language and is one of the first learned by foreigners. It means any trouble or worry, from the smallest inconvenience to the very tightest fix.)

When they got back everybody was in bed.

THE FIRST NIGHT (*by Henry Boojum*).

We went to bed about half-past nine. The tarpaulin was from two to three feet high, held up by two sticks in the middle. Our sleeping quarters were rather cramped. Maud and Emma Boojum slept in the back and crosswise. Then came uncle Papa Boojum and Boojums Harry, Lyle and Willie I. their heads pointing inward. Next to them lay Bumpus and Boojums Walter, Henry and Willie; their heads pointing outward. (Of course the eight pair of feet were dreadfully mixed). The last named four slept with their heads out in the open air. Boojum-Willie I. slept with a stone in the middle of his back and a saddle for his pillow. The rain drizzled down in his face and he didn't like it. Uncle Joe slept in his blanket out by the big bonfire. After all got settled there were cries like these:

"Take those cold feet off my back."

"Quit pinching with your toes."

There were other expressions from those that wanted to go to sleep undisturbed. (Harry Boojum kept punching.) We slept in pairs with two blankets for each pair, which caused some trouble. For instance one of the Boojums took nearly all of Bumpus' blankets. Boojum-Willie ate too much and groaned in his sleep. Some were afraid that wild cattle would run over the camp in the night, as uncle Joe said he had seen tracks. He kept the bonfire going most of the night, which would have kept them away anyhow.

We were all up bright and early. The first thing

while for the Cave of Epsom Salts (this is a cave said to be lined with crystals resembling epsom salts, but H. B. is mistaken in thinking I was in search of it. I was really in search of a point on the Koolau cliff which in connection with a point on the opposite side of the crater would give me the bearing of the Bottomless Pit), but he could not find it. Papa Boojum climbed also one of the highest cones in the bottom of the crater in search of the Bottomless Pit, but did not find it. (This was a tremendous climb on an empty stomach.)

When breakfast was ready Boojum-Walter blew



IN THE CRATER OF KILAUEA, ISLAND OF HAWAII. OVERFLOW OF A NEW LAKE OF FIRE.

[Miss Gordon Cumming describes the hardened lava-flows as "contorted into all manner of forms, such as huge coils of rope, folds of rich, black, satin drapery, waves of glistening black glass . . . a perfectly petrified waterfall . . . even the individual particles of spray lay tossed about like congealed raindrops. . . . Over one steep bank the lava had flowed so gently that it hung in folds like rich drapery — you might have fancied a velvet curtain caught up for effect, in an artist's studio. Below it lay what looked like many nests of snakes coiled up in intricate convolutions, as if boa-constrictors, and great pythons, and little rattlesnakes, and reptiles of every size, had here congregated."]

done was to put on shoes and boots and run to the fire and get warm. The horses were looked to and found all right. Then Uncle Boojum started off to find the epsom-salts cave. Boojums Lyle, Henry, Bumpus, and Willie II. followed, and Willie I. and Harry went off to look for the Bottomless Pit, while the girls and Walter Boojum staid at the camp to get breakfast ready. Papa Boojum looked a long

his bugle. (When I heard the bugle it sounded as though it was exactly in the opposite direction from where I knew the camp to be. This was owing to the remarkable echo, which was louder than the original sound where I stood. If the fog had been very dense I might not have got in to breakfast.) Boojums Willie and Harry brought two nice specimens of "Silver-sword" with them which they

found on top of the cone which they had explored. (This is a very beautiful plant found in very few places in the world. In general shape it is like the aloe. Its leaves are long and slender and of a beautiful silver-white color. They are stiff but not hard and strong like the spikes of the aloe.) Some fog came into the crater from the Kaupo Gap as they brought their Silver-swords in, which uncle Joe said was caused by their pulling them up. He said if they pulled up one of the dark kind of Silver-swords a very big fog would come in and fill the crater so that we couldn't get out. But he wasn't too superstitious to make *leis* (wreaths) for some of the Boojums from the white leaves of the Silver-sword while the rest of us sat down to breakfast.

HOMEWARD (*by Lyle Boojum*).

That is, we squatted down. As there were no chairs we could not sit down. Some of us even lay down as we ate. The breakfast consisted of tongue, hard-tack, bread and coffee, with condensed milk, and crystalized strawberry jam for sugar, and was enjoyed very much,

After breakfast everything was in a bustle. All the horses had to be saddled and the blankets and other things put on the saddles.

The bugle was discovered to be mashed! The question "Who sat on the bugle?" was asked but not answered—evidently a mystery that would never be found out.

One horse being gone, all but the two young ladies took turns walking two hundred steps.

"Pele's Pig-pen" was soon reached and turned out to be much larger than expected. (This is an immense lava bubble with the top blown out, and so imbedded in the sand that the sides form a large pen of say fifty feet diameter.)

A little farther on a halt was called, and we scattered to look for the Bottomless Pit, into which it is said if you throw a stone you cannot hear the noise of its striking. (When last in the crater Papa Boojum had seen and measured a deep pit at the point where we now halted, and which was then pointed out to him as the Bottomless Pit. It measured ninety-one feet in depth, and the place where it was is now covered with sand.)

When they were hunting, Papa Boojum and Lyle Boojum went up a hill of lava which had deep

cracks in it. They found a crack that they could not see the bottom of. Going down this hill they found some Silver-swords. Lyle Boojum picked one to carry home with him. A fort had been discovered by the other Boojums. In it they found some of the smooth white round stones that the aborigines used for weapons. The Bottomless Pit was not found at all.

At last the march was resumed. Papa Boojum and uncle Joe walked a good deal, trying to find the Blow Hole, another great natural wonder, where it is said the draught is so great that it will cast back a stone that has been thrown into it. They did not find it.

There was a place a little beyond that the guide told us the day before could not be crossed, as the horses feet would sink so deep into the sand they could not be got out. We rode right over the dangerous ground though. No accident happened. When we were crossing this sand Walter Boojum suddenly exclaimed, "There's Iolani!"

Sure enough, there was the runaway horse, quietly standing with the saddle under his stomach. Harry and Bumpus Boojum caught him. The tracks showed that he had run part of the way out of the crater and then come back again, probably disgusted with the steep ascent. Then the procession moved on to Snake Cave.

ONEHEEHEE (*by Willie Boojum I.*).

Snake Cave is a long cave, about one hundred feet long, about five feet wide and from three to seven feet high. It has very fine sand all over the bottom and at one end it has the finest sand I ever saw. It has but one opening big enough for a man to go through, and this is a small hole in the top just big enough.

This is where we ate our dinner; and we had to do it by the light of some candles. We had cold mutton and crackers with some crystalized jam, and everything good that we could have except water, and that gave out before it got half-way round, and the folks that did not get any went without until night. (This was the first real hardship of the trip. When Papa Boojum found that the crater water-holes were dry, he ordered Joe to hide two gallon demijohns of water which he had carried. Papa Boojum wanted to make sure of that much for the return trip. Joe did hide them, but

some of the party found them and they were nearly emptied by the thirsty Boojums before it was found out.)

There was another cave near the Snake Cave that we named "Pele's Summer Residence." It is a common cave with another room going out of it in the inner end. We didn't go in, so we can't tell how big it is. Then we started for the top, going up the Sliding Sands, otherwise called "Onehee-hee." (Papa Boojum had uncle Joe build a cairn of stones five feet high to mark the site of Snake Cave. It is quite near the trail at the bottom of the Sliding Sands.)

We all walked part of the way up so as to rest our horses, except Willie Boojum II., and he had the strongest horse and was the smallest boy, and Boojum-Walter, otherwise the bugler, couldn't lead his mule and so he rode all the way up.

Every little while some one would say, "Oh! if I only had a drink I would give almost anything."

(Some of the Boojums were so thirsty that they chewed the stems of the bunch-grass, which slightly relieved them. Half-way up P. B. divided a few drops of water that he had saved, between the three weakest members of the party.)

On the way up the Colonel's (Papa Boojum) saddle slipped back, and Iolani took to bucking, but it was all right again in a little while.

We got to the top in three hours after we left Snake Cave.

And now for Halemauu.

ALONG THE EDGE (*by Maude Boojum*).

The Boojums left the top tired and thirsty. Papa Boojum said they could get to Halemauu in half an hour (never! I may have said it after we had ridden along the edge an hour or so, but I only said then that Halemauu was the nearest place we could find water), and that it was the quickest way to get to water, besides being the best road. (I will have to admit that I said that, but it was a mistake. I think that Joe picked out the very worst he could find. They were simply terrific.) The road was covered with stones and lava sand. (The last part was a succession of rocky ledges worse than Putnam's famous stone steps.)

The bugler tumbled over his mule's head and broke his girth (the mule's, not the bugler's) and

crupper when he was going down a steep stony place.

Every little while we would have to stop and fix our girths. Bumpus had been carrying his blankets all the way from the crater. Once when he stopped to fix his girth he laid them down, and his mule got away and ran down the mountain side. When he had caught the mule he found he had forgotten where he had put the blankets. He looked a long time for them but could not find them.

When we got to Halemauu it was nearly dark. We got off our horses and tied them to grass and rocks.

CALAMITY CAVE (*by Papa Boojum*).

Just before dark we arrived at Halemauu, a spot on the rim of the crater near where the disused trail starts down into it. The wind blew cold over the verge from the crater and chilled us. There was still no water, but Papa Boojum and Harry Boojum started off with canteens to find some while the other half-frozen Boojums got the horses and mules unsaddled and all the traps moved down into an overhanging ledge in the side of a gulch. This was discovered by Henry Boojum to the joy of the party.

The horses were tied along the edge of another gulch near by, where stones were to be had to which to tie them. The poor things had not had any water for nearly thirty-six hours, but the grass was damp and it was so cold that they didn't suffer, seemingly, from thirst. It was out of the question to water them, as it would be dangerous getting them down the precipitous sides of the gulches in the dark, even if a water-hole could be found.

The cave was not at all deep and had a stone ledge in it that took up nearly half of it. Emma Boojum and Maude Boojum got out the eatables while the boys built a fire at the end of the cave, away from the wind. They put on wraps and with the help of the fire soon began to thaw out a little.

Uncle Joe and Bumpus came in and reported finding water. Oh! how delicious that water was. You can imagine how thirsty the Boojums were. They had travelled all day over horrible roads, and had climbed two thousand five hundred feet out of the crater in the broiling sun without a drop of water.

Papa Boojum was still off water-hunting, and it was getting dark fast. The mashed bugle was blown to guide him to camp and his answering shout was heard a long way off down the mountain side. He was a long time getting up, he was so tired. He had found water nearly a mile down the mountain and had climbed back with a full canteen.

All hands set to work to stretch the tarpaulin over the jutting stones at the mouth of the cave to protect us from the cold wind. These stones were so high that Walter Boojum had to be lifted up on the shoulders of Lyle Boojum and uncle Joe to put the tarpaulin up. The corners were drawn back and tied to rocks in the cave.

Now we could light candles and eat supper. We were very merry over it, if we had had a hard day. A vote of thanks was given to Henry Boojum for finding the cave, which I am sorry to say was reconsidered the next morning and three groans given him instead, as the cave turned out to be very uncomfortable. It was then named "Calamity Cave" by common consent.

About the time we finished eating a gust of wind blew the tarpaulin in and all the work had to be done over again. This time it was forced farther around the jutting crags and ballasted with heavy stones at the bottom to keep it from flapping. It was after nine o'clock when we had finished supper. Everybody voted for going to bed immediately.

Papa Boojum proposed that he and Lyle Boojum should take their blankets and sleep in the bunch grass at the top, but others thought there was plenty of room for all in the cave. In order to test it every one lay down side by side and cross-wise except Walter Boojum who had found a place big enough for one on the ledge of rocks. It was found that there was just room enough by squeezing and letting Papa Boojum sleep outside the tarpaulin with one elbow in the fire and his legs hanging down the gulch.

The young ladies were requested to arrange the blankets while Papa Boojum and Boojums Bumpus and Lyle climbed to the top of the cliff to see if the horses and mules were all right. They were found to be all wrong. They had been tied too closely together and were all tangled up and some of them loose. After considerable trouble they were arranged to Papa Boojum's satisfaction and

all got ready for a good night's rest. The uaus were screaming around us all the evening, probably excited by our fire so near their nests. The uau is a very fat and peculiar-looking sea-bird that builds its nest and hatches its young in holes on the tops of the mountains. If it lives only on fish it has a very long way to go to its breakfast. It makes a very discordant noise which, at times, sounds almost like an angry wife scolding her husband for falling over a chair. Uncle Joe said that if we built a big fire up on the cliff the uaus would fly into it and we could have some for supper, but we were afraid of setting fire to the tall dry grass and starting a conflagration. These birds kept up such a racket and the beds were so uncomfortable that some of us did not sleep much.

THE RIDE HOME (*by Harry Boojum I.*).

"Colonel" put the lights out. A good deal of false snoring. Then came a short silence, broken by "groaning" Boojum, groaning with the stomach-ache.

No more noise, except an occasional snore from "Bugler," till towards morning, when "pensive and sad" Boojum commenced talking in her sleep, saying, "Click, click, click, click, I can't get this old horse along."

Everybody too cold and sleepy to get up and see the sun rise.

We made a little fire with a big smoke to cook breakfast.

We found some mushrooms in a cave not ten feet off where we could have slept comfortably if we had found it the night before.

We ate the mushrooms for breakfast.

Bumpus went out to look for his lost blankets and hunted for two hours and came back without them.

After breakfast we saddled up our horses and started off toward the water-hole which the Colonel had found, to give our horses water.

(We had considerable trouble getting them down to it in daylight even. Iolani, who was quite stiff from yesterday's performance, had difficulty in getting his head down to the water and finally lay flat on his side and twisting his head around drank with one eye in the water.)

Then we started home. We soon struck the path that leads to Olinda, but Henry Boojum

pulled a Silver-sword which brought on the fog, and the guide got turned around and thought it went in the wrong direction, and left it and went off in another path of his own invention, away out of the way of course. (And oh! what roads and gulches he did take us over, and miles out of the road.)

We laughed at him, changed our direction, and soon found the path and started back, stopping every little while to girth up somebody's saddle, or to gather a bunch of ohelos. (During the fog Papa Boojum had all hands count very often from front to rear, to make sure that all were on hand and that there were no stragglers. Frequent halts were

made to allow the slow ones to catch up. Papa Boojum came to grief trying to pick a very nice bunch of ohelos for Emma Boojum. He had no girth to his saddle and when he tried to mount, after presenting the fruit to the young lady, old October turned suddenly and Papa Boojum and his saddle found themselves rolling in the dirt.)

At last we came in sight of the house, and then the mashed bugle began and we had discords all the way home.

When we arrived we found everybody on the veranda smiling from ear to ear.

We unsaddled and went in and got a good home meal.



L'ENFANT TERRIBLE TURK.

W. H. H.



A LITTLE BOY TURK.

THE Turk is fond of water from his very birth. He is at no time a bibber of wine. He is positively fond of his bath. He begins when young to take his ablutions many times a day and under every circumstance, especially before prayer and before he enters the mosque.

As with the usage of the

bath, the mode of dressing the infant Turk follows it on into childhood.

It curves its tiny extremities in youth and at maturity and until old age. Carlyle has shown what everlasting things depend upon the dressing of a human being. How then are the infantry of Turkey dressed? It is enough to say, that the legs and hands — in fact the entire child is enwrapped. A portion of the wrapping-cloth exceeds the length of the babe. The little creature is folded, and enfolded and re-enfolded, and sometimes so tightly that the circulation of the blood is stopped and the baby's face turns blue! If the mother be loving, or the nurse kind, this dressing is changed frequently. The little one is refreshed by this renewal. A change twice a day of three long strips of cloth is reckoned suitable relief in ordinary families; it is only in a well-to-do family that the encasement is less painful. This swathing process is so peculiar as to tend to shape the legs of the mature Turk to resemble the crescent, which is

the emblem of growth and of Turkey. Moreover the tiny baby Turk wears a bonnet. It is of a gay color, generally the prophet's favorite hue — green. This bonnet is worn by both sexes. Upon it is set sometimes a blue gem, say a turquoise. Sometimes a piece of garlic is hung upon it, to keep off the evil eye of jealous visitors. Thus accoutred, the little Turk passes the boundary of the "professional" who presides at its birth, into the grand domain where the nurse rules supreme.

Among the Christians in the East, the nurse is not so important as with the Mahomedans. With



THE BABY TURK AND HIS TUTOR.

the latter, she is sacred. She ranks after the mother. She is like the old African "Auntie" of the South. If the nurse have children of her own,

they are styled the "milk brothers and sisters" of her adopted nursling. Even at the palace of the Sultan, the nurse who nourishes a prince or princess has golden opportunities of advancement. She secures her own and her children's welfare for life. She is loaded with presents. These presents differ in value, according to the means of the master, and are given on every possible occasion. When the child says, "Baba!" or "Father;" when it has its first tooth; when its birthday comes round and when it makes its first step—the nurse has presents. It is the same at Baïram, the festal

—which is her rest after the fatigues of nursing. She regales herself with a nargileh; for smoking is by no means confined to the ruder sex in Turkey.

In addition to these two aids of Turkish babyhood, in every well-regulated home, a servant or two have charge of the washing and cleaning of the nursery and linen.

As soon as the child is old enough to be able to take ordinary nourishment, it is taken from the nurse, and put into the hands of the oldest male servant. If the child be a boy, this servant is to be the tutor until the boy is sent to school. The boy remains in his hands for about five years. It is mostly here that he obtains his first moral impressions.

As a general rule, these servants and slaves to whom Mussulman children are entrusted are not the most cultivated or liberal among the Moslems. No wonder then, should the little Turk become imbued with the prejudices of this guardian, who has not learned to leaven his faith with toleration, as do the more enlightened of his race. No wonder if the child be taught to despise those not of his race or of the creed of the Prophet. So far as my observation goes, this hatred of other than Mahomedans has died out considerably since I visited here in 1851; and even since I was here in 1881. It is said that the first time the child sees a Christian or a Jew passing by, he is taught to spit or throw water on him, as a sign that he repels the contact with such an unbeliever. It is said that he is thus early taught to hate all "Ghiaours" or Infidels. This may be the case among the lowest classes of Moslems;

and where the windows of the houses which are covered with Venetian blinds or screens may hide the servant and child, it may be done with impunity, and as a sort of sport for the ignorant attachés of the household.

My own limited observation does not however lie in this direction. Last Friday I visited the "Sweet Waters of Asia," across the Bosphorus,



A TURKISH NURSE.

Mahomedan season; and thus upon every slight occasion, presents rain down from father, mother, grandparents, uncles and aunts.

If the parents are wealthy, the nurse's duty is limited. It consists simply in feeding the baby, for an odalisque—one of the women of the harem—performs the duty of caring for the child. The picture given is that of a nurse making "kef"

Friday is the Turkish Sabbath; and upon its afternoon the Turkish women or *hanoums*, in their yashmaks, or veils, are wont there to assemble in



A LITTLE GIRL TURK.

crowds. They bring their families — odalisques, children, servants and slaves, black and white. They go in caïques, or long, light, graceful, yellowish canoes which glide over the blue waters like miracles of beauty, and land them at the Sweet Waters of Europe, up the Golden Horn — a picture of which I send you; or it may be they go in the ferry boats or caïques to the Sweet Waters of Asia opposite Roumeli-Hissar, the most picturesque scenery on these classic straits. To these Waters, the Turkish dudes and dandies come dressed in frock coat and fez, or in soldier attire. They come to see and be seen of the Turkish fair ones. Children by the score play around upon the green under the plane-trees near the "Sweet Waters" — called sweet, because not brackish. Yellow maize on the cob smoking hot is sold by itinerant vendors to the groups of families who eat it off the ear. Confections in every shape and

cakes are sold, along with all the toys that ever Caleb Plummer fancied.

But no one complains that we Ghiaours gaze upon this Moslem holiday. The women peep out from under their cambric wraps, quite pleased to be gazed upon. They move around on the green sward in their silken "feredjes" or bournouses. They no longer wear the slipshod yellow slipper as of old, but affect the high-heeled French shoe. They do not walk gracefully; but now and then you find one in superb costume, perhaps a golden-haired blonde, and with a style of walking as elegant as that of the belles of Belgrade or Bucharest.

But the children; well — I happened to look earnestly at a handsome boy of about five years and a little girl of the same age. Their portraits I cannot get; but I send you nearly as may be, pictures representing their dresses. They were in a group of children near a large group of women, seated, as usual, upon the ground. The boy was handsomely attired in fancy garments, in which silk braid and gold play a part. He exhibited no distrust or dislike, but with elegant grace he gave me the *salâam* of the East, or rather of the dervishes of the East. This greeting is significant. When saluting, a Turk is supposed to take the dust from his feet, kiss it and then



TURKISH BOY AND ATTENDANT.

carry it to his forehead. The higher person in rank receives the lowest obeisance. The boy who saluted us touched the earth with his right hand,

brought it up to his mouth and then tipped his forehead. It is a curtesy which says:

' From the earth our mother, I gave you my heart, and with my hand to my brow, intelligently I salute you! "

I was surprised and pleased with the young gentleman's exquisite taste. His female relatives

the statement, that the Turkish children are all trained to show signs of hatred to those of other faiths. I have yet to see one unruly movement or ugly grimace from a Moslem child. Near our Legation at Therapia, there are barracks. Several families live near by — families of soldiers. The soldiers salute the Minister every day; and if I



"THE SWEET WATERS OF EUROPE."

almost dropped their yashmaks, and gave a laughing salutation to my wife — but not to me of the debarred sex. They were pleased with the delight afforded by their children.

Wandering about the grounds, I found seated by some provender a little hunchback boy whose family had wandered off on a promenade by these "Sweet Waters of Asia." Was he distrustful? Not a whit. Our cavass — the Mahomedan guard of the Legation — asked him to sing his prayers for us; and he raised his "*La-Allah!*" with a plaintive and sweet voice. He seemed happy in his effort to please.

So that I doubt the universal application of

meet one of them in the city, the curtesy I describe is made with smiling.

It may be noticed from some of the illustrations that the Turk is not subject to the standard or to the fancies of Europeans. He has his own tests in his ways of dressing as well as in the colors and the pattern of the material which he uses for that purpose; so much so that in Germany, Austria, France and England there are factories where articles are made specially for consumption in the Orient. The Turk buys colored calico of bright yellowish or pink color, or with such a combination of colors that Joseph's coat only can rival, and that no European would use, except for

window curtains. He prefers wide stripes to any other pattern. He never imitates the Christian mode of dressing, so long as he can help it. It irked the Turkish soldier to wear the French uniform. Thus, long dresses are worn by young girls and short ones by babies, whereas it is usual among Christians to dress the baby up to the time he steps about, with long dresses; and as soon as he is able to walk, with short ones. Two of the illustrations show this variety of costume. The little Turkish girl, when *en promenade*, has the aspect of a little old lady; except in her infantile features. The only article which the Turk adopts from the Christian, and that is of recent occurrence, is the shoes and boots. These they adopt, as more comfortable in locomotion; though that is a matter of doubt.

The shape and the style which have prevailed in manufacturing the clothes to be seen in these illustrations indicate something different from that which is commonly known everywhere outside of Moslem countries. Some Turks consider it a religious obligation to differ thus on their modes of dress. They never put a hat on their heads. Even the women have their "*Bashliks*," approaching to what one may call a hat; but it is a different thing. It is called by another name. A hat would be a "*Shapka*;" and the name given to this head covering means a bonnet or rather a cap.

These characteristics of the Turk and of his chief, the Sultan himself, who wears like all his subjects the fez cap, go to show that they are misjudged greatly from childhood up. If indeed, as is said, the child is taught by the servant some naughty words, and incited to hurl them at the Infidel as a part of his "fun," or that of his nurse or servant, I am, as I said before, in ignorance of the fact. There is much written, and truly, about the irreverent audacity of Young America. He will cry out, "Go up! Bald-Head!" and add defiantly, "Now! Bring on your Bears!" Compared with the "bad boy" of other lands—of which the American boy is a representative, as I myself from experience know—the young Turk is as a cooing dove to a malicious sparrow, or a loquacious jackdaw.

Of course all children must have amusement. If it be not tendered they will break out into mischief. They must also have variety in their

entertainment. They must be petted. The philology of the word "*pet*," signifies it. A child soon tires of one kind of diversion. He must find something else. The Turkish child is no exception. Whether running about as I see him here, in his little baggy clothes, over which is a sort of dressing gown, padded with cotton, made out of cheap prints, highly colored, generally red; or munching sweetmeats in his satins and silks, tassels and gold laces, with his little cane strutting by the side of his veiled mother, over the green at the "Sweet Waters" near the Palace of Ghiok-souyee; whether he be rich or poor, of crockery or porcelain—he is of the same "earth earthy," as the American bad or good boy.

He is, perhaps, more plastic in the hands of servant or slave. This personage is often put to



A TURKISH BELLE.

the use of all his wits to make up stories wonderful enough to fill the imagination of these inchoate Sindbads and Haroun-al-Raschids—these children of Bejazet and Suleiman. Generally such stories refer to a boy or girl of their own age

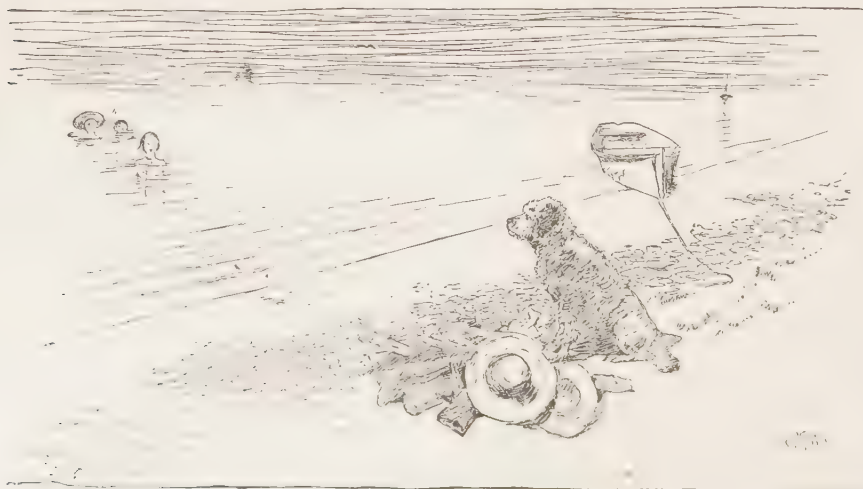
as the hero. Perhaps the hero is some Arab cowboy of the desert or plain! In these narratives, there are battles with the enemies of the Faith in which millions of Christians are slain by a handful of Moslems. The hero has slaughtered most of them. Robberies, incendiarisms, murders and piracies are committed by the enemy of the heroic Mussulman, who cuts them down with his crescent-shaped scimitar. In these stories the bad Unbeliever is punished ultimately by the good Moslem. The tale winds up with the immunity of the true believer; nay, with a reward in proportion to the number of enemies killed; a reward in a paradise of rare beauty and delight!

With such stories, we do not wonder that the Turkish child should grow into a bigoted man. We do wonder that in his contact with other nationalities—and the constant encroachment on Turkish domain in Africa and Europe, that when he comes to man's estate, his early training so little affects his natural tolerance and urbanity.

There is one occasion on which the Turkish children are taught to be respectful and obedient; that is when they are brought in presence of their father and mother. They learn to approach their parents in the same humble attitude as the servants; for instance, as soon as the child is brought in, he must approach them with his hands upon his stomach. On coming nearer, he must

take their hands and kiss them. After this, he must withdraw some three or four steps and stand with his hands on the stomach and not seat himself until he is permitted. On this account the little Turk likes better to be with the servants than with his parents.

If the "child be father of the man," then the Turkish child is not so bad after all, considering the provocation and allurements to be otherwise. In places where the Turk does not mingle with those of other creeds and nations, he may, if ignorant, be haughty. He may, as child and man, beat, or abuse with facile stick or tongue, the children who are alien to the commonwealth of Islam. He sees the servants about him subdued to the son of their master, and as he has no communications outside the only surprise is that he does not become more absolute and arrogant. Upon the whole, I am yet to meet a Turk who is not gentle. He is more polite than the French; and more sincere in his politeness. The Turkish peasant is a good sample of the uncorrupted stock; and he is a sober and simple person. Daughters marry young and their housekeeping is a model of cleanliness compared with the squalor and dirt of other Oriental races and homes. Their vices are from alien sources; their virtues are from the teaching of the Koran; and their hospitality and courtesy are among these virtues.



ON GUARD.



HOW NED SCALED MT. WASHINGTON.

BY MARY REBECCA HART.

WELL, sir, I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. You are a little ahead of the season."

"Well — but — I say, isn't there a way of managing it — by paying double fare, or something of that sort?"

"No, sir," said the clerk; "it can't be done. The season doesn't begin until the middle of June, and it wouldn't pay the company to start running cars up the mountain until there are people to go. Come back in about four weeks and you'll find us running up, but just now you will have to content yourself with a sight of the mountains."

Ned Stanley turned from the clerk with a very

disappointed face. Here he was at the White Mountains — at the far-famed Fabyan House, rested by a night's sleep and ready for the ascent of Mt. Washington. He had come all the way from Missouri — had been studying up the trip, and particularly the ascent, for months. He had seen stereoscopic views of the elevated railway and had imagined himself in sundry dangerous and exciting situations. He had, in fancy, retailed the adventure to his less fortunate companions at home, unconsciously making himself, and not the railway, the central figure. He had been asked by various imaginary persons:

"Did you go up Mt. Washington?" and had answered, "Of course; the White Mountains without Mt. Washington would be like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out." (He had heard that from a chance acquaintance on the train and it struck him as a particularly neat and original way of putting it.)

Now to get here and be told that the cars wouldn't run for four weeks was a little too much! If anybody should ask about Mt. Washington he could only say, "The cars were not running and I couldn't go up," and then perhaps the other fellow might "quote Hamlet." Then there was Tom Winston. He gave a pebble a vicious kick. Tom had ventured some advice because he had once been to Chicago and felt his superiority as a traveller, and Ned had said not very graciously, "Now, don't you fret, Tom, about me. I've studied this thing up and know what I'm about if I haven't been to Chicago." Of course Tom would ask about the ascent of Mt. Washington and tell the other fellows, and — oh, yes, Hamlet was left out!

The mountains were there in their majesty, 'tis true, and Ned had said to himself that morning as he saw the sun rise over Mt. Washington, "This pays a fellow for the ride" — but the glory of it was gone now.

He wandered down to the Mt. Pleasant House, back again, and up to the White Mountain House; "anything," he said, "to kill time."

Mt. Deception, back of the hotel, looked inviting and he determined to climb that. The view was good, and had it not been that Mordecai sat at the king's gate in the shape of unattainable Mt. Washington he would have been more than satisfied with it.

Returning, he found it was time for dinner, which he prolonged as much as possible. He was strongly tempted to take an earlier train for Portland, but having planned to leave Fabyan's at four he determined to carry out the programme as far as he could.

After dinner he walked down to the station "to see the other fools get caught," he said savagely to himself. But the train puffed in and out and nobody was caught. Ned's dissatisfaction increased. It seemed, then, that he was the only traveller who didn't know Mt. Washington's office-hours!

He tried to strike up a conversation with the

agent, but found him uncommunicative and pre-occupied, after the manner of agents with inexperienced travellers.

"I think I'll take a stroll to the foot of the mountain," said Ned, as the agent put his key into the door preparatory to locking up.

"I should," said the man, dryly, as he started off. "It'll give you good exercise."

"How far is it?" asked Ned. But the man was gone.

Ned deliberated: "I can't get lost if I follow the railroad, and I can say I've been to the foot of the mountain anyway. I'll see one end if I can't the other."

He started down the track. There was a good deal to see, after all, for a boy who had never beheld a mountain, and Ned found his spirits rising as he walked.

He sauntered along, stopping now and then to break off a specimen with the geologist's hammer which he carried in his pocket, and once to make a sketch.

"I'll make a better one from it when I get home," he promised himself as he put it away and jogged on.

Mountain air is deceptive, and the distance which looked so short to Ned lengthened out to six miles before he reached the foot of the mountain.

Here the elevated railway begins. Ned crossed from one track to the other and took a look around. There was not much to see. It was unsatisfactory after his long walk.

He looked up the mountain track — it didn't look very hard to climb — and there must be something to see, even just a short way up.

He took out his watch and found, to his surprise, that it was already too late to make the four o'clock train.

And then Ned did a very foolish thing. He deliberately turned his back upon Fabyan's and started up the mountain.

Not that he had any idea of going to the top — he told himself definitely that he should only go a short distance — just far enough to get a view; and then he should retrace his steps and reach Fabyan's in time for a late supper.

The first part of the ascent was rather a disappointment. Ned had not expected to see so many trees, but had pictured the whole of Mt.

Washington as being like the stereoscopic views of the top—all boulders and lichens. More than once he turned to go back, saying to himself that it hadn't paid, but something drew him on—perhaps more a dogged determination to see something worth seeing and relatable, than anything else.

As he went on the trees grew smaller and scarce, the chasms widened and deepened, Mt. Madison and Mt. Monroe lifted their heads above the clouds, and before he knew it Ned was standing still, drinking in the glories of Mt. Washington.

There was no turning back now. He must have the view from behind yonder boulder—once there, he must cross the trestle-work beyond and look into the chasm over which it hung.

Time, fatigue, cold, were forgotten. The one desirable thing in life, now, was to see. As I said, he was a Western boy accustomed to level prairies and sluggish streams, and this taste of mountain scenery intoxicated him.

As he pressed on beyond the shelter of the overhanging rocks a sharp wind struck him with a sudden chill. He stopped and looked back.

The track wound down the mountain side like a serpent. At the foot the shadows had deepened till he could not tell tree from track. The valley was full of gloom and a dull mist obscured objects that he had but just now noticed.

Could it be growing dark down there?

He looked up the mountain. This track was clearly defined, the western light bringing everything out in relief.

A glance at his watch turned his face homeward with a sudden sense of alarm. Where had the time gone? Would he be able to make it before dark? He certainly had not a moment to lose.

In turning to descend, Ned had the same experience we all have had, doubtless—he found it was one thing to go up a steep place and quite another to go down. Moreover, he had suffered from childhood from dizziness in looking down any steep descent. He always had hated himself for having such a womanish weakness and had suffered tortures to keep the knowledge of it from the boys; but it lurked still, ready to overpower him now at any moment.

To add to the danger of the descent there was a frost gathering on the track and increasing every minute. Ned had gone but a few steps when his

foot slipped on a treacherous tie and he was thrown violently back. The grade was very steep at that point—so steep that Ned had fancied it must be “Jacob’s Ladder.” As he sat holding on to the rails he looked over the trestle to see what he had escaped. One glance was enough! He drew back, sick and faint—his old enemy had him!

He sat still, with closed eyes, trying to think what he should do. He must go on—there was no alternative—but he dreaded to stand up and face that chasm below. He said to himself that he must not—he would not—grow dizzy; and of course, this very nervousness increased the dizziness.

It was a lonely plight for a boy to be in, half-way up the mountain side, not a human soul within miles, and night coming on! How fast it was coming on! At that instant the sun dropped in behind the hills, and Ned, accustomed to prairie sunsets and the long afterglow, found he had counted upon more daylight than he was likely to have.

Nerving himself for another trial, he cautiously got upon his feet. As he did so he missed his hammer which he had had in his hand when he fell. Looking around, he found it hanging in the cog-rail a few steps above him where he had probably thrown it in his efforts to catch himself. Going back for it he found, to his surprise, that it was easy enough to go up—that it was the downward motion which had produced the dizziness.

This discovery brought him to a standstill again. Since he couldn’t go down, at least not without much danger, why not go up?

If this was really “Jacob’s Ladder” he was half-way up now. If he went on he should be getting more of the fading daylight all the time; if he went down into the valley he should be going from it.

Then, there was another consideration. When he got to the top he should be sure of a hot supper and a bed; if he went down there would be that long walk to Fabyan’s after he reached the base. Ned’s exercise had made him hungry, and the thought of ham and eggs, beefsteak and hot coffee, turned the scale in favor of the Summit House.

Having once determined to go on, he walked briskly forward, wishing to make the most of the daylight left. He looked into no more chasms,

but kept his gaze on the track ahead and on the mountain tops across the ravines. He saw a tiny spark on the top of one, and, as he looked, wondering what it could be, another came, and another, and then he knew the stars were out. He had a strange feeling of companionship as they formed themselves into the familiar constellations. They were the same old stars, anyway, the same his mother was watching now, perhaps, out on the

again bruised and panting. Lighting a match, he set fire to a paper and threw it down looking to see what it might light up. He found he was on a trestle, perhaps thirty feet high, and the grade was the steepest he had yet encountered.

Ned dared not trust himself, after this experience, to walk, but laying aside everything but his instinct of self-preservation he took the ties as the rounds of a ladder and continued his journey on



HE SET FIRE TO A PAPER AND THREW IT DOWN.

prairie. He was glad she did not know where he was.

There was no moon yet, but it would rise, he thought, before he reached the top. The starlight enabled him to see the track, but the scraggy trees and brush took strange shapes. Ned was sure once that a man stood by the track a little ahead. When he reached it it was a dwarf-spruce. Another time a horse's head rose before him as the track turned, but proved to be only a jutting rock. Ned was not conscious of fear, but he could not keep these strange shapes out of his mind.

He stepped cautiously along the ties but once a shadow deceived him and he bore his whole weight upon that. Down he went between the ties, almost to his armpits. He drew himself up

all-fours. The ties were slippery and cold and Ned soon felt stiff from his unaccustomed position, but not knowing anything about the turns in the road he thought it better to bear these ills than to risk those he knew not of.

He never knew just how long he was in reaching the top. Chilled through and through, with hands so numb they could hardly do their work, he toiled on only because there was nothing else he could do.

At last the moon rose, and almost at the same moment a monument appeared at the right. This Ned recognized from the pictures as the monument erected to the memory of Lizzie Bourne, who perished on this spot years ago. As ghostly as it looked in the moonlight, it sent a thrill of joy through his heart, for he knew it was only a few

steps from the top. And sure enough another turn brought him out upon a level track with a platform by its side.

Ned looked around him with an interest quite natural under the circumstances. At his right was the Summit House where he expected to find the supper and the bed. To his surprise, all was dark. It must be later than he had thought.

He lost no time in finding the door and giving a sounding knock. Nothing answered but the echoes. It was strange, there was no light in the office. He wondered, as he knocked again, how they made it pay this time of the year. They must depend upon the railroad travel for custom. A horrible thought here flashed over him. Could it be that the hotel was not open?

It was even so. Ned was on the top of Mt. Washington, alone.

For a few minutes he almost gasped — from the discovery and the rarified air together. What could he do? His common sense came to the rescue. Why, get into the house, of course. He would freeze to death outside.

He scratched a match, shielding it from the wind with his hat, and examined the window to see how it was fastened. There was an ordinary catch at one side, which he could easily manage if he could get at it. By breaking one pane of glass he could do that. Stones are plentiful on the top of Mt. Washington and Ned felt no compunction in using one. The catch yielded readily to his touch and the next minute he was in the office of the Summit House.

Another match and a little search showed him a bracket lamp, and a light made the gloomy room almost cheerful.

The next thing was a fire. There was a large coal stove in the middle of the room kept burning all summer for the comfort of guests, and Ned soon had a roaring fire. He could not wait for coal, but made it of wood, enjoying heartily its snap and crackle.

He held his stiffened fingers to the blaze and, as the warm shivers ran up his back and loosened his joints, thought it wasn't such a bad adventure after all.

He next took up the lamp and started on an

exploring tour. But with all his lucky happenings he happened upon nothing to eat. Returning to the office he helped himself to one of the Summit House letter-heads and wrote a letter to the writer of this story, dated "Top of Mt. Washington," in which he detailed his adventure.

He found himself ready for bed early after his unusual exertions and having choice of rooms he was soon covered with warm blankets, sleeping the sleep of the — young.

He awoke bright and early the next morning and started out to make observations. He found himself on a plateau about an acre in extent. The Summit House was the largest building, but near were the old Tip Top House and the Signal Station. If Ned had only known it he might have found companions in the two officers who spend nine months of the year here alone.

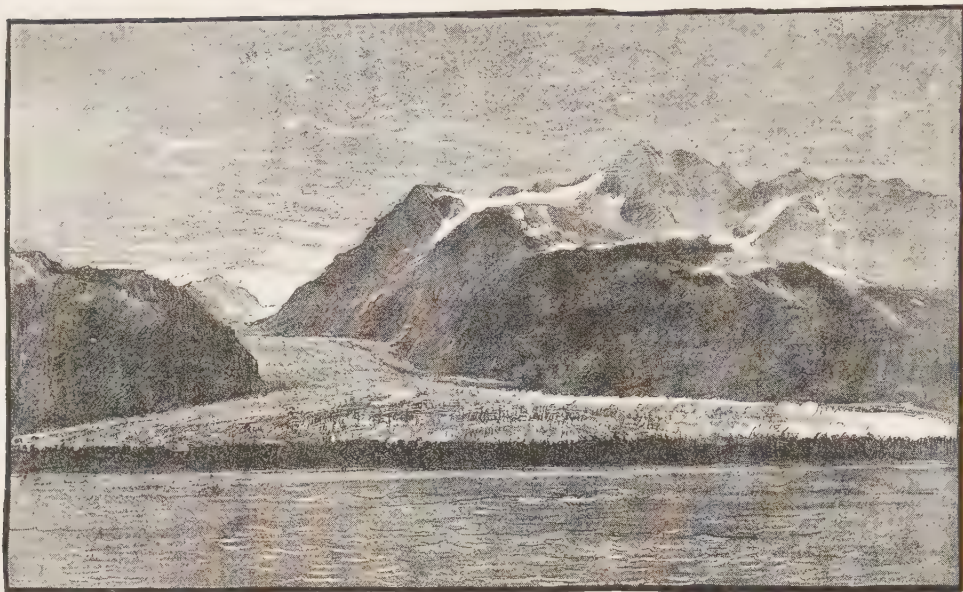
But he did not know it, and being reminded by* an inward craving that his breakfast hour was past and a walk of nine miles yet before him he took a farewell look and prepared to descend.

By day and in good weather the descent is not a dangerous one, and Ned found no difficulty in going rapidly ahead, sometimes walking on the track, sometimes beside it, and occasionally, where the grade was steep, riding on a board placed across the rails, using his feet as brakes when he found himself going too fast.

It was a glorious walk and paid him, he thought, for all the hardships and risks of the night before. But still it was rather a forlorn young man that presented himself before the clerk at Fabyan's that morning asking meekly if it was too late for breakfast. He told the whole story, not dwelling much upon the climbing, which, indeed, was not necessary since his trousers corroborated the story, but telling of the broken window and the stolen lodging. "I'll pay you whatever is right," he said, "if it's under your management."

The clerk smiled. "It isn't under our management exactly," he said. "I really should have no right to take the money. And then," he said, dryly, contrasting the figure before him with the stylish young man of yesterday, "I rather guess you've paid you way already, haven't you?"

And Ned rather thought he had.



THE DAVIDSON GLACIER.

IN ALASKA.

(*The Glaciers, the Totem-Poles, and the Greek Church at Sitka.*)

Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore

IN point of scenery the Alaska coast region is similar to that of Norway, and those who have visited both countries consider the north-west coast of America the wilder and more picturesque. The islands scattered along the shores of Southern Alaska are counted by hundreds. Many of them are as large as any one of the Eastern States. All of them are mountainous and densely wooded. The ranges and peaks are higher than



DIAGRAM OF THE MUIR GLACIER.

on the coast of Norway, and the loftiest mountain in North America stands guard at the dividing

line, where Southern Alaska, with its deeply indented coast and its great archipelago, stretches away from the rest of "the great land." Although discovered by Captain Cook a century ago, this Mt. St. Elias has never been climbed; the most that is known is that its whole sea-front is seamed with glaciers, and that from the sea's level to the summit line of nineteen thousand five hundred feet, ice is piled upon ice, snows heaped upon snows.

Without going so far up as Mt. St. Elias, glaciers are to be counted by the dozens from the deck of a steamer as it winds through the labyrinth of channels which form the continuous inside passage that extends up the coast from Puget Sound for more than a thousand miles. Far up on the mountain-sides, one sees the pale green and blue tints of glacier-ice showing along the edges of what seem to be broken and dirty snow-fields. Over the tops of the evergreen forests the ice-fields gleam and sparkle in the sunlight; and

thrusting their tongues out into the waters of the narrow fiords, they drop off huge blocks that go floating off with the tides as icebergs.

The great Davidson Glacier on Lynn Canal, in latitude fifty-nine degrees North, is one of the most symmetrical and beautiful ice-streams on the coast. It is named for Prof. George C. Davidson, the astronomer who twice visited it, and once observed a total eclipse of the sun from his observatory some miles north of it. The second time Prof. Davidson went to this part of the Chilkat country, he was entertained with honors by Kloh-Kutz, head chief of the Chilkat tribe, who still believes that the eclipse was but one of the magic tricks of the greatest "medicine man" he has ever met. So sure was Kloh-Kutz that the astronomer was a wizard, that he offered him all his canoes, furs, blankets and wives, if he'd tell him how to do it.

According to Kloh-Kutz, who claims to have traversed its whole length on snowshoes, the Davidson Glacier has its source in an immense snowfield which lies in a basin in the White Mountain range, thirty miles back from Lynn Canal. In that basin the snows of unnumbered winters have accumulated, until the weight of the

and pressure increased, the ice was slowly forced out of the basin into the sloping and winding



TOP OF THE MUIR GLACIER.

ravines of the mountains. The ice, flowing on like a river, creeping a few feet further each year, bent and turned in its course and sweeping its icy flood around solitary peaks and needles of rock, left them like islands in midstream. Pushing and



RIVER ON NORTH SIDE OF THE MUIR GLACIER.

mass has gradually pressed the snow crystals together into a coarse, granular ice. As the weight

crowding its way through narrow gorges and defiles, the ice broke and ground off the rocky walls

between which it flowed, and swept away with its current great boulders and rocks, dirt and debris.

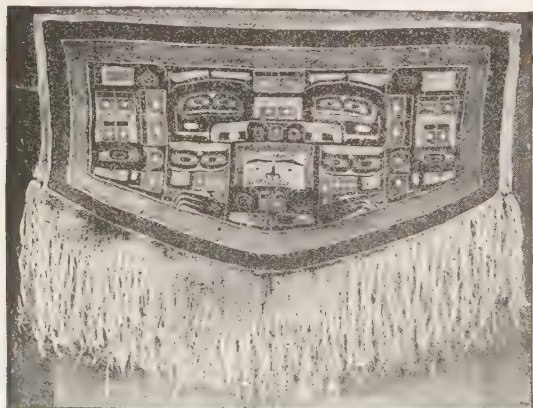
make the glacier dull and dark beside the pure snow-fields of the mountains. In all the crevices



GLACIER BAY, MUIR GLACIER.

The pressure forced up the ice, broke it into a thousand huge blocks, and the summer sun and rains, melting and rounding off the points, left the tossed and broken ice, looking like the angry billows of the ocean suddenly congealed as they were about to break in foam. The boulders and rocks

and sides of the broken ice, shades of the palest greens and most lovely blues show in the heart of the crystalline masses. The ice is hundreds of feet deep, or thick, where it flows through the rocky channels that it is continually cutting wider and wearing deeper. The water from the melting ice runs down through crevices and caverns, and can be heard roaring and rumbling in rivers far beneath the surface. When these streams finally emerge from under the ice, they are boiling torrents of thick muddy water, carrying stones and debris on with them, and discoloring the sea water into which they finally discharge. Miles away from the Davidson Glacier the clear, emerald green waters of Lynn Canal are tinged to a muddy tea-green color, by these turbid streams.



A CHILKAT BLANKET.

strewn over the surface look like driftwood on the icy ocean, and the dirt and ground-up particles

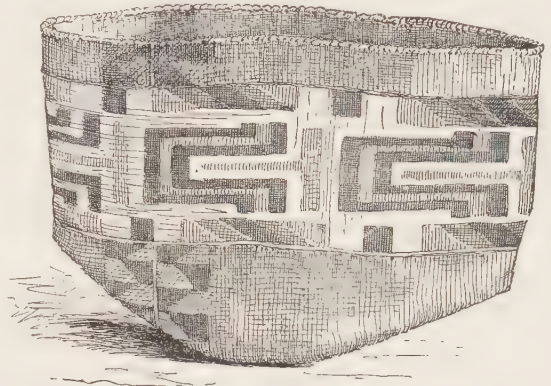
When the Davidson Glacier takes a last turn in its course and pushes out through a grand gateway in the mountains, it spreads out in fan-shape and sweeps down in a long graceful slope to its terminal moraine. The moraine has been built up from the water by the deposit of rocks, pebbles and sand, ground up and carried down from the mountains by the glacier, until a long strip of dry

land formed in front of the melting ice. The moraine before the Davidson Glacier was made so long ago that a dense forest of ancient and lofty pines has stretched itself like a hedge across the three miles of the glacier's front.

Forty miles across the mountains by the ice, or around four or five times that distance by water to the other side of the mountainous peninsula, is the famous Glacier Bay, the great natural show-place of Alaska. Seven immense glaciers flow into the waters of the bay, coming down twenty, forty and even sixty miles from great snow-fields in the White Mountain and Fairweather Alps range. One of the largest of these ice-rivers is named the Muir Glacier in honor of Prof. John Muir of California, who was the first white man to tell the world of its existence no further back than 1879. He went cautiously up an inlet of the bay in an Indian canoe; but large ocean steamers ride up within a quarter of a mile of the ice front now each summer, and are received with thunders and cannonades from the ice-spirits at every visit.

Sailing up that long inlet filled with bergs and

ranges, with tributary streams of ice joining it from every gap and defile and from around every jutting point.



A THLINKET BASKET.

The frozen flood, with its tossed and broken waves, stretches ten miles across from mountain wall to mountain wall; and the long tongue of ice running down to the inlet presents a water-washed, ragged, crystalline cliff three miles long, and from



AN ALASKA "LADY"; AND BASKET WEAVERS.

floating ice, one sees a broad gray river of ice pouring down a great valley between two mountain

two to four hundred feet in height. Slowly creeping down the valley, and thrusting itself into the

water, the ice is honeycombed by the washing of the tides, and huge pieces of the front, and avalanches



THLINKET BASKET-WORK.

of ice, are sliding down into the water with a continuous crash and roar at low tide. The spray and waves dash far up the glittering front after one of these great ice-slides, and there is a magnificent play of prismatic colors on the fretted and fantastic ice-wall, when the sunlight falls full on its western front.

The largest glaciers of Switzerland could be put away in a corner of the Muir Glacier and lost; and except on the coast of Greenland, it is claimed that there is nothing that surpasses this and other water-fronting glaciers of Southern Alaska. A great river boils up from under the middle of the glacier where a long cape, or point, of ice runs out into the water; and on either side of the glacier streams emerge from the sides of the ice, and course over the long side, or lateral moraines to the inlet. The river on the north side is the larger, and by a long climb over stones and boulders, and along crumbling banks, the dark grotto in the glacier is reached, from which the muddy river rushes to the sunlight after its long course in the heart of the glacier.

Climbing the icy hillside, the vast sea of billowy, broken ice lies before one, ice piled, tossed and ground into wild and fantastic array, narrow crevices and vast gulfs opening at one's feet and giving glimpses far down into a wonderland filled with pale blue and indigo shadows. With the nightless days of summer, the surface ice melts rapidly, and in the sunshine every inch is sparkling and glistening with the trickling drops.

At Fort Wrangell, Howkan, old Kaigan, Karta, Tongass and at smaller Indian villages in South-

ern Alaska, there are many totem-poles set up before the houses. They are queer looking objects, made of the trunks of large cedar-trees and are three and four times as high as the dwellings they guard. From bottom to top, they are carved with comical faces of men and birds, frogs, whales and other animals; but like the boy's pictures on his slate, one has to be told at first which is the frog and which the whale. Bright green, red and yellow paint were put on them when they were new; but as many of these totem-poles are more than a half-century old, they are now faded and weather-stained and covered with moss and wood lichens. Grasses and tiny ferns often take root and flourish in the cracks in the wood, and from some of the older totem-poles at Howkan small trees have sprouted.

The Thlinkets, as the Indians of Southern Alaska are called, took great pride in these columns, as only the men of high rank and wealth ever erected them, and they commemorated the great deeds of their ancestors, and incidents of family history.



TOTEM-POLES AT FT. WRANGELL.

The totem-poles were not idols, nor were they in any way connected with their religion. They

were "picture writings" that the Indian reads as easily as the ancient Egyptians read their hieroglyphs and the Aztecs their illuminated scrolls. The spoken language of these Indians is limited to a very short vocabulary, and as they have no written language, their history and their traditions and fables are best expressed and preserved in these carved columns. Any Thlinket can tell the stories



CHIEF'S HOUSE AT KAIGAN, SHOWING TOTEMS.

and legends pictured on the totem-poles of his village, but he is usually unwilling to tell them to the white man, and would rather puzzle and mislead him than read the totems right. No new poles are set up in these days, and as the younger Indians become more accustomed to the ways of the white man they begin to despise these monuments of their forefathers and so cut down and destroy them.

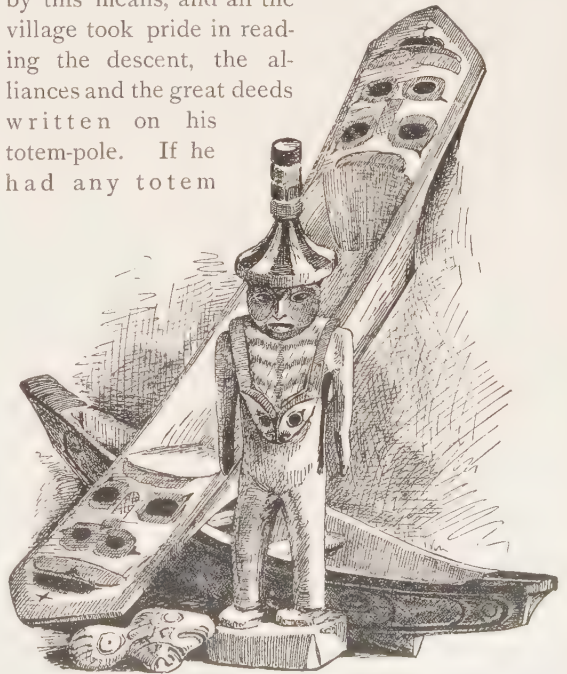
The Thlinket tribes boast four great families recognized by their badges, or totems, of the raven, the wolf, the whale and the eagle. These families are again subdivided into those recognized by the totems of the cinnamon bear, the frog and the beaver, and these people have their totems carved or painted on all their belongings. These animals were at first symbolic of some trait, or quality, in the possessor of the totem; and if Richard Cœur de Lion had been a Thlinket he would have had a lion's head for his totem. Just as the Prince of Wales has his three feathers, the Bourbon kings of France had their white lilies, and Napoleon had his golden bees marked on everything from palace walls to silver spoons, so the Alaska Indian has his raven, or whale, or eagle, carved and painted on his totem-pole, his canoes, chests, dishes, spoons and halibut clubs.

When a rich Indian built a new house, he had a totem-pole carved to set before it, and for this



TOTEM-POLES AT KAIGAN.

pole of solid cedar forty and sixty feet high he often paid as much as four hundred dollars to the carver. He gave a great feast at the time and distributed to his guests presents of blankets, calico, money and food, and the Indians danced and sang all night. Very often the owner of the new house and pole beggared himself by his great *pottatch* or feast; but his rank and his riches were established by this means, and all the village took pride in reading the descent, the alliances and the great deeds written on his totem-pole. If he had any totem



CHILDREN'S TOYS; CANOES, WOODEN DOLL AND CARVED STONE.

carved that did not belong to him, or his ancestors, the other Indians would very soon make

him take it down or destroy it. If a great chief, or a very rich man, he erected two totem-poles, one to show his descent on the mother's side, which ranks first among the Thlinkets, and one to give the genealogy of his father's family.

One of the totem-poles at Fort Wrangell has an eagle at the top, to show that that was the great totem of the mother of the builder. The beaver, the frog, the eagle and the other frogs below it, show to which families her mother, grandmother and remote ancestors belonged. The man's totem-pole has his own image in a high crowned hat at the top, and his ancestors are ranged below him in their order, generations of ravens and frogs telling his descent plainly. The comical way in which the frogs leap out of the men's mouths and the men

is one of the most interesting villages on the coast, and a favorite one with the visitors who wish to see the finest monuments of Indian art. The Indians, appreciating the interest lately taken in these heraldic columns, carve miniature totem-poles out of cedar and slate to sell to the summer tourists. On these fancy totems they put mountain goats, mice, devil fish, butterflies and many odd things that do not appear often on the genuine poles.

Different from the interest in the natural wonders of the glaciers, and the monuments of Indian art in other parts of Alaska, is that taken in the relics of Russian rule and life that remain at Sitka. The strange old town on Baranoff Island was only



SITKA; SHOWING THE CASTLE ABOVE THE TOWN.

crouch under the paws of the wolf or the bear, make the poles an amusing study to white men; but the older Indians regard them reverently and seriously.

A totem-pole at Howkan has the whiskered face of a white man near the top of the column with two children above him. This tells the Indians how two little Indians were carried off by a white man, or "Boston man," many years ago, and when the Howkan mothers want to frighten their children into good behavior they point to the kidnapper's face on the totem-pole and tell them the story of it. Nearly every house at Howkan has a carved column beside it, and an abandoned and ruined part of the village is set thickly with fine old totem-poles carved from top to bottom in the most elaborate manner. For this reason, Howkan

founded in the first years of this century; but it grew to be an important place by the time the United States bought the country of the Russians in 1867. The castle of the old governors is fast going to destruction, and the Orthodox Greek Church of St. Michael is the best preserved of the buildings erected under Muscovite sway. It was once a cathedral and a magnificent place of worship, crowded with people at every service. It is built in the form of a Greek cross, with a bulging dome and spires, and a bell-tower that holds six sweet-toned bells sent from the famous foundries of Moscow. When it was dedicated, forty years ago, fine pictures and ornaments were sent for its altars, and magnificent vestments came from Russia for the bishop and priests. The plate for the

church service and the altar ornaments were richly wrought and jewelled, and members of the impe-

used in the services ; but many treasures are still left to the church. There are robes of brocade, cloth of gold and cloth of silver, beautifully embroidered vestments and altar cloths and jewelled crowns, crosses, chalices, reliquaries and caskets, and a large jewelled hat or mitre, worn by the old bishops of the church.

The Easter decorations, as seen in the picture, are left in the church for several months. At the Sunday and Saints' days services the priest, Father Mitropolski, wears his rich robes and a male choir, concealed behind the pillars and screen at the right, chant and intone responses. The people stand, or kneel, during the whole service, bowing their foreheads to the floor and crossing themselves continually. At the close, the worshippers go forward one by one and kiss the jeweled cross that the priests extend to them.

Each year there is a decrease in the small congregation of Russians and Creoles ; the revenues have fallen away and the establishment is wholly maintained at the expense of the Russian government. Before many years the priests will be withdrawn, and the abandoned church will have but



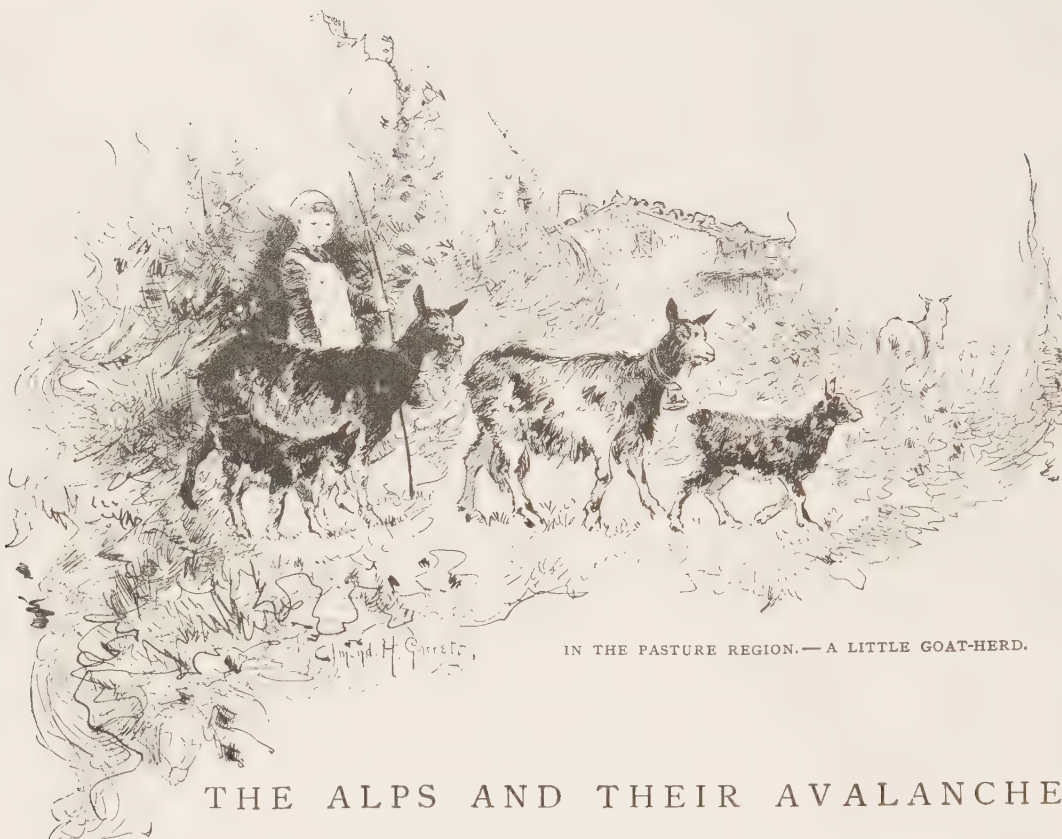
THE GREEK CHURCH AT SITKA.

rial family and Veniaminoff, Metropolit of Moscow, who had been a priest and bishop in Alaska, sent presents to the distant church. After Alaska was bought by the United States, the congregation dwindled away, the bishop left, and the church is now but a shadow of its brighter days. The paint has scaled and faded from the picture of St. Michael over the tower door, the clock face is dull and tarnished, and the interior of the church has lost much of its splendor, although still a beautiful place of worship. The altars are panelled with pictures of the saints and apostles, the hands and faces painted on ivory, and the drapery and garments represented in overlaid sheets of silver finely hammered and chased. Jewelled halos rest on the saintly brows and tall silver candlesticks, silver urns, censers and vases, further decorate the shrines. A pair of fine openwork bronze gates, set with silver medallions, guard the inner sanctuary, where no woman ever steps ; and over its doorway is a painting of the Last Supper, with all the figures robed in silver. The bishop took away the large gold cross covered with diamonds, and the silver-bound Bible studded with jewels, that he



INSIDE THE GREEK CHURCH.

memories and traditions of its old splendors when it was the Sitka Cathedral.



IN THE PASTURE REGION.—A LITTLE GOAT-HERD.

THE ALPS AND THEIR AVALANCHES.

BY C. E. ANDREWS.

EVERY young geographer has read of the Alps, that vast mountain-system of Southern Europe whose main mass extends across the whole southern portion of Switzerland. The Alps, so named from the fact that their tops are covered with eternal snows—the word “alp” meaning white—comprise various clusters, or knots, of mountains from which diverge numerous mountain-ranges running many miles, east or west, north or south from the central knots.

Each of these long ranges has its special name; as the Bernese Alps, the Pennine Alps, the Maritime Alps, the Carnic Alps. Each of the principal peaks is likewise distinguished by a name; among the famous ones are Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, and Mont Cervin; these are the three highest peaks in Europe, Mont Blanc, the loftiest of all, being more than fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. Rising from an immense

lake of ice, are the no less celebrated Jungfrau, Schreckhorn, and Wetterhorn (pronounced as if it began with a V). There are, besides, a host of other peaks well known to both student and tourist.

An Alpine mountain has four natural divisions: the lower region, the wooded region, the alp, or pasture region, and the rocky region. Let us climb one.

We leave the valley, and by a steep, bushy ascent soon reach the *lower region*. Here, we do not see many trees; but beautiful vineyards and quaint little cottages, called by the Swiss *châlets*, are scattered along the gently-undulating declivity which, in some places, is crossed by roads connecting two valleys.

Trudging up, up, up, we find the slope begins to grow steep, and that we are not very directly approaching the *wooded region*, for these extensive Alpine forests do not wholly engirdle a mountain.

So we must make a *detour*, as the French say, must take a circuitous route — which will lead us to the back of the mountain, where we shall enter a big forest which climbs half-way up the slope. There is a great variety of trees ; fine oaks, tall firs and pines, birch-trees, beech-trees, and any quantity of sweet chestnuts.

Traversing the length of the wooded region, which is about one third of the width of the mountain, we emerge into the open air, where a magnificent prospect awaits us. We are now pretty far up, and we can see somewhat of the beauty and grandeur of the Alps. We look upon huge towering rocks half-covered with lichens and mosses ; we see vast torrents pouring with great noise down from the glaciers ; here are lovely cascades and waterfalls ; here are frightful ravines, strewn with the fragments of fallen rocks ; and everywhere and all around, is an upheaving sea of giant mountains, whose dazzling crests glitter with a strange brightness in the sunshine. At the same time, looking down into the valleys, we behold rich vineyards, green fields, apple orchards gay with pink-white blossoms, cosey villages with gardens, and picturesque *châteaux*.

Now we are in the *pasture region*. This is the “garden spot” of an Alpine mountain. Upon these fine pastures browse flocks and herds of sheep, cattle, and goats ; and if we hunt for them, we shall find no end of beautiful flowers. Lovely rhododendrons, or Alpine roses, grow in profusion ; saxifrages, purple and white, spring from the clefts of the rocks ; gay euphrasias and rich blue gentians peep out at us from the vivid green.

As we turn a sudden angle in the path, we come upon a homely hut, before which is clustered a group of bareheaded and barefooted children. Many a herdsman, with his family, resides in the pasture region during the summer months, in order that his sheep or goats, pigs or cows, may have the grand chance to grow fat upon the mountain grass, which is very nourishing, and although it is quite short, I dare say that the lucky cows which have fed upon it would be willing to declare, if they could speak, that it was most deliciously sweet. These mountain herdsmen are rather given to perching their huts on the edge of a precipice, and seem to choose, when they can, a rocky ledge overhanging a lake ! They have been well called the “children of the air.”

Above the *pasture region* rises the *rocky region* ; and this goes up to the crest of the mountain which, on the higher peaks, is covered all the year round with masses of mingled snow and ice, called glaciers. These glaciers are perhaps the most remarkable feature of the Alps, some of them being of such vast extent as to invade the largest valleys for a long distance. These great fields of ice are the source of many of the larger rivers that water Europe.



A SWISS
CHALET. — AT
MILKING-TIME.

Another mighty feature of this wonderful mountain region is its avalanches, which occur very frequently, their roar at the base of the Jungfrau being almost incessant. I presume there is not one boy or girl geographer in ten who has not read of Alpine avalanches ; but perhaps also not

one of you in ten have other than a general idea of these frightful phenomena — masses of snow and ice sliding with wild velocity down the mountains. But this is only one sort of avalanche; there are at least four different kinds known among the Alps: the rolling, the sliding, the drift, and the glacier avalanches.

Do not jump at the conclusion that the glacier avalanche, being formed of solid ice, must be the most dangerous of all. This is not the case. The glacier avalanche is only a piece of loosened ice which comes rushing down the declivity, with a noise like thunder, to be sure, but is comparatively

heavy enough, it begins to move slowly down the declivity. On it goes, always increasing in speed, over a field of snow, getting, of course, bigger and bigger at every turn, for being very damp and clammy, it collects to itself the snow over which it passes, and before it reaches the valley becomes a mighty and immense mass, large enough, indeed, to bury up a whole village. Sometimes such a terrible calamity happens; in the year 1749, when one of these dangerous and dreaded rolling avalanches descended upon a village in the valley of Tawich, it actually swept it from its site and then covered it completely. You will think it must



UP FROM THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

harmless, as it is generally broken in small pieces by the rocks it meets in its descent to the valley.

No, the most fearful of the slides is the rolling avalanche. I will tell you how it is formed. You already know that the loftier Alpine peaks are covered with snow the year round. Sometimes, in the spring, in the soft thawy weather, the damp grains of snow cling firmly together and form into hard balls. Whenever one of these balls becomes

have caused general ruin and death. But no; it was in the night, and it was done so quietly that the villagers knew nothing of their misfortune till morning came, when they began to wonder why it did not grow light! They were dug out, nearly all of them alive.

A drift avalanche, or, as the Swiss call it, *staub-lauinen*, most generally happens just after a heavy snow-storm, when the wind drives the loose snow

from peak to peak, and whirls it down in vast quantities into the valleys.

A sliding avalanche — *rutsch-lauiuenen* — takes place in early spring, when the snow at the summit of a peak melts, and a great patch of it rushes down the mountain slope, sweeping away everything in its path.

Roads, called Passes, have been constructed over all the principal mountain-chains, connecting the valleys, and in some instances, countries. Some of these roads are of great antiquity and date back as far as the Romans, and many suppose that the Carthaginian general, Hannibal, crossed the Pass of the Little St. Bernard on his march to invade Italy. Some of the Passes are only mule paths; but the great Napoleon converted many of these roads into magnificent carriage routes. Such are the Passes of the Col de Tende, Mont Genevre, Mont Cenis, and the famous Simplon, which crosses the Pennine Alps, one of the loftiest of these mountain chains. The Pass of the Great St. Bernard is well known from the Hospice at its summit, where live the benevolent family of monks who devote their lives to the care of travellers. It is also from this Hospice that the sagacious dogs of St. Bernard are sent out to search for and rescue travellers who may have been overtaken in one of the terrible snow-storms common to the region. The Pass over Mont Cenis, being frequently buried up by avalanches, was at length found to be very unreliable as a road for travel, and it was concluded necessary to tunnel the Alps. This great work was begun in 1857 and ended in 1870, employing thousands of men, day and night. It is 39,750 feet long.

A still longer tunnel, that of Mont St. Gothard, is now being built. When completed this will be ten miles long. Think of a ride of ten miles in darkness and tobacco smoke! For in the elegant cars that pass through the Alps smoking is allowed freely — only one car in every train being marked *Nicht rauchee* (no smoking).

The Passes of the Alps are generally built over the lowest traversible part of a mountain, but some of them attain a great elevation. The Cervin, the highest in Europe, at one point is more than eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea — a dizzy height.

The Swiss peasant is fondly attached to the giant mountains of his native country. He delights in rambling through their wild solitudes, and his sturdy heart swells with patriotic pride



A SWISS MOUNTAINEER.

when he rests his alpenstock on the summit of one of their mighty glaciers.

Oliver Goldsmith, the poet, sings of him :

Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes,
* * * * *

At night, returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed.
* * * * *

Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill that lifts him to the storm,
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest
Clings close and closer to its mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

THROUGH THE HEART OF PARIS.

Frank R. Munnell

I WONDER if most of us are not naturally fond of the water, semi-amphibious; whether, ever since we were big enough to sail shingles in a watering trough, or to tumble into the brook where we had set up our water-wheels, we have not had times of longing to be either in or on the water.

I incline to think that this natural love of a stream to play and fish and swim and ride in, has had much to do in determining some great things—the site of the world's big cities, say; for when men had only tents or huts to shelter them, they were quite sure to erect these by the bank of a stream which should give them water to drink and use, to serve as a highway, and to yield a supply of fish-food. In the course of centuries, the dwellings became better and more numerous as people increased and developed their faculties, and presently there was a town; and, after more time and growth, a great city. Then the banks of the river, once green and beautiful, where the willows had spread their branches over the water, gave place to heavy walls and stone embankments; and instead of the hollow log in which the half-naked natives had paddled about, came puffing and splashing steamboats and barges fetching goods brought up the river from ships from over seas.

All this has happened to the river Seine, and to the hamlet of Lutetia which the Parisii built upon the island of La Cité.

My earliest view of the Seine at Paris had for its foreground a fine array of hopeful fishermen of all ages waiting with seriousness and patience for the first tremulous indication of a "bite." To judge by their numbers and their determined air one would suppose that this was a great industry, that the citizens of Paris were still largely dependent for food upon the fish caught in the river. Upon the wall skirting the quai, upon the steamboat landings, in punts, upon the lavoirs, or floating laundries, or standing ankle-deep in water by the piers of bridges, in or on every available place, were the fishermen. Do they ever catch anything?

"Well," said a man who generally tells the truth, "a fellow in the reign of Clovis caught a carp, and ever since they have been hoping to take another."

It was told me, too, how there had once been a man who after waiting for a long time felt a nibble and pulling up his rod with a great jerk, threw a shining fish high into the air, saw him fall off the hook with a splash into the water again, and was so excited that in his despair he plunged in after it and would have drowned if his friends had not pulled him out.

One might do worse, however, than to jump into the Seine, provided the day be sultry and you



MY FIRST VIEW
OF THE SEINE.

make your leap into one of the better class of swimming baths. Not far from the Pont de la Concorde is one of the best of the bathing establishments for men. You descend from the quai:



THE FLOWER MARKET, NEAR NOTRE DAME.

a stone way leads to the door. You pay a franc to enter, and a sou procures you a towel, bathing drawers, and a long cloak of white cotton in which you wrap when you come out of the water. You find yourself upon a platform six or eight feet in width extending around a tank perhaps three



FREQUENTERS OF THE SWIMMING BATHS.

hundred feet long, and a hundred wide. Over your head runs a gallery as wide as the platform, and from both platform and gallery open doors to scores of bathing boxes, to one of which you are assigned. Your valuables you leave at the office receiving a brass check in return and presently you join the other bathers to take your plunge. You notice the company about you. There are some very good looking heads and intellectual ones, some are military officers, others look like students and clerical men. Flights of steps lead from the platform into the water for the convenience of those who do not wish to dive, and numerous signs along the edge of the tank inform the bathers as to the depth of the water, that those unable to swim may not venture beyond places of safety. At one end of the tank where the water is deepest is an elevated stand approached by a flight of steps, and from this some gay, athletic young fellows are diving. Near the diving-stand is the café; and here bathers wrapped in their white cloaks lounge and smoke, or take their coffee or absinthe. A cooler and more refreshing place cannot be found in Paris on a hot summer afternoon than this bath-house and it is a popular resort.

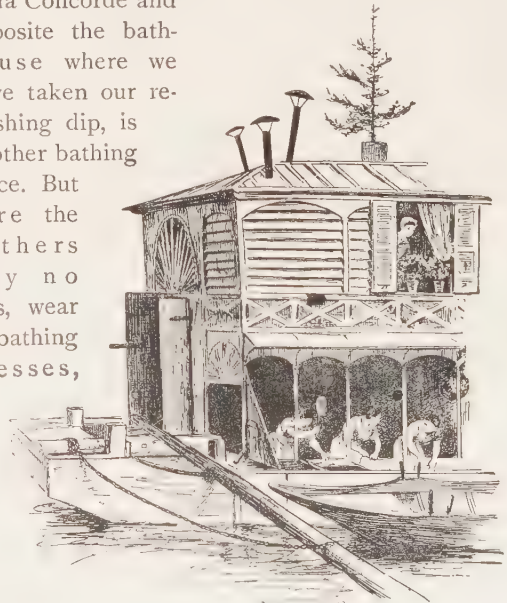
But if you do not care to spend a franc or twenty cents, there are many places where you can get a bath for less. Fifty centimes (half a franc), or even four sous, will buy one, and you

may find your company quite as interesting as in a more expensive place.

Like the bath-houses, the *lavoirs*, or floating laundries, occupy the river largely. Built upon heavy *bateaux* these laundries rise two stories in height, and each is a humming hive of laundresses. In the lower story you can always see them washing the clothes and beating them with flat wooden paddles. Wo to your buttons when your clothing is drawn out of the water (which is always clean, always momentarily renewed) to come under the club of a muscular laundress! But somehow they do manage to bring your linen back whole, although you think to see them at work that no garment could stand the treatment.

In the story above, there appear to be rooms for drying and ironing; and I think there must be sleeping-rooms also in some of them for those that have the care of the floating washtubs. There are snowy muslin curtains held back by bright ribbons, and a plant in blossom stands upon the window-ledge.

On the right bank of the river, near the Pont de la Concorde and opposite the bath-house where we have taken our refreshing dip, is another bathing place. But here the bathers pay no fees, wear no bathing dresses,



A LAUNDRY ON THE SEINE.

have no absinthe or cigarettes. They are dragged from the bath, sometimes driven away with blows; the French horses are as fond of the bath as their masters, and the space enclosed by a boom of logs chained together which is allotted to them, is al-



AT THE

ways alive with splashing, shiny animals. At that point the river does not reach the embankment, and from the base of the wall the bed is paved with square stone blocks so that the horses have a good and sure foothold as far out as they are able to wade. It is a lively scene, very picturesque. Some of the horses are ridden into the water by men whose red caps show them to be soldiers, others have been taken from between the shafts of wagons and carts in the street above, and their drivers in blouses, or shirts, or naked to the waist, ride them splashing and floundering about, men and horses equally wet.

The famous Pont de la Concorde which forms the background to this animated scene is one of the many great highways across the river, perhaps the most densely thronged of all. It was built in part of stone from the ruins of the old



THE VENDER OF ASSES' MILK.

Bastille prison, and it is some satisfaction to a reflective person to know that the stones which once confined the victims of despotism now serve the public good in a much happier manner. A great

stream of peaceful travel flows over them night and day. Densely crowded omnibuses, fiacres, or cabs, with drivers in red vests and shiny hats; now a clattering dragoon, or a cuirassier, his breastplate and helmet sparkling in the sun, the long horsehair crest sweeping down his back.

Then a pastoral sound greets the ear, and the pan-pipes of a vender of goat's milk give notice of the approach of the picturesque goatherd driving his lop-eared goats in front of him. They dodge the swiftly-moving cabs and drays without seeming to notice them, and form a striking rural bit in a bustling city picture. Sometimes however these pan-pipes announce, not the coming of the goatherd, but the drove of she-asses which are driven through the streets and stopped at door after door to deliver the milk fresh to those who have a fancy for this beverage.



THE COCO-MAN.

Here comes the coco-man with a pagoda-shaped tank strapped like a chemical fire-extinguisher upon his shoulders. He tinkles his metal cups to attract customers and like Simple Simon you can



HORSE BATH.

taste his "ware" for a penny. The drink is a sort of liquorice water, not very cold, yet quite refreshing. I have watched the coco-man approach a group of perspiring workmen on a hot day and one after another they would leave their work and take their penny-drink which must have been much better for them than their sour wine, beer or ice water.

Extending along the river-side eastward from the Place de la Concorde are the Gardens of the Tuileries. The famous old palace is gone but the Gardens remain, the popular gathering-place



THE DOGS' BARBER.

of white-capped nurses with the children, and red-legged soldiers to keep them company. On pleasant afternoons you may come here and listen to a concert by the band of the Garde Republicaine. You may hire the privilege of sitting in an iron armchair for four cents, or a chair without arms for two cents, and

buy a programme to a very good concert for two cents more; so that four or six cents really gives you an excellent musical entertainment for an hour, enjoyed in comfort.

The walk along the quai, passing the side of the Louvre and bringing us to the old Pont Neuf is full of suggestions to any student of history; but we are merely walking along the river to-day. See that crowd upon the quai close by the end of the old Pont Neuf.



HOT WEATHER TRIM.

"What is the trouble here, monsieur?" We stretch up to gaze over some heads and shoulders. Ah, a man is clipping a poodle. His assistant sits upon the ground and holds the dog across his knees, grasping the two fore paws in one hand and the hind paws in the other while the sculptor in hair clips the astonished but unresisting animal leaving a moustache upon his face, rings about his ankles, a funny collar about his neck, a round tuft upon the tip of his tail, and perhaps some other odd patches upon various parts of his body. Another dog is waiting for his turn, and sits shivering pitifully as he regards the operation upon the dog already in the barber's hands.

This old bridge, the Pont Neuf, we have heard of since we first heard of Paris; no story of Parisian life is complete without some mention of it. It is more than a thousand feet long, the centre of it touching the end of the island of La Cité. It is three hundred years old and upon that part which rests upon the island is an equestrian statue of Henry iv., its builder.

There is another gathering of people here, leaning over the parapet, looking at something going on in the open space upon the end of the island below them. There is a beating

school-boy drum-and-bugle corps in progress. Half a dozen lads, ten or twelve years old, with drums, and as many more with bugles, are drilling under

the supervision of an officer in a cocked hat. Back and forth they march, their little leader, who plays a trumpet, beating time with his instrument, very full of importance, very desirous of having his command do their best before the Pont Neuf audience.



A REHEARSAL. — FRENCH SCHOOL-BOYS' DRUM-AND-BUGLE CORPS.

The Parisian schoolboy is often a very quaint-looking little fellow as you see him on his way to the schoolhouse, over the door of which you read the legend: "Industrie, Emulation, Progrés." He wears a sombre black garment like a long-sleeved apron which covers him to the knees; he has stockings—you can see them all down about his ankles—and shoes too. Of the rest of his outfit you cannot know, for the black garment covers him completely. His hair is closely cropped and he is often bareheaded. Then you will see others with their book-knapsacks strapped upon their backs, and perhaps wearing a white linen cap. The boys have their military uniform; then, with their flat-topped, visorless blue caps they look like a lot of small sailors on parade.

For half a mile or more along the quais Conti, Malaquais, and Voltaire, are the book-stalls. Upon the parapet along the river-side in boxes, or in piles upon the stone, are books, books, books. Books old and new, in every language; school-books, story-books, religious and devotional books and irreligious and bad books, portfolios of prints and music, old coins and miscellaneous rubbish. People saunter along looking here and there between the covers of the volumes and often arrested by some book of special interest. An old priest in a long black gown becomes absorbed in what he has discovered and, standing, reads on as unconscious of the jostling passers-by as

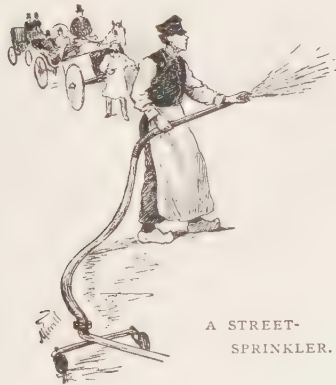


BOOK-STALLS ON THE QUAI MALAQUAIS.

of drums, a blowing of trumpets. Getting a chance to look over, we see a little rehearsal of some

though he were in his own study, while an old woman by his side, evidently a domestic, buries her face between the leaves of her volume fully as absorbed as he.

The island of La Cité is the site of the earliest settlement of Paris. There was an old Roman Palace, and the royal residence was for many years upon its banks. High above the surrounding buildings rise the great square towers of the cathedral of Notre Dame. As we approach it we pass along the quai under the walls of the old palace and prison, the Conciergerie, whose round towers with pointed roofs look like great candles with extinguishers upon them. Those gray walls



A STREET-
SPRINKLER.

could almost match the Bastille in the stories they might tell. In the open space just beyond, and extending for some distance along the quai, is held the flower market. Here, on market days, plants of every description in pots and boxes or bundles of earth, and flowers in bunches or bouquets, are offered for sale. It is a pretty sight. The white-capped women and blue-bloused men, the customers often fair and finely dressed, the bright masses of many-hued flowers combine into a brilliant picture of Parisian street-life.

A few steps from the flower market bring us to the open space in front of the great Cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris. Shall we go within, into the atmosphere of historic reverie, or shall we climb its towers, among its great belfries, and galleries where are wild, fantastic gargoyles — grotesque figures carved in stone of creatures which

Are neither man or woman,
They are neither brute or human,

but look decidedly fiendish as they lean over and peer leering and scowling at the passers in the



SOME GARGOVLES OF NOTRE DAME.

street below; or shall we go on to the Pont Royale — the starting-place from which the little steamer leaves for down-the-river trips to St. Cloud or Suresnes, where we can dine and end the day's saunter through the Heart of Paris? Securing a seat upon the shady side of the boat we enjoy the "voyage." We are "voyageurs" if we go no more than a hundred yards; and most certainly are we deserving of the term if we go six or eight miles. That is about as far as many Parisians ever care to get from their beloved city. We pass again the bathing-houses and lavoirs and the horses still wallowing in the water.

The golden dome of the Invalides sparkles in the sunlight and the old soldiers are strolling about in the grounds. You can only see the shining dome from the river, but you catch sight of one of the veterans as you pass the Pont des In-



SOME FRENCH SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

valides, and you know he is but one of many poor old fellows passing their last days under the shelter of this great "Soldiers' Home." I remember one

unfortunate, stumping about upon two wooden legs looking as I saw him in a vine-covered alley, like some queer wading bird, a heron or a stork.

We are drawing away from the city itself, and presently strains of music from an orchestrion or hand-organ apprise us that we are just arriving at the Pont du Jour, where a sort of perpetual fête is in progress.

You can see the swinging horses and fandangoes in motion, and the booths where gymnasts and acrobats exhibit their strength and skill and any one in the crowd is invited to try a fall with the champion wrestler. There is a menagerie and a lion-tamer who makes the poor king of beasts jump over a broomstick; and there are shooting galleries where for a sou one may have the privilege of throwing a ball at a dozen comical grinning heads upon diminutive bodies.

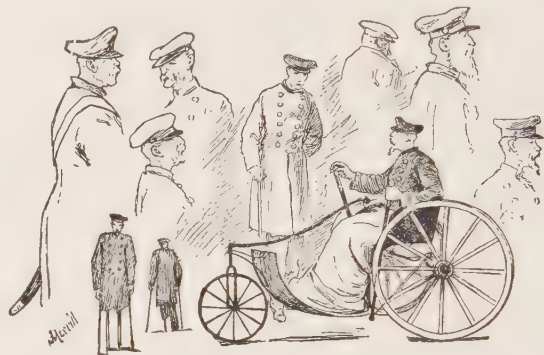
The crowd at a French fête is a most good-humored company. Old and young are there to be amused and people who have come in carriages go round on the little horses or in the pitching boats side by side with workingmen, soldiers and children and all are equally jolly and smiling. The martial spirit of the country asserts itself even in their sport, for when one mounts a swing-



THE FLYING HORSES.

ing hobby horse, a little rapier is given him and he endeavors to carry away upon its point a little brass ring suspended just within reach. Round go the horses, and one after another their riders

lunge at the ring, their faces expressing the greatest interest and determination. Some of the whirling machines are two stories in height and are gorgeous in paint and gilding while the motive power is a small steam engine which also



AT THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES.

furnishes breath for a calliope or orchestrion sending out a popular tune loud enough to be heard a mile away.

We get but a glimpse of all this for the boat bears quickly away, the river soon becomes free from stone embankments and flows between grassy and wooded banks again. We dine at St. Cloud, in the park which is open to all, and hundreds are there to-day.

Sitting here at a table under the trees we see a number of carriages drive up to the entrance of the park to which they are not allowed admittance, and their occupants alight and come in on foot. It is a newly-married pair with their friends out for the brief wedding journey. After the ceremony has taken place the wedding party take carriages and drive out to the Bois de Boulogne or St. Cloud where they walk in the park and dine under the trees in some open-air café. The groom in evening dress and the bride in white, leaning upon his arm, head the procession. An officer of chasseurs and a heavy father oppressed by the heat lend dignity to the affair and the children bring up the rear.

There is some bustling about and arranging the couples in proper order and then as the carriages are driven away the company moves in a very stately way down the walk under the trees, and disappears from sight.

If it had chanced to be a fête day, so that the cafés of St. Cloud were filled, we would have gone



ANNUAL CELEBRATION OF THE FALL OF THE PASTILE.

down the river to the next landing-place and at Suresnes sat under our vine and fig tree in a café overlooking the moving life on the river; the pleasure boats and passenger steamers, and heavy freight barges with families living on board; there are the children and domestic pets, and the flowering plants in pots giving a homelike look to the heavy dingy craft.

The out-of-door life in cafés is one of the most noticeable things in France to Englishmen or Americans who never, except at picnics, eat a dinner in the open air. With the Frenchman in order to be quite happy, it seems to be necessary that he should take his dinner under a shelter no heavier than the foliage of a tree or some gayly striped awning. The tree may be a poor thing in a tub, standing in a courtyard or high up upon a balcony in some narrow street, but it stands for all the country to the man who takes his soup and salad under the shadow of its poor leaves. So national is this feeling that in the warm weather you always can have your dinner served to you in the open air, in an arbor or under a tree; and you will soon come to share the Frenchman's liking for the custom.

A house-boat moored by the shore shows how some families take their outing, having a pleasant

down the river with plenty of rest and comfort and pleasant scenery. Some of the boats we pass are

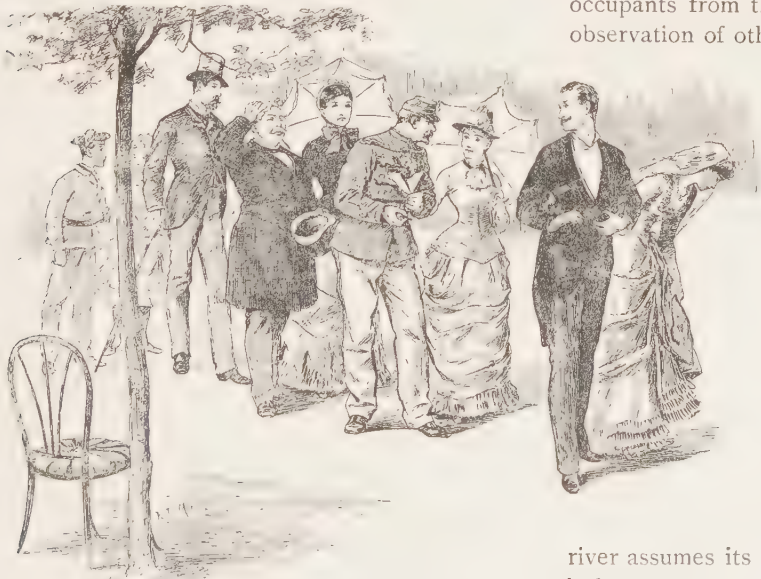


OPEN-AIR CAFE.

brilliant with colored awnings which screen the occupants from the rays of the sun or from the observation of other crews.

We notice as we look up and down that the river itself is not like American streams and the gray, hazy color and the unfamiliar forms of some of the trees tell us that we are figures in a French landscape, a landscape that we have often seen upon canvas but never encountered out of doors in America.

But it is upon the great national fête day, the day of the Fête de la République, which commemorates the fall of the Bastile, that the river assumes its most brilliant aspect. For days before, men are at work putting in place the decorations along the quais and making ready for the grand illumination. Thousands upon thousands of little glass cups are arranged upon the bridges



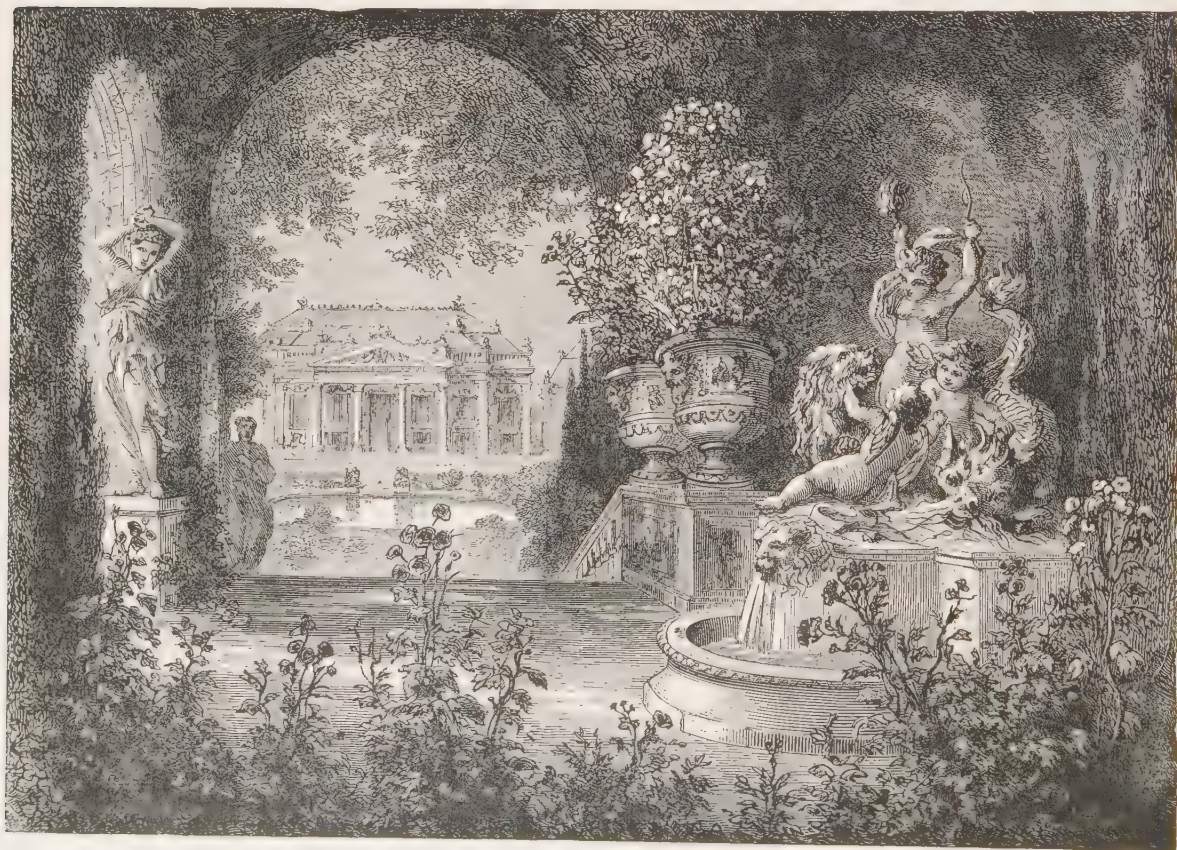
A WEDDING PARTY AT ST. CLOUD.

time during the hot weather, living luxuriously in a large flat-bottomed boat and making a slow cruise

that the outline of every arch and pier may be traced in lines of blazing tapers. Tall masts along the quais are brave with bunting, and the monogram R. F. (*Republique Francaise*) is displayed in every available place. The lines of trees which border the river are hung with colored lanterns and the Champs Elysées and Place de la Concorde are festooned with myriads of glass globes which will shine like gigantic strings of golden beads as soon as the gas shall be lighted. At night the sky is ablaze with varied and brilliant lights. Not one rocket but scores together rise into the blackness above and showers of fiery rain descend from half the heavens at once. Our boat like the others, is

crowded with a very orderly though jovial and enthusiastic company of French people who give expression to their delight at each ascending burst of fire. The culmination comes, as we arrive in sight of the Palace of the Trocadero all defined in lines of fire, the glare of electric and Bengola lights relieving it against the darkness behind like some theatrical fairy palace.

The quais and bridges are thronged with spectators and the river is made still more brilliant by innumerable gayly decorated boats in which men are burning colored lights — until we seem to be floating upon a fiery river sparkling with red and silver and golden spray.





THE Sissiton-Wahpeton Santa Sioux Indians, and a tribe of the Chippewas, had cherished an unpleasant feeling toward one another during many years. The Sioux always spoke of the Chippewas as being black-hearted — that is deceitful; while the latter called the Sioux “old Squaws,” meaning to cast a reflection upon their reputation for bravery. In fact the two tribes were at sword’s-points — or rather at tomahawk’s-points.

If one or two Chippewas wandered forth, and by some ill-luck met a party of Sioux, the Chippewa was never returned, and on the other hand, when a large party of Chippewas came across a few Sioux, the latter did not live to tell the tale.

It was really inconvenient for both tribes to have affairs in this state, for two reasons: The Chippewa had formerly been accustomed to obtain their ponies from the Sioux, who brought them from beyond the Missouri, and now their stock of ponies had run very low — so low, in fact, that some of the most ancient and aristocratic chieftains were obliged to travel on foot; and the Sioux had formerly obtained their finest beadwork from the skillful Chippewas who, in this line, are unexcelled — even the ornaments of the artistic Yanktonée are thrown in the shade by the Chippewa broidery. Therefore the tribe often talked of peace and by many it was heartily desired.

Finally, after various attempts, it was decided that the desired result should be brought about in the following manner: a Sioux messenger should be sent to the camp of the enemy with a few gifts and many promises, and he was to invite the Chiefs, Braves, Headmen and Warriors to a “Grand Peace Meet” at the Sioux Camp. This “Peace Meet,” at which I was present, by the way, took place in Dakota.

As little Joe De Marras, a mixed-blood — one eighth French — had among his wives a Chippewa squaw, and as he had occasionally, in company with this wife, visited her relations, always returning in safety, and as he was almost the only Sioux who understood the Chippewa language, he was now chosen for this important mission. As a diplomat “Little Joe” proved a grand success.

His Chippewa father-in-law gave a big dance in honor of his visit and other dances followed: in fact a series of very elegant entertainments were given in the most approved Chippewa style, and at all these different soirees the Sioux ambassador carried a bundle of small sticks about as large as lead pencils. Each stick, as was well understood, represented a promise of a pony. These he presented to different chiefs. Of course the recipients were only too anxious to immediately form a party, accept the Sioux invitation, and go right

over and claim the promised ponies ; in short the strongest feelings of amity and companionship pervaded the entire Chippewa Camp. One of the Chiefs even adopted "Little Joe." This is done by making a handsome present and requiring the recipient to join the family circle and call the donor "father," and if there is a spare daughter she is often married to the new son.

The Diplomat returned in great triumph to the Sioux. He was laden with most elegant Chippewa beadwork, carved pipes, otter skins, and an additional wife.

Of course many preliminary councils and meetings had to take place. Six Chippewas came over to the Sioux Camp, and after three days of

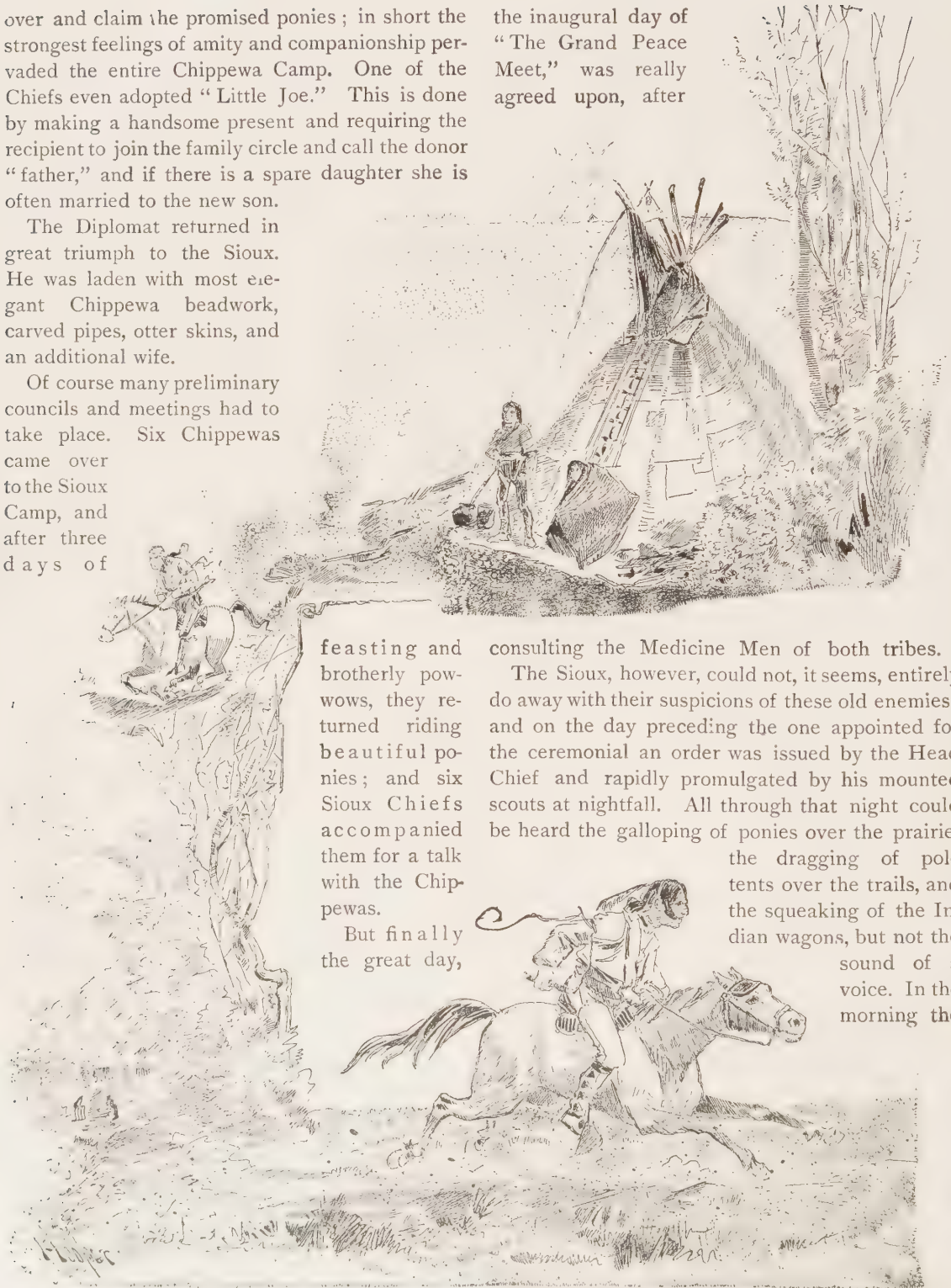
the inaugural day of "The Grand Peace Meet," was really agreed upon, after

feasting and brotherly powwows, they returned riding beautiful ponies ; and six Sioux Chiefs accompanied them for a talk with the Chippewas.

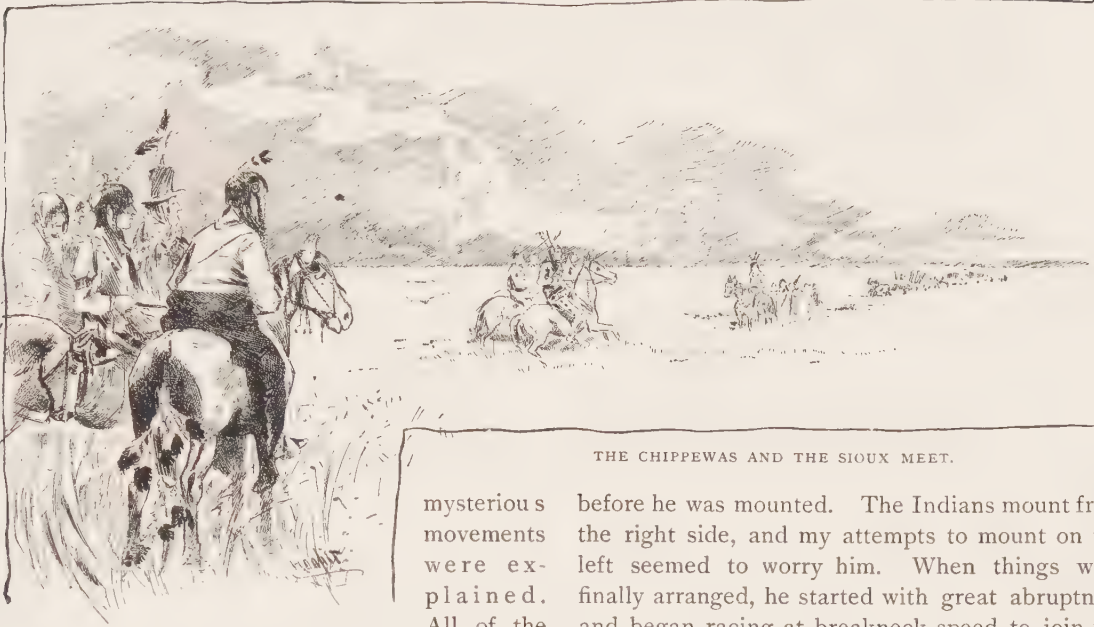
But finally the great day,

consulting the Medicine Men of both tribes.

The Sioux, however, could not, it seems, entirely do away with their suspicions of these old enemies ; and on the day preceding the one appointed for the ceremonial an order was issued by the Head Chief and rapidly promulgated by his mounted scouts at nightfall. All through that night could be heard the galloping of ponies over the prairie, the dragging of pole tents over the trails, and the squeaking of the Indian wagons, but not the sound of a voice. In the morning the



THE DEPARTURE OF THE DIPLOMAT.



THE CHIPPEWAS AND THE SIOUX MEET.

mysterious movements were explained.

All of the Sioux tepees which had been scattered among the ravines and on the slopes had been gathered together, during the night, in a double row and were now systematically arranged in the form of an ellipse, the wagons standing as a sort of breast-work around the outside.

At an early hour every one was astir in the Sioux encampment and in a state of great excitement; for the Chippewas, according to the reports of the scouts, who had been on the lookout all night, were within a few miles, in large numbers, and heavily armed.

The Sioux Chiefs and Braves were already on the road, while I was still wrestling with my pony, who seemed to have thoroughly caught the prevailing nervousness and would persist in striking out vigorously with his hind legs while the girths were being tightened, and then he insisted on starting

before he was mounted. The Indians mount from the right side, and my attempts to mount on the left seemed to worry him. When things were finally arranged, he started with great abruptness and began racing at breakneck speed to join the band who were now a good distance ahead. It seemed a long time before I was able to slide down from his neck and find the saddle.

It was noticeable that the Sioux were thoroughly armed, though their blankets were so arranged as to conceal their weapons as much as possible. We rode in no regular order, except the Headmen were gathered around the Chief. Not a voice was heard. We followed no track or trail that was discernible to the ordinary observer, simply keeping the scouts in sight who were always some half-mile in advance.

After about an hour's ride, the scouts suddenly made a signal. We halted and one of them rode swiftly back and held a whispered consultation with the Headmen. Meantime the remainder of the scouts had dismounted and placed themselves behind their ponies. Signals were again made,



I WAS STILL WRESTLING WITH MY PONY.

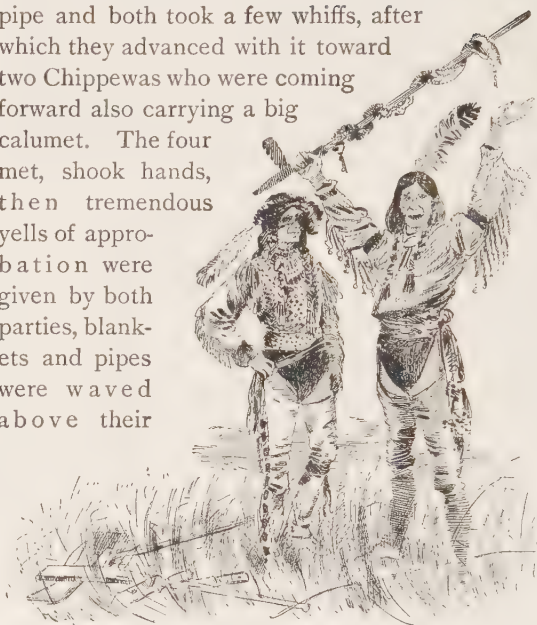
and we advanced slowly. Now, for the first time during the ride everyone began talking; but only for a moment—evidently the Chippewas were in sight, but to eyes unaccustomed to gazing across the prairie they were not visible.

Suddenly a mass of moving objects could be seen above the prairie grass. Again there was a halt, while a dozen Headmen advanced and joined our scouts. Then we again slowly and cautiously advanced.

Soon the Chippewas were distinctly visible; they, too, had sent a small party in advance. The reports which our scouts had brought in the morning were undoubtedly much exaggerated. The Chippewas, who were all on foot excepting a few Chiefs, were not over one hundred in number, and their weapons if they carried any were not to be seen. No doubt, however, they were packed in the wagons around which most of them were gathered.

Peace-signs were made by both parties. Then we all halted. Our scouts dismounted, and the advance-guard from both sides then made a great show of laying down their knife-sheaths, and everything else which they carried that looked at all war-like, and then advanced to within a few rods of each other.

pipe and both took a few whiffs, after which they advanced with it toward two Chippewas who were coming forward also carrying a big calumet. The four met, shook hands, then tremendous yells of approbation were given by both parties, blankets and pipes were waved above their



THE BIG CALUMET.

heads, the ponies pranced and neighed, and the greatest excitement prevailed. After this exchange of pipes, the remainder of the advance guard from each side met, and there



THE TWO CHIPPEWAS ARE ESCORTED ALONG THE SIOUX RANKS.

Now they began to talk. A short speech was made on each side. Then two of the Sioux lighted a big

was great shaking of hands, passing of pipes and renewed yells. The Sioux then came back with

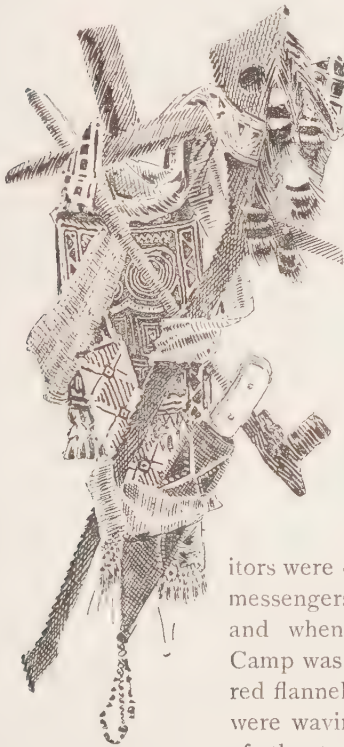
the two Chippewas—the bearers of the pipe of peace—while the Sioux pipe-bearers were conducted to the Chippewas.

An order was then swiftly passed, and the whole band of Sioux were arranged in two long lines, and the two Chippewas were escorted along the ranks, shaking hands with everyone, while the big Chippewa calumet was passed rapidly from mouth to mouth, each Indian taking one long whiff; nearly the same ceremony was taking place among the Chippewas.

A small party of Sioux next went with presents for the Chippewa Chiefs, while some Chippewas also came over with gifts of beautiful beadwork for the Sioux. Then both the Sioux and Chippewa Head-Chiefs, with their Headmen, slowly advanced to within a few yards of each other, and long speeches followed, interrupted by yells of applause, and cries of “wa’ste! wa’ste! (good! good!)” After this, the two Head Chiefs walked up to each other, and shook hands. At this the shouts became deafening, pipes were brought, and they smoked and exchanged; ponies were led up



“PRESENTS.”



and they mounted and rode side by side.

Then the entire assemblage started back for the Sioux camp. The march was rather slow, as nearly all the visitors were on foot; but swift

messengers were sent ahead, and when we arrived the Camp was in holiday attire; red flannel and bright calico were waving from the poles of the tepees, the children

were running about shouting and laughing, while

the squaws were busy bringing water and wood, and tending the fires which were burning in all directions over which were cooking big pots of meat.

Two very large tepees had been placed side by side, so that the covering of one lapped over upon the other, making it to look almost like one big tent; this was to represent the union of the Sioux and the Chippewas. A large space, enclosed by bushes stuck into the ground, made a kind of avenue leading to these tents, and into this enclosure the visitors were ushered, and while the chiefs of each tribe took possession of the tents, the remainder seated themselves around the sides and pipes were passed amidst much talking and laughter.

Now I noticed for the first time that there was a little boy with the Chippewas. He was dressed like a warrior; his clothes were covered with bead-

work, two little embroidered pouches hung from his shoulders, a brilliant bead sash was around his waist, bands of beadwork with long fringed ends were tied below his knees, and beautiful moccasins were on his feet. While the others were seating themselves, the boy rushed out toward a lot of ponies, and he seemed to be perfectly happy in simply watching or walking round among them. He evidently was as anxious for a "Suktanka" (pony) as any of the Chippewas. Little Sioux children gathered around him, admiring his costume, but they seemed rather shy, and their languages being entirely different their acquaintance progressed slowly until one of them brought up an old pony, and then four, yes, four "little Injuns" climbed on — and the happy little Chippewa was one of them. They at once began shouting and kicking

front legs, and raised his hind feet as if he were trying to kick the sun out of the sky, and he continued this motion, throwing his head down and his hind legs up, until the "four little Injuns" were scattered far and wide in the prairie grass.

It was evidently with feelings of great pleasure, judging from their smiling countenances, that the Indians saw the squaws approach with the big kettles of steaming soup. Though the *menu* was short and the courses few, the dinner seemed wholly satisfactory; the most important point with an Indian is not variety, but quantity. The soup was poured into tin plates and dippers; a few had spoons; but most of them drank from their dish. After the soup to which all were helped many times, came potatoes, boiled meat, and a kind of hot bread or pan-cake cooked in a spider. During the dinner



THE SIOUX CAMP DINE THE CHIPPEWAS.

their heels into the old pony's ribs, the children at the pony's heels joining with sticks and yells, and it was all immensely jolly for everyone excepting poor old pony himself who was being driven round at a lively pace. Suddenly, however, he performed a favorite trick with Indian ponies; that is, he "bucked" — he lowered his head between his

very little conversation was carried on, but when the meal had been finished, the Chiefs of the two tribes, who had been carefully waited upon under the big tents, came forth into the enclosure, and long speeches followed. The Chippewas expressed their love and admiration for the Sioux in the most flattering terms, and referred to their well-known

bravery with intense admiration. The Sioux replied in speeches more flattering if possible.

Then began an old Indian game. The squaws

their work, the children were gathered into the tents, the ponies had wandered into the ravine, and even the dogs seemed subdued. But as soon

as the edge of the moon appeared above the prairie, a few dark forms passed noiselessly towards the dancing-grounds. Then the Indian drum broke the silence; and from that moment all through that night, and through the next day, and the following night, that drum was not laid down for a moment.

For this was to be a famous dance, a dance long to be remembered. The Sioux had determined that the Chippewa should be duly impressed by the magnificence of their reception, and the dance was the principal feature. At the sound of the drum it seemed as if the Indians



WHAT BEFELL "FOUR LITTLE INJUNS."

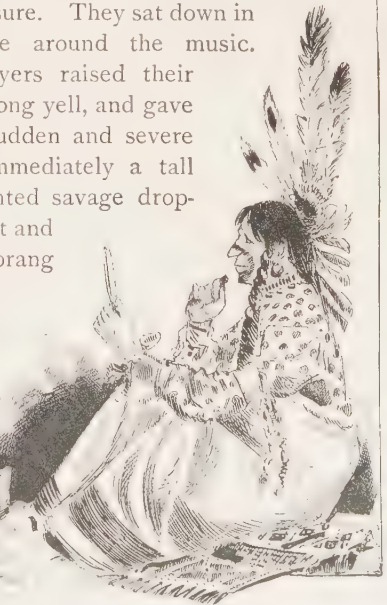
brought in dippers filled with hot fat from the frying pans, and the Indians would dare each other to see who would drink the most, and presents would be made by the one who failed. The same idea was carried out in regard to eating hot baked potatoes.

When this was over, some of the Chippewa pulled their blankets over their heads and laid down in the sun to sleep, while the others, for the first time, moved about the Camp, wandering finally towards the ponies. Then discussions arose in regard to speed, and races followed.

At sunset not a Chippewa was visible; they all had disappeared in or around their wagons, where their tents were pitched. They were industriously painting themselves for the big dance which was to begin at moonrise. The Sioux were engaged in the same artistic employment. For the first time in twenty-four hours there was a period of quietness.

It was now rapidly becoming dark, the squaws had finished

came by magic; it seemed as if they must have sprung up from the ground. None seemed to be hurrying, but suddenly you could see them on all sides, silently moving towards the dancing enclosure. They sat down in a large circle around the music. Then the players raised their voices in one long yell, and gave the drum a sudden and severe pounding — immediately a tall frightfully-painted savage dropped his blanket and with a yell sprang into the centre of the circle, brandishing a tomahawk



PAINTING FOR THE BIG DANCE.

ornamented with a long string of feathers. Others in fantastic costumes—and some in no costume except paint and red flannel—gathered around this leader. The squaws on the outside of the enclosure struck into a wild chant, the dancers began their antics, and the moon, and the fires, which had been started near the circle, threw a weird light on the scene which seemed anything but peaceful.

After the first dance a regular beating was still kept up on the drum, while many of the Sioux withdrew to return presently with little sticks. At this the Chippewa guests smiled with renewed vigor—they well knew each stick represented a promise of a pony.

The head Sioux chief then arose, made a brief speech, and threw two sticks into the lap of the Chippewa chief. Great shouts and a regular tornado on the drum followed. Then I-te-wa-kan-hdi-o-ta (Thunder Face), a Sioux Brave, danced around the circle, hesitating in front of different Indians, finally throwing a stick to a happy Chippewa. Shouts of applause again went up and the dance was renewed.

Thus it went all night; giving ponies, receiving beadwork, dancing, speeches, and eating—no cessation. Occasionally some of the dancers would quietly steal away and take a nap, but the circle always looked full; while some rested others danced.

And so it went on for two nights and one day. On the morning of the second day, I awoke with

an idea that I had saddled a little stick and had been riding wildly through an Indian village pursued by painted savages, also mounted on sticks.

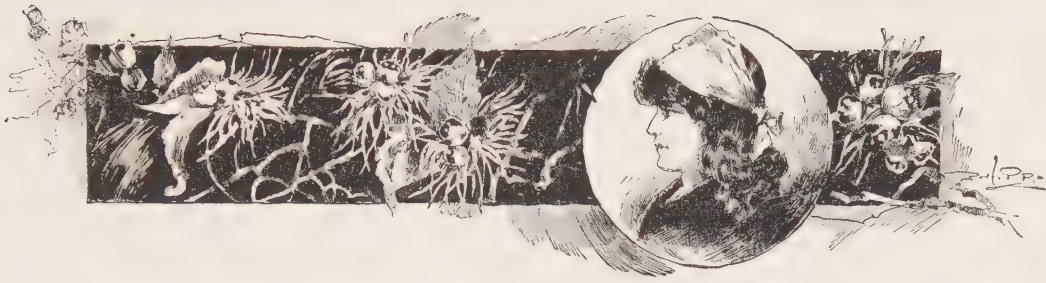


THE LEADER OF THE DANCE.

In the camp all was quiet. Over the rolling prairie a party of horsemen were rapidly disappearing. It was the Chippewas on their return home. All was now peace between the tribes.



I-TE-WA-KAN-HDI-O-TA.



IN THE CAÑON OF THE TENNESSEE.

John Miles Hays

NOT west of the Mississippi is there a wilder region than that country along the dividing line of North Carolina and Tennessee. From the foothills of the Blue Ridge the long ranges roll westward and upward till they culminate in the fastnesses of the Great Smokies. In several places the streams that flow westward have pierced through the great range, forming immense gorges wild and chaotic in the extreme despite their forest lining.

The grandest of these cañons is that of the Tennessee river. For many miles it is uninhabited and you may seek in vain for a "clearing" or the smoke of a cabin. Bare walls and steep hillsides displace the fertile meadows that elsewhere nestle along the river, and the generous "coves" in the hills above are too remote to tempt even the hardest cultivator. One cabin only relieves the utter solitude. By the side of the turnpike road far up on the hillside stands the home of the toll-gate keeper. Years ago the government built a thoroughfare through the cañon as the only means of communication between Tennessee and those fertile valleys of Carolina that lie to the eastward, and since then the family of the toll-man has lived in the wilderness alone with the mountains and the roaring river. When first he moved up from the valley country, bringing his wife and dogs, the little hut in the hills seemed lonely and far away; but he learned to love the very wildness of the place, and when the flying years left one little toddler and then another with him he came to think it the most beautiful spot on earth.

Zeb and little Margy first opened their eyes in the great cañon, and never has the roar of the tumbling water been out of their ears. The tale they sometimes hear of a world beyond their mountains is far more wonderful to them than the story of Aladdin's Lamp to you. They cannot conceive of a country where there are no mountains, where it is all level as the cloud-lake in the valley. No forest, no cañon, no varmints to hunt! Why what can people do down there? And then the stories of steam engines, and ships, and cities, and away off somewhere a great ocean — they are *too* wonderful! But while a city might bewilder Zeb he is perfectly at home in the hill country. The mountains for miles about the cabin have been his playground, and when twelve years old he knew how to handle a rifle and had killed more than one deer which had ventured from cover to graze among his father's cattle.

When one September evening Zeb's father was brought home from a great hunt with a bullet in his heart the whole care of providing for the family fell upon this lad. The pay they received for taking toll at the gate was a mere pittance that barely clothed them. Their meat must be shot in the woods or caught in the river, and the bread they ate was to be obtained from passing wagons in exchange for skins. But mountain boys soon learn to be self-reliant, and the lad set himself resolutely to fill his father's place. It was not a difficult matter to kill deer, for the dogs were well trained. He had only to place himself at some

well-known "stand" when the game was started and wait with his rifle till it approached on its way towards the river. But at that time Zeb had never killed a bear. Occasionally their tracks were seen in the soft mould above the cabin whither the beasts were attracted by some bleating calf, but Bruin's stronghold was in the dense laurel "slicks" around the crags and high peaks.

But this young "head of the family" did at length kill a bear, and in a very unexpected place.

Had we been at the toll-gate upon a certain evening in last December we would have seen Zeb, with little Margy clinging to his neck, trudging down the steep path to the river. He carried in his hands a fish-trap of the well-known basket variety, and behind him, picking its way gingerly in the snow, followed the ever-present dog. A tall sinewy woman stood in the cabin door watching them.

"Be peart thar, Zebby, an' git back afo' dark," she called to the lad, "case supper 'll be ready agin you uns is ready, and have a mind for your little sis an' don't let her git hurt!"

Then shading her eyes from the sunlight she watched the boy's sturdy figure as it disappeared down the hill, the baby's chubby arms locked about his neck and one little stockinged foot thrust delighted into the pocket of his loose-fitting coat. Her rugged features softened with a swell of motherly tenderness and pride. From the firs below she could hear the baby voice calling to old Tiger, and then a burst of merry screaming laughter as the dog, leaping around them, bit at the dangling foot in a make-believe sort of way. But soon they were beyond hearing, and only the sound of the tireless river came from below.

"Hello thar! Hello!" Someone was calling at the toll-gate. Taking the key from the wall she hurried out to undo the fastening and swing back the long pole from across the way. It was only a neighbor from Rocky Creek on his way down to Tallassee Cove. But he had been to Valley Town recently and was full of news from the settlements, and the sun was dipping behind Chilhowee before his budget was exhausted. Then the woman returned to the cabin and was soon busy preparing supper. But occasionally she paused in her work and listened to the sound of the river. Was the water higher than usual today, she wondered, or was it because her baby

was down there that the roar seemed so deep and sullen. And then she laughed at her fears, for often Zeb had taken Margy upon the river, and how delighted the little thing always was when she returned from her ride in the boat. Yet still as the sound came up through the cañon she thought of the water swollen by winter rains. Where Zeb set his traps was just at the head of the rapids and there was ice upon the rocks in many places. The canoe was so very light — suppose it should be drawn into the swift current and swept down through the falls! She fancied the boat whirled along in the rushing water. She could see Zeb with the baby in his arms struggling for the shore — then both of them swept down together. But no, Zeb was too strong and too handy with a boat to let anything happen. Stilling her fears she turned within to brighten the fire and make ready their supper.

The sun had gone down. Again the woman was listening in the door. But presently the river was forgotten as she stood gazing at the sky; for since the sun had set it seemed lit up by some vast conflagration, and yonder the great masses of cloud that lay upon "Heigh Ho" began to blush in the strange light till they hung over the darkening cañon like masses of molten iron. The snowy peaks lost their chill in the warm light and far down between the black cliffs the icy river was changed to a stream of fire. Then slowly the splendor faded and the shadows crept up from the dark valley. The children would be back soon. She threw fresh fuel upon the stones in the great open fireplace. She spread the plates upon the oil-cloth cover and filled the tin cups with milk. The potatoes were drawn back from the hot ashes. Leaving the venison to fry over the coals she again went to listen. The sullen roar of the river mingling with the sigh of the pine trees were the only sound. The red glow was gone. Touched by the moonlight the mountains looked wintry and cold again, and now a mass of fog was rolling on down from the hills.

She grew uneasy. "What air them chillen a-doing of!" she repeated to herself as again she turned to stir the fire, and then came back. The cloud was nearly upon the cabin; already the moon was skimming eastward upon the ragged edges. She knew that soon the valley would be black with storm and falling snow. Some accident

must have happened to the children or they would be back by now. Zeb would see the storm coming on.

Taking the rifle from its place on the pegs, she started down the trail towards the river.

The path grew every minute more indistinct. Time and again she called; sometimes by name, but oftener the familiar long-drawn "Yo-ho-o-wee! yo-ho!" of the mountaineer. But only the echoes came back to her, mingled with the sound of storm as fitful gusts swept down the cañon.

Pausing by a fallen pine, she broke a handful of fagots and lighted a torch, for the fog had spread over the valley and the path through the woods was no longer visible. "Yo-ho-o-wee! yo-ho!" sounded through the forest and came echoing back to her from the cliffs across the river. The fine snow was now sifting down from the cloud that lay on the tree-tops, and the wind howled mournfully through the firs. She still pressed forward, for perhaps they had been overtaken by darkness and become lost in the woods.

"Yo-ho-o-wee! yo-ho!" she calls again. Was that an echo? No, twice it sounded! It was the quick familiar yelp of old Tiger; he had heard her, was answering. A moment more and he came leaping through the bushes. Where were the children? Not a sound did she hear from them. But Tiger was leading back into the woods, and knowing that he would return to Zeb she followed as fast as she was able. The dog would run yelping ahead, bidding her follow, pause a moment to see that she was coming, then on again. He was taking her down the steep hillside to the river, yet far below the rocks where the traps were always set. What did that mean! But by this time she was down, and pressing the laurel aside she saw there, in a still cove made by a bend of the river, the empty canoe idly beating the sand. By the light of the torch she gazed eagerly around. In the bottom of the boat lay Margy's little calico bonnet. But though she searched anxiously back and forth along the water's edge no track in the snow or other sign of the boy and baby could she find.

The snow was falling thick as she pushed the canoe into the stream and paddled up to the foot of the rapids. Again she called Zeb by name, and waved the torch to attract his attention if perhaps he had been left upon the rocks. Here and there

the curving waters threw back the gleam of the torch, but beyond that all was inky blackness. The ceaseless rush of the river among the rocks was still the only sound. She became satisfied that they were not there. That they had slipped from the rocks and drowned she no longer doubted. The torch fell from her hand into the river. The paddle lay idly with the rifle in the bottom of the boat. Motionless, tearless, in the darkness and storm she drifted on the swift current. Why turn to the land again?

Suddenly a light sprung from the darkness overhead. In a moment she was alert, with every sense strained, as she watched the blaze flicker in the wind, then brighten into steady flame, lighting up the bare cliffs, bringing from the darkness again the snow-laden firs. Surely it was Zeb—who could start that fire but him! She shot the canoe rapidly across the river. As she looked up at the fire on the cliff a dark object moved before the light. It was Zeb—even the dog knew him and placing his fore-feet upon the edge of the boat stood wagging his tail in friendly recognition, uttering a bark now and then as if to tell his master they were coming. But how came the boy across the river without his boat and dog? Only one figure could be seen before the firelight above. Was little Margy there? Perhaps the baby had fallen from the boat into the swift water and the boy had sprung after, and well she knew he could not have saved her in that icy flood.

Pulling the canoe well ashore the woman hastened, rifle in hand, up towards the light on the cliff. The old dog led the way and she followed in the darkness as fast as the snow-covered hill and the impeding laurel would permit her. The boy must have heard the bark of the dog, for "Yo-ho-o-wee! yo-ho!" now sounded from the rock. Tiger bounded ahead and before the woman came again in sight of the fire she heard his fierce barking and the voice of Zeb urging him on. Evidently they had some animal at bay. And where was Margy?

She clambered frantically forward, and in a moment more she came in full view of the rock and the fire. There upon the flat cliff was Zeb in his shirt sleeves waving a torch excitedly and cheering the dog that was wildly barking before a cavity under the ledge. The firelight shone full into the opening, and she discovered a little black

bear drawing back in fright from the fire, yet showing his teeth and growling savagely at the dog. And there, too, under a jutting ledge, wrapped in Zeb's thick coat, sat little Margy clapping her hands and screaming with delight at the rare sport she was witnessing.

What the mother's feelings were as she caught in her arms the boy and baby it would be difficult to express. But when a bear was at bay Zeb had no time for sentiment; after keeping the little brute cornered for an hour he did not wish to lose him now while being hugged. Struggling from his mother's embrace he caught up the rifle and stretched out the bear with a single shot.

Replenishing the fire, they laid Margy to sleep in the cub's warm bed of leaves, and as Zeb skinned and quartered his prize he told how they came to be across the river without any boat and how they had found the bear.

Merrily they had clambered down the steep path to the canoe drawn up on the river bank. Throwing his wicker trap aboard and telling Margy to sit still in the bottom Zeb had pushed out into the middle of the stream and soon boy, baby and dog were drifting swiftly down towards the great boulders that projected from the water at the head of the rapids. A wagoner had brought them word that on the morrow aunt Melviny from Yellow Creek was coming down with all her folks to make them a visit. Deer had been harder to find since cold weather set in and there was now little meat in the larder. But there must be no lack on the table if aunt Melviny's folks were coming; Zeb meant to set the basket trap at a good place in the river. He skilfully steered the boat to a flat rock in the middle of the stream and stepping out upon it with his little sister, drew the light craft partly after him. But the old dog did not like the wet rock and remained in the boat, sagely watching while the trap was fastened in the rushing water between two of the boulders. It was an unlucky trout that would seek to run through that passage, for once in the basket never again could it get out, plunge and jump as it would. The sun had gone down behind the hills when the last weight was placed upon the supporting pole of the trap. Margy had gotten damp and cold upon the wet rock and was asking to go home. Lifting her in his arms Zeb now started towards the boat, but

paused a moment to watch the fiery sky and the red glow that was flushing the clouds and the snow-covered peaks. In wonder and awe he stood gazing, unmindful of river and darkening shadows; even the baby clinging to his neck forgot that she was cold. He was still watching the glowing clouds when, "Look, Zebby! Look!" he heard Margy say. Turning to where she pointed, he saw the canoe whirling round and round and bearing the old dog swiftly into the rapids. The current had drawn it from the rock. His first thought was of his dog that the faithful animal would be overturned and drowned. He watched the boat as it darted forward in the rushing water, now hidden by spray, now disappearing in shadow — then seen again as lifted on some red wave it shot past the rocks, till at length it floated into the smooth water with the old dog safely aboard. And not till the boat was borne round a bend in the stream did the boy realize the dangerous position in which he and little Margy were left. There they were in the midst of the river, a winter's night close upon them. On either hand the rushing water separated the rock where they stood many feet from the shore. The spray fell over the boulder — in a few hours it would be sheeted with ice. Around "Heigh Ho!" the clouds yet glowed a dull red, but they were settling lower, and the icy gusts that blew down the gorge told him that a snow storm was coming. It would never do to remain there. But how to get his little sister to land was a question. Were he by himself he might swim up the river in the shelter of the rock, but with the little one's arms around his neck he knew they would be swept into the rapids and drowned before he had been a minute in the water; neither did he dare leave her alone to go for help.

He called as loud as he was able, thinking his mother perhaps might hear him. But the sound was lost in the mighty voice of the river. Little Margy, chilled, frightened, began to sob piteously.

"What makes you stay here, Zebby? I'm cold — take me home to mammy!"

The boy took off his thick coat and wrapping it about her held her warmly in his arms till she was asleep. Daylight had disappeared. The cold moonlight fell from above and the cloud-masses were changed to great white ghosts, descending silently into the cañon. A snow squall was coming. The wind blew fresher from the mountain,

and lacking his coat the boy was fast becoming numb with cold. Again and again he called, but even were mother to come, the boat had gone below the rapids and a dozen men could not "pole" it up to the rock where they stood, and there was not another boat within miles. The boulder began to grow slippery with ice and his lower garments that had been damp rattled as he moved.

Ah city boys! You would laugh at Zeb immoderately were he to appear upon your streets, but I doubt if one of you with all your accomplishments could have taken your little sister out of that river alive. Latin and sketching and dancing are excellent, but not every man is to be despised who lacks them, for there is a certain wit and bravery coming from the wild life of the woods that in difficulty is worth them all. As grand a heart as ever I knew beat under the homespun shirt of an old hunter who did not know a letter in the book.

While Zeb gazed about him considering what best to do he observed a heavy log of driftwood floating down to the rock where he stood. Here was a chance. If the log but touched the rock he would mount it with Margy, try to run the rapids and gain the shore in that way. The rapids were dangerous even in a good boat; and upon a drifting log with a baby on one arm he knew it to be a desperate venture. But something must be done. Eagerly he watched the floating timber. As it approached it became evident that the boulder was not in its course. It would pass into the rapids some distance away. There was not a pole upon the rocks that would reach it, not a cord in his pocket. It might be hours before another log drifted down—meanwhile they would freeze, or slip from their icy footing into the swift water. As the great trunk drifted nearer a projecting limb caught in the rocks and slowly an end came round towards the boy; then it loosened and was borne on by the swiftening current. No, it would not touch the rock. A dozen feet away the water

edded above the boulder seeming to pause before making the final plunge down the rapids. If the trunk were drawn into that eddy it *might* pass near enough for him to spring upon it. This seemed his best chance and he resolved to try. Nearer and nearer drifted the great scrag. It was stead-



AGAIN AND AGAIN ZEB CALLED.

ied in the water by its roots and projecting limbs and a single snow-coated arm rose from the dark trunk like a ghostly oarsman. It lurched forward, caught in the eddying water and then moved slowly around towards the rock. At the same time Zeb stepped forward with the baby in his arms and as the drift neared him sprang nimbly for the log. He lost his footing upon the wet bark and slipped; but his arm had embraced the

ghostly oarsman and as the craft, caught in the rapids, plunged forward he clung to the limb for dear life. Round and round the log spun till his head swam and he was ready to drop into the water from faintness. Poor little Margy had waked and was screaming as she clung to his neck. He tried to soothe her, but his voice was lost in the roar of the river. Round and round they spun till, caught in a swifter current, the log plunged forward end foremost. The wind whistled about the boy's ears, his breath almost taken away by the speed. He could not see whither he was hurried, but with legs and arms locked around the limb clung on as the trunk was shot through the blinding spray, half drowned, half dazed. Beating against rocks, whirled by the eddies, plunging again and again, the log with its freight was borne through the rapids. Then it floated off into still water and, finally, bumped against the bank. They really had been scarce a minute upon the scrag, but as Zeb, bewildered and half-frozen, crawled off upon the land he felt as though he had been clinging to the limb and the baby an hour. Margy was still sobbing, but now upon the land again, and wrapped in Zeb's warm coat, she was soon asleep in his arms.

Yet though upon land they were but little better off than when on the rock in mid-stream. The rapid river lay between them and their home. Not another house was near. Even could he have steered the heavy log across the river his experience upon the water forbade. Behind him rose the steep wooded hills white with snow, and far above was the beetling cliff of Hangover mountain and the dark jungles of the "Heigh Ho!" While he hesitated his eye rested upon a ledge jutting from the hillside above him. Robed in snow, the rocks glistened in the moonlight. At the foot of them he knew were some water-worn cavities, for often he had hid in their shadow when waiting for deer. Under those rocks, protected from the wind, would be the safest place for them to spend the night, and in the morning, if no one came, he could construct a raft where the water was smooth and paddle little Margy across. He spent no time in further thought, for his trousers had been in the water and already as he walked they rattled in the icy air.

Slowly, Margy in his arms, he pulled himself up the slippery hill, now losing his foothold in the snow,

now drawing himself over ice-covered rocks by roots and branches of laurel. At length he reached the cliff, tired from his arduous climb but all aglow once more from the exertion. The snow had drifted across the ledge and covered the entrance of the little cavities at its base; but this was in their favor, for once within, and the entrance closed again, he and Margy would sleep warmly.

Making a small entrance in the snow-bank the lad crept through with the child, then carefully filled the hole with snow again. There was a quantity of dry leaves which the autumn wind had blown under the overhanging cliff, and what better bed does a hunter's children want than a pile of warm leaves under a sheltering rock! They nestled in them together. Margy was wide awake now and well pleased with her novel bed. But Zeb lay thinking of his mother knowing she must be watching for them, and uneasy at their absence. More than once when hunting in the warm October he had slept out on the mountain with his dog just to show mother and little Margy what a brave hunter he was becoming. And he remembered how on the next morning when he returned home, carrying a fawn on his shoulder, that she had met him with a kiss at the cabin door, glowing with all the pride that ever greeted one bringing home a Greek medal.

"Margy low'd ye'd come home safe," she had said, "an' I know'd ye war a brave lad, Zeb, but somehow I laid awake a long time in the night an' thought how as mebbly ye had done gone an' shot yerself an' was lying a-bleedin' up thar in the laurels an' nobody nigh ter help ye."

But Zeb's thoughts here grew confused and broken. It was so warm and comfortable in the snow-blocked cavity, nestling in the leaves, and he was soon sleeping as soundly as though in the great feather bed at home.

By and by he was aroused by a rattling near his head; or had he been dreaming? Only the sighing of the wind in the pines could be heard. He laid his head again upon his arm. How very warm it seemed; was there fire in the rocks as sometimes he had heard it said? Suddenly as he grew quiet, he heard near him the slow breathing of a sleeper. It was not Margy; someone else was there beside themselves! Perhaps some hunter, belated on the mountains, had crept in before them, or perhaps—

He was feeling in his pocket for the match-box when, "Zebby," he heard little Margy say, "here is old Tiger by me!" He thrust his hand towards the spot whence the sound proceeded, and the next instant had caught up the child in his arms and was plunging head foremost through the snowy doorway. His hands had rested upon the shaggy hide of a bear! Thoroughly frightened he scrambled up through the crevice that separated the two great rocks and in a minute was standing with Margy upon the top of the flat ledge. Now he understood the sounds. They had crawled into the bed where Bruin was taking his winter's sleep and lain down beside him. No wonder it had been warm. Never before had Zeb found a bear in the woods and still fearing it might come from its bed to attack them, he did not dare leave his perch with the baby. How the wind did sweep across those rocks! Scraping away the snow, he kindled a fire from the overhanging boughs; fortunately the matches within his box had escaped wetting in the river. Placing Margy where she would keep warm, he piled on the dead limbs till the flames flew up high above his head, and the sparks fell in showers on the hissing snow below.

But was that the sound of the river they heard? "Shet up, Margy, an' listen a minute!" he said to the little one chattering away by the fire. Then both listened.

"It's old Tiger! It's old Tiger!" she exclaimed, as a well-known bark came up from the river below, and after it followed a long-drawn "Yo-ho-o-wee! yo-ho!" Zeb knew it was mammy searching for them. Stepping to the edge of the rock he put his hands to his mouth and gave an answering call. But what was that just under him! The firelight reflected back by the snow lit up the rocks beneath them like day, and there, standing half out of the cavity where they had first gone for shelter, he saw a little bear cub gazing stupidly at the light. The fire and the noise had roused him

from his winter's sleep and he stood with head thrust out of his den, evidently wanting to get away but hesitating to put his feet into the cold snow, or else frightened by the falling sparks. The protecting front of the bed had been broken away and the firelight streaming in showed that but for the cub the hole was empty. Zeb laughed till he cried thinking how they had been frightened by a baby bear, and even Margy joined in the merriment when she had crawled to the edge of the rock and looked down at the little bundle of fur below.

"Catch him, Zebby! Catch him quick!" she called.

But while the bear was too small to harm them the boy knew a strong man would have a difficult task to catch and hold him. Taking up a blazing brand he dropped it over the rock full upon the little cub's head. It sprang back into the cavity whining, and scratching the sparks from its furry coat. Clambering down from his perch with some lighted fagots the boy built a fire around the front of the cavity. He would try and keep the bear prisoner till the dog came up and then they might secure it. Bear-meat is fattest and best in December, and how pleased mammy would be if he and Margy could take home the cub for aunt Melviney's dinner to-morrow!

The little sister was brought down again and placed out of the wind in the shelter of the cliff. And there she sat, laughing and throwing snowballs at the growling cub, while Zeb piled fuel upon the blazing fire till old Tiger came up and joined in the fun.

A moment more mammy had her in her arms and Zeb with the rifle had made Bruin his own. But still the mother's arms were about her baby, and the tears that had been wanting before flowed now abundantly.

Wonderingly the baby looked into her face. "Mammy," she said, "is you sorry for the little b'ar what makes you cry so?"

A DASH FOR A FLAG.



It is not essential to my tale to relate how I, Joseph Truedale, an Englishman, of good birth and fair education, came to leave my native Dorset and migrate to New York; sufficient be it then, that the year 1862 found me in the western metropolis a seeker after fortune.

I could find no situation suited to my abilities, and, funds running low, like thousands of others I enlisted.

Joining a detachment of recruits for the cavalry branch of the regular service, I, after brief drilling at head-quarter barracks, found myself a full private in the — U. S. Cavalry; which regiment formed part of the brigade of regular cavalry attached to the army of the Potomac.

I was about twenty-two years of age, rather undersized, and light in weight. I had a streak of obstinacy, or rather determination, in my nature, inherited no doubt from ancestors of mine from “beyond the Tweed.”

With the strict discipline of the regular army about me, and the almost constant work of our command, I was not long in learning my “trade;” but, the more I learned of it the less I liked it, and often regretted the hasty decision which had placed me where I was; but repentance came too late, and my home-training had been such that the very thought of desertion was detestable.

With my comrades I shared the ups and downs of the “grand old army”; at that time, more downs than ups.

Not very long before the engagement in which my adventure occurred, I received word from England that by the death of a kind old relative I had fallen heir to quite a snug little fortune at home. I became fairly desperate then to get out of the army in any honorable manner. I showed my letters to my superior officers, but they gave me no encouragement to look for a discharge in the stirring times before us; and a discharge by purchase is unknown in the American service.

One officer said, “Truedale, if you only knew some congressman, or senator, the matter might

easily be arranged with the War Department.” Alas! I, “a stranger in a strange land,” had no such powerful friends to fall back on. An Irish officer consoled me thus: “Truedale, me bye, go in and fight your way out of the sarvice — what odds if you do lave an arm or a leg in Ameriky? ye can take the rest of your body home wid you, and wid money you would not miss a limb or two, and no wan would be rude enough to remind ye — especially if you have the cash.”

In the ranks I had a sort of chum, a very decent lad from Maine, to him I also told my sorrowful tale, and further confided to him that that this same tidy little fortune would aid me to win the prettiest brown-eyed lassie in all England for my wife.

“Wall,” said my friend from Maine, “Joe, you and me hez ben good friends, and I guess you hain’t the lad to want to desart, and I would be the last to advise you to; but — I can’t see no other way for you to get out of the Army — exceptin’ jest one.”

“What is that?” I asked impatiently.

“Why, jest this: you capture a rebel flag and you air pretty sartain to get a lootenancy — but you’ve got to take it yourself in fair fight, you know, or it don’t count.”

I fairly laughed aloud at the very idea of my capturing a flag, single-handed, with my small stature, and lack of experience as a soldier, thrown into the other side of the balance.

“However,” I said, “I shall keep a sharp lookout for flags, and the first one I see ‘alone by itself’ I will try to bring it in.”

As my regiment debouched on to the field at Brandy Station (the scene of that famous cavalry fight between Stuart of the Southern army and Buford of the Northern), and was marching by the flank, at a trot, into a large meadow from a piece of straggling woods, the girth of my saddle broke, and I had to pull up for repairs; when they were made and I was about to mount and gallop after my regiment, I saw, almost directly in front of me, and not five hundred yards away, a Southern cavalryman come slowly out from

behind a barn, alone, and he carried a flag. It was a tattered, soiled little piece of bunting — but still it was a flag.

Visions of freedom, of home, England, and of pretty brown eyes, danced before me — only for a moment however.

The Southerner had not seen me — the friendly shadow of the trees concealed me. I saw a drop in the road, which, if I could reach unseen, would

At first all worked as I expected. I successfully made the rush, and was upon the man almost in a moment; but he turned just in time to see my intended cut. Quickly drawing his arm in closely to the body, he threw the colors nearly across his saddle. My saber whistled harmlessly past him, and my horse, a wiry little beast, had such momentum on that I could not instantly check his speed. I soon got him



I DETERMINED TO WIN THAT FLAG AT ALL HAZARDS.

place me in much better striking distance, and my plan was made.

The color-bearer had halted in the shadow of the barn, his back was turned toward me, and the cord attaching the staff of the guidon to his left arm hung loosely. If I could only get near enough to him for a rush — one good "right cut against infantry" from my saber would sever the cord and I could seize the colors and be back to my regiment (which had halted at the other end of the field) before "Johnny" would realize what had happened.

turned, however, and made for the enemy, for my blood was up now and I determined to win that flag at all hazards. I saw that color-bearer's face — and I shall never forget it. He was slight, and tall, with a dark fiery eye, and as he whipped his saber from its scabbard and moved his horse to the left to receive my attack upon his right, or armed, side, I thought, "I have plenty of work cut out for me here before I get that flag!"

All this in the brief moment that we faced each other — then I saw no more of color-bearer

or of colors, of green fields, of blue sky. I felt a terrific blow, a thousand stars flashed before my eyes, then, oblivion; total oblivion.

Long afterward I learned what had happened. So intent was I upon the color-bearer that I did not see his half-dozen comrades around the end of the barn. One of them had ridden up behind me and his first blow completely wound up my military career in the Army of the Potomac. I fell senseless on my horse's neck, but, the very act of falling drove my spurs in and he went away at a racing pace for our regiment.

My assailant became so intent on his revenge upon my poor head, that he failed to notice his proximity to our lines, until my friend from Maine had time to roll him from his saddle in the dust by a shot from his carbine.

It was forty-eight hours before my wounds were dressed, and you may imagine their condition in that climate. I hope no one will ever suffer as I did. Finally I recovered sufficiently to be returned to the invalid troop at head-

quarter barracks, where I served "Uncle Sam" for the balance of my enlistment as a clerk in the Commissary Department.

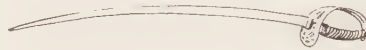
I got no flag, so no promotion; I received a bad wound—but not sufficiently serious to entitle me to a discharge; and I had an experience which warranted me in cautioning all ambitious recruits to "let rebel flags alone even if they stood 'all by themselves' in the middle of a corn-field."

My service being over, I found upon reaching England again, that my little estate in Dorset had grown considerably by being allowed to accumulate.

But, even at this late day, I cannot remain long exposed to a hot sun; and a certain little brown-eyed lassie—the picture of her mother—sometimes creeps up on my shoulder, and says, as she fumbles my fast whitening, but still curly locks, "Why, papa, what a lot of parts you have got in your hair! How did you get so many?"

Then, gentle reader, I tell her, as I have you, of my "dash for a flag" I did not capture.

R. M. Backus.



BASKING.



AN ADVENTURE IN A MICA MINE.

John Willis Hays

NEAR the top of a certain mountain in one of the wildest sections of Western Carolina may be found the remains of an old mica mine which was opened and worked a number of years ago. Good mica was obtained there in limited quantity, but owing to the difficulty of getting it from the bed rock the mine was found unprofitable and abandoned. A shaft drops down from the top of the ridge till the mineral-bearing quartz is reached, and then an open tunnel leads out upon the mountain side for the more convenient handling of waste material. On both sides of this tunnel several chambers have been worked a short distance into the mountain.

After the mine was abandoned it would probably have remained undisturbed till now but for an accidental adventure.

Late in September of the past year a mountain lad, in company with a little negro boy, was sent upon an errand to the village which lies near the foot of the mountain. The sleepy little town seemed suddenly to have waked into life, for the railroad that for years had been slowly creeping through the hills had but lately reached it. Squads of busy laborers were scattered upon the fresh embankment, engineers with their instruments were locating switches and surveying new streets, and further on could be heard the musical ring of the spike-driver's hammer lengthening the iron way deeper into the mountains. All seemed new and strange to lads accustomed only to the quiet of forest life. They watched with interest the terrific effect of dynamite in the rocky railroad cuts, they rushed away like panic-stricken sheep

when a locomotive steaming and shrieking rolled into the village, but presently when their eyes rested upon glaring "circus-pictures" covering the side of a house their delight knew no bounds. There was the old clown with his painted face, the girl jumping through a burning hoop, the lion, the elephant. Often the boys had heard of these wonders from men who had walked fifty miles away to see the show, but it had been to them like tales of fairy-land. Was it possible that a circus was coming now to their very door!

"I-I-I gwien ter dis show, Jim, yer heah me now! I gwien ter dis show if I d-d-die fur it!" said the little negro to his companion as both stood delighted before the flaming posters.

"I reckin I'd like ter come too," drawled Jim, "but I 'low 'tain't no free show, an' weuns couldn't buy a load o' buckshot 'tween us. When dad went ter the show ter Asheville he tuk along a b'ar-skin, but weuns ain't got no b'ar-skin nor nothin'."

"D-d-dat all so," put in the lad commonly known as Stuttering Pete, "but I-I-I gwien ter dat dar show, an' y-y-you done hearred me said it!"

"Waal, mebby yer thenk the clown's a-comin' arter yer an' fotch yer down on a show hoss," said his companion.

"W-w-what gwien ter hinder us a diggin' 'sang? Ain't yer got no fingers?" asked Pete.

The next day, however, the plan of digging ginseng was abandoned, for the boys had thought of the old mica mine and it occurred to them that with a few dynamite cartridges they might get out enough of the mineral to procure the coveted tickets for the circus. A pound of good clear sheets would bring a dollar at the mica agent's and this would buy tickets for them both.

But the first difficulty was to obtain the cartridges. Pete made a second visit to the railroad works and when he returned brought six of the loaded shells carefully wrapped in cotton.

"I-I-I tote water fur a man down dar, a-a-an' he tuk an' gin 'em ter me," he explained to Jim.

It was only two days before the show was to exhibit and the lads lost no time in preparing for their work and getting off to the mine on the mountain. They carefully concealed the plan from every one, for had it been known they would not have been suffered to use the dangerous cartridges. With a "poke" of provisions, some drilling tools and a little brass lamp they slipped off in the early

morning. It would take one day to drill the holes in the rock for the cartridges, and then on the morrow they would easily have time to cut and clean the sheets of mica for market.

The old mine was found without difficulty and after lighting their lamp they cleaned away the loose rubbish from what appeared to be a good prospect and prepared for work. The spot chosen was near the bottom of the shaft where the light from above streamed down upon them. Everywhere else in the mine was dark and damp and cold, and as they passed the gloomy chambers opening into the tunnel they talked in a loud voice and walked near together, glancing half fearfully into the black recesses, for both remembered the laborer who had been killed there, and rumor says his spirit still works for jewels in the mine. But ghosts are very much afraid of daylight and "whistling," and as the boys pounded the steel drill near the bottom of the old shaft and whistled merrily over their work the boldest shade that walks the night would have slunk away in terror.

But how hard the quartz was! And the little chips of flint flew into their faces nearly blinding them. Jim's hands were blistered before the first hole was drilled; but who cares for sore hands when a circus is to be seen! And the sledge rang upon the steel drill and the glassy chips flew faster than ever. The morning passed and two holes were finished. Jim's arms ached now with striking and his hands were bleeding from blisters.

"Here, Pete," he said at length, "you strike now an' let me hold the drill. I done clear gin out."

But Pete was no "striker," and the heavy hammer would glance off at each blow endangering Jim's head and limbs.

"W-w-whatten yer move de drill fur ebry time I gwien ter strike!" spluttered Pete. "I-I-I can hit it ef yer jis hol's stiddy."

But Jim had seized the sledge and all through the afternoon battered away upon the drill. It was slow work, for the rock was very hard, and when night came only three holes were complete. Several of the cartridges were placed in these sockets and found to fit nicely. Pete wished to fire them immediately but Jim thought it best to wait till all the drilling was finished and then shake up the rocks with one tremendous explosion. For safe keeping, however, the cartridges were left in the holes.

After building a brush shelter near the entrance of the tunnel the boys made a roaring fire of dry limbs before it and prepared to camp in true hunter style. Jim had proposed sleeping in the mine but Pete objected.

"I-I-I ain't afeared o' a b'ar nor a ha'nt, nor nothin' in de daytime," said he, "but you don't cotch dis nigger a-foolin' round wid ha'nts an' things in de dark an' not know w-w-whar one gwien ter jump from." So they camped under the sky.

No sooner was the fire built and supper eaten than the little negro wrapped his head in a blanket,

attracted by fire, and he peered into the darkness for the branching antlers and the great glassy eyes, but nothing was seen. Beyond the little circle of firelight all was utter blackness except when now and then the distant lightning showed the firs and mountain crest like great shadows upon the sky. Jim knew there were bears upon the mountain, but the stealthy tread now heard upon the dry leaves was not the footfall of a bear. The lightning was growing more frequent and brighter, and once by a flash he thought he saw the form of some long low animal moving in the brush; or was it



A PERILOUS MOMENT. — "VERY SLOWLY THEY CREEPT FORWARD."

thrust it towards the fire and sank into a sound sleep. But Jim's hands smarted and burned from his hard day's work and, tired as he was, sleep did not come to him so easily. Several times he arose to replenish the fire. There had been dark clouds about the sun when it set and he was beginning to hear now the distant rumble of thunder. If a shower were approaching it was more than ever necessary to keep a good fire burning.

After rolling a number of dry logs into the glowing coals the lad was wrapping in his blanket once more when he was startled by a crackling sound in the brush near by. Leaning upon his arm he listened closely. Deer, he had often heard, were

but the dancing shadow of a bush? This uncertainty was not pleasant. With rifle and knife in the daytime Jim would have encountered the fiercest "varmint" that lives in the wood, but here in the darkness, and unarmed, he grew nervous as he listened to the unseen animal stealing around him. The rumble of the approaching storm was growing so incessant that presently the movements of the visitor could no longer be heard. The lad heaped the logs and dry brush upon the glowing embers and sent the red flames leaping and whirling up into the blackness. Whatever the animal was it did not like fire, for in a lull of the approaching storm it was heard drawing off from the show-

ering sparks. Seizing a blazing brand he hurled it in the direction of the sound. There was a sudden noise as some animal bounded aside and a sharp *spit-t-t! spit-t-t!* sounded without. Ah! There was no mistaking that sound. It was a cat of some sort, but what sort for his life Jim could not tell. It might be only a wildcat, perhaps a catamount, or for all he knew a panther, that dreaded mountain lion. The beast had bounded away into the darkness when he threw the fire, but it would probably return. He shook Pete that he might wake up and help tend the fire, for now it was as much as their lives were worth to have it burn out, and the storm was near upon them. The thunder rolled and reverberated among the peaks, and the lightning was incessant, setting the hills ablaze as the ragged darts played over them, hissing and writhing like serpents. But call and shake the dinky as he would, Jim could not waken him.

There was no air stirring upon the mountain; but now, as the lad listened, above the thunder he fancied he heard on the hills the heavy roar as of a hurricane. It grew nearer and nearer. What did it mean? Again Jim shook the little negro, but he snored on unconscious. Just then a flash of lightning played upon the coming cloud and showed the dreaded spiral of the cyclone. A hurricane was approaching! Already the tree tops were swaying, small boughs were scurrying over their heads and further off the lightning showed the air thick with flying timber. The quick wit of the mountain boy did not desert him, for seizing the little negro by the collar he dragged him still sleeping into the mouth of the tunnel. Nor was he too soon within, for in a minute the cyclone had struck the mountain, and above the thunder and roar of the wind could be heard the crash of trees as they were wrenched off by the storm and caught up and hurled upon the rocks again. The lad, crouching there in the darkness, listened in terror. Already the end of the tunnel had caved in from the timber driven against it, and momentarily he expected the roof above to fall and crush him. Meanwhile Pete roused up, awakened by the loss of the blanket from his head.

"W-w-what de matter heah! Who's m-m-makin' all dat racket! Whar de fire gone ter!"

A very few words explained the situation to the bewildered dinky and then the lads sat listening in silence and awe to the furious storm with-

out. Now and then a flying bough would fall crashing down the shaft at the further end of the tunnel and the dripping walls would glow for a moment in the intense light from above. But the wind passed almost as suddenly as it came and then the rain began to fall in torrents. The boys gathered together dry fragments of wood that had served for supports in the mine and kindled a fire, for it did not seem so gloomy and lonesome when they could see each other's face. The rocks and fallen timber blocked the entrance of the tunnel but through the crevices of the débris there was enough draught to carry the smoke out of the long passage-way and on up the shaft at the other end.

Wearied with the recent excitement and his hard day's work Jim was soon lulled to sleep by the comfortable warmth of the fire. He had been sleeping some time when he was awakened by his companion tugging at his sleeve.

"W-w-what dat, Jim! Look a-yonder, w-w-what dat!" he heard Pete say.

The storm had passed over, and the silence of the cavern was broken only by the chattering of the little negro's teeth and the dripping of water from the slimy walls. The lad rubbed his sleepy eyes and gazed around seeing nothing but the scared face of his companion who was crouching close to him.

"I-I-I seed him!" he said, "I seed his eyes shining dar! I'm gwien outen heah, d-d-dis ain't no place for live folks an' I tole yer so yistiddy."

"What yer talkin' 'bout, Pete? I don't see nothin'," said the other gazing stupidly around. But before his question was answered, to him also two luminous eyes appeared far back in the darkness of the tunnel, glowing now yellow, now red.

"Look a-dar now! What dat!" exclaimed the little negro his teeth beginning to chatter afresh.

"Throw on thet wood thar, quick!" said Jim, springing to his feet and beginning to tear down the dry props near them. "It's some varmint or other, an' I 'low it's a wildcat, becuse I threw fire at a critter afo' we run in an' it spit like fury!"

As the crackling timber lit into flames the eyes seemed to draw further off and disappear in the gloom of the passage-way. The lads and the fire were between the animal and the entrance and hardly would it attempt an exit by the shaft, but so long as the fire was burning Jim was sure it would not approach them even though it were a

panther, and despite Pete's urgent entreaties he resolved to remain in the tunnel during the night. For there was no dry wood without nor would they be safer were the animal inclined to molest them.

All through the night they busied themselves in keeping a blazing fire, watching uneasily the eyes that now and then appeared in the darkness. The smoke annoyed the beast and it seemed anxious to get out. At length daylight began to steal down the shaft, and the animal, whatever it was, grew very restless. The boys could hear the leaves rustle as it walked uneasily in the fallen brush, and once they caught sight of a yellow hide passing under the light of the shaft. It was a large animal, too large for a wildcat, and it had a long tail!

Jim was frightened now as well as Pete, for both believed from what they saw that it was a panther. Building a huge fire across the tunnel lest the beast should follow them, they hurried to the mouth of the mine determined to make the best of their way home. But to their terror they found the entrance so blocked with fallen rocks and the wreck of the storm that nowhere was there a passage through.

After seeking an opening in vain for some time they returned to replenish the fire and consider some means of escape. It was plainly impossible to find exit through that end of the tunnel, for the rocks had caved in and fallen timber lay piled upon them many layers deep. Could they but reach the shaft it would be an easy matter to climb out upon the log walling. But there lay the animal crouching in the brush at the foot of the opening. Could they be more securely trapped! They were without food, for their bag of provisions had been forgotten in the hasty retreat from the cyclone, and with no weapons but a jack knife and a steel drill. And no one at home knew where they were.

Again they returned to examine the entrance and see if they might not work a passage through the embankment. It would require days to accomplish that, and meanwhile starvation would overtake them, or their fuel would give out, when they would fall certain prey to the animal within. The situation looked desperate, and the longer Jim thought of it the more hopeless it seemed. After awhile, it was true, the home folks would grow uneasy at their absence and begin to search for them. But what chance was there that they would seek them away up at the mine? Or how would it be known that they were within should any one pass?

Then too, the animal would be bolder as it grew hungry; perhaps fire might not protect them. In addition to all this they would not see the circus. The thought of the circus stirred Jim afresh. Like most mountain boys he was no coward—that is, by daylight; and dangerous as he knew it to be he determined to reach the shaft. Evidently it would come to that if they waited; and it was best to make the attempt now while they were fresh and the beast not emboldened by hunger.

Lighting a pine fagot, and telling his companion to follow him with others in readiness, Jim began cautiously to approach the brush where the unknown animal lay half concealed.

Just under the shaft the mine widened somewhat, and the boy hoped by approaching cautiously to frighten the beast with a firebrand and drive it past him into the other end of the tunnel. Then they could quickly climb upon the log work in the shaft and escape.

Very slowly he crept forward with a blazing torch in one hand, and close behind him with chattering teeth followed the little ducky. Jim had told him that should the panther, for such he thought it, spring upon either the other was to thrust his torch into the beast's eyes and fight it off. They had come near enough now to see that the cat was watching them as they approached, and crouching for a spring. Only the yellow head, pressed upon its paws, was visible, but to the lads creeping towards it it seemed large and powerful. They paused more than once as they approached. Jim was now within twenty feet of the beast. He could plainly see its head, with the sharp ears erect, and he heard its tail lashing the ground restlessly. Was the animal making ready to spring upon them or past them? The boy lit another fagot, for Pete had dropped his in terror.

Still a little nearer they crept. A few feet more and the animal would surely spring. Already it was moving nervously. The passage seemed so very narrow!

Just then the gleam of the metallic cartridges projecting from the holes in the rock caught the eye of the lad. Why had he not thought of them! In a moment he changed his plan. The pendant fuse was almost in reach—if the beast remained still a moment longer he would fire them. Could they retreat in time? Would not the yellow head spring upon them when they turned to run? Cau-

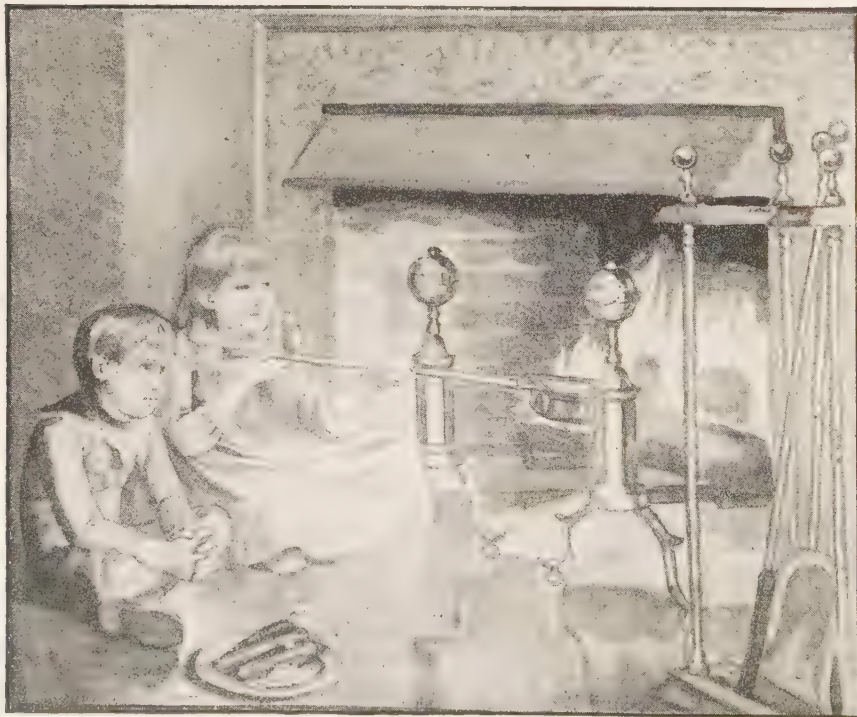
tiously the boy strewed the burning brands across the tunnel floor. Should the beast spring over them they would be defenceless. Telling Pete to make ready to run he raised a brand towards the fuse. A dozen feet away the sharp eyes in the bushes were fixed upon them. For a moment the frayed end of the fuse smoked. Would it never light! Had the powder fallen out! No. There was a spark! A hiss! It was lit!

"Run!" said the boy as he sprang to his feet and dashed towards the chambers, expecting each moment to feel the sharp claws upon his back.

Nor did they reach the shelter too soon, for in another moment they were thrown against the walls by an explosion which sent the flying fragments of rock whistling past the chamber. A while they were dazed by the shock and half suffo-

cated by dust, but presently finding themselves unhurt they rekindled the fire, which had been extinguished by the blast, and returned with fresh torches to discover if the animal had been killed. Very carefully they approached the shaft. A great hole had been torn in the rock, the brush blown away and there lying against the wall was a catamount—dead.

It did not require the lads long to skin their prize, for the hide was borne home in triumph as evidence of the adventure. No mica was taken with it, for all that was loosened by the dynamite was powdered to flakes like snow. But the following day the lads carried the handsome yellow skin with them to the village and the money realized by its sale considerably more than bought two tickets for the show.



A COLD WINTER EVENING.



IN THE LINE OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

(*Mentone, France, Feb. 23, 1887.*)

Grace Denis Litchfield

IT had been the quietest night possible. Not a breath of air stirred among the gray-green olives of the hills. The Mediterranean lay like a steel-blue mirror spread out for the stars to look down on. All the world was still asleep, dreaming, if at all, of that gay Carnival-time which had but just ended, and whose fantastic, unreasoning mirth-making might well pursue one into the droll land of dreams, when suddenly through the dusky stillness of the early morning there came a sound like the booming of a distant battlefield, or the breaking of an angry surf upon a long line of shore, accompanied by a trembling and jarring and rumbling of the whole earth, as when a mighty train thunders past some tiny wayside station. And then all in a moment, before I had time to question what it meant, our house began to rock violently to and fro, as if some great monster of the world below had seized upon it in his hand and was shaking it as a terrier shakes a rat. I sprang up in bed in horror, almost suffocated by the plaster dust in the air, while the roar of the

earthquake was drowned in the noise of shivering china and falling furniture, of straining, breaking timbers, and of tottering partitions that groaned like human things in agony as the walls were wrenched asunder. It was like looking on at what one imagines the end of the world might be — a sudden awful instant of unheralded and overwhelming destruction.

The first shock, from beginning to end, lasted less than fifty seconds, when all was still again; but in a few moments more, before I could free myself from the entanglement of bent rods and fallen curtains and masses of solid plaster (which, but for those same iron rods, bent over me like protecting arms, would indubitably have killed me on the spot), there came a second shock, shorter and far less severe than the first, but alarming enough even so, as we stood with the hanging walls and loose boards shaking and rattling around us like the flapping sails and creaking cordage of a ship in the midst of a gale.

Fortunately our stairway was still standing, for

one's best chance of safety at such a time lies in escaping between the shocks to some open space out of reach of the falling buildings; and seizing whatever lay nearest to hand, we rushed down and out to a public garden, where we found a crowd of panic-stricken fugitives like ourselves, in every variety of scanty costumes, roughly cloaked in rugs and blankets snatched up in mad haste as they fled, and all with faces unforgettably white and ghastly and full of that nameless dread of those

shock. By degrees however, as all continued quiet, confidence returned; the more venturesome made daring raids back into the houses to save what they could from the general wreckage; tongues were loosened, and strangers and friends talked indiscriminately, exchanging their various experiences and retailing many hairbreath escapes as miraculous as my own; and some broke down completely and sobbed hysterically, and others tried to laugh and make a joke of it, not realizing



A MENTONE VILLA AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE. (*From a photograph.*)

who have looked Death close in the face and have caught glimpses of things unutterable.

At first we sat or stood about in groups, awed into utter speechlessness. All sorts of odd things happened, but at the time nothing struck us as either ludicrous or surprising. One invalid, who had not walked for years, under the fright of the earthquake ran in her nightdress and bare feet from her hotel to our garden, which was some squares away, and the same curious unaccountable recovery of lost powers was reported of several paralytics who were instantaneously cured by the

that their jesting seemed as out of place as merriment in a graveyard, while a child and a little dog with alert brown ears and bright eyes gleaming with frolic—the only two uncomprehending happy beings among us all—struck up an intimate friendship, and made sport with each other in and out between the frightened people, and played bo-peep over the heaps of reserved household belongings flung in motley piles upon the gravel, and were hungry and ate biscuits with undisturbed, every-day appetites.

So time wore by in wretched suspense, till three

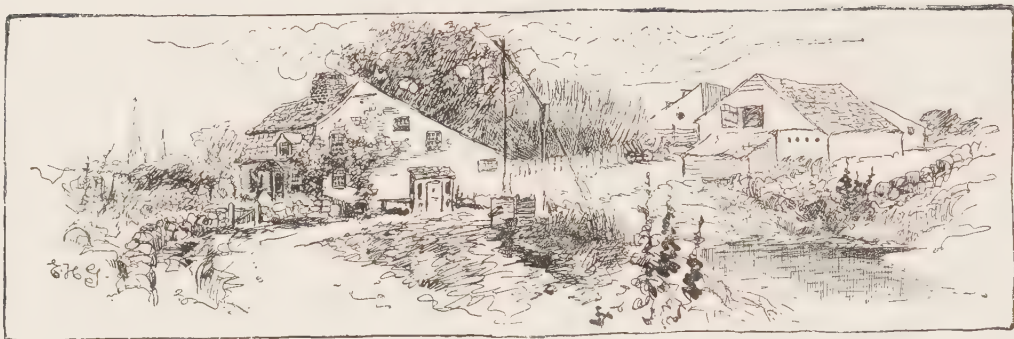
hours later a third shock came, which paralyzed laughter and sobs alike on the instant, and drove back the blood from every face, and many rushed screaming into each other's arms and frantically embraced, thinking to die together. It was horrible to look up through the clear bright sunlight and see the houses swaying and staggering like drunken things, and hear the deep, hoarse, sullen, subterranean growl, and the sound of crashing and rending and breaking on every side, followed by such a cry sent up from a whole cityful of terrified people as surely one never hears but once. And then came silence again, a silence almost worse than any sound, for in it one heard one's own heart beat and felt fear turning to ice in one's veins. For of all the dread sensations of an earthquake, the worst is the feeling of indescribable horror which possesses one from head to foot, and which is neither excitement nor despair nor alarm, nor like anything one has ever known before. Only those who have felt it can comprehend it; it is the experience of a lifetime, bought in one single awful unearthly moment.

That third shock was the last of any severity, but lesser ones continued at intervals all the day and night following, and indeed for long thereafter. Scarcely anybody was brave enough when night came to venture again indoors. Some of our friends slept in the open gardens on benches or on mattresses spread upon the trembling ground; some slept in tents; some in the tiny bathing houses along the beach, and some, like gypsies, camped out in their own carriages. We were offered shelter by a friend whose villa, being at the east end of the town, was one of the few that had escaped injury, and there we all slept in the drawing-rooms on the ground floor, dressed and ready to rush into the garden at the first threatening of danger.

Our drive through the town to reach this villa, was like passing through some city of the dead. The deserted streets were blocked with débris from the mutilated, desolate, uninhabited and uninhabitable houses. Here a wall was cracked open

from top to bottom; here cracked and seamed and blistered all over like a plate exposed to too great heat; here the whole front of a house had fallen out, and there a tower had come crashing down to the ground. Not a roof but had lost tiles and chimneys at least. Balustrades and balconies had given way on all sides. Windows were set awry. Shutters and doors hung flapping on broken hinges like helpless signals of distress. Great stones were twisted completely around as if they had spun like tops in their places, and plaster lay ash-like over everything, leaving great unsightly scar-like spots to mark from where it fell. It seemed an almost incredible transformation of the place. One felt as if the years had suddenly slipped back into the by-gone ages, and as if one were part and parcel oneself of some as yet un-historied Herculaneum or Pompeii.

Thousands and thousands of people fled Northward that morning from all along the Riviera, many of them leaving bag and baggage behind them, for it is marvellous how quickly even one's dearest possessions lose all value the moment life is in peril. It is now six weeks since that terrible twenty-third of February, eighteen hundred and eighty-seven. Even the most timid and most unnerved have regained their courage and their lost spirits. Those whose houses were spared returned long since even into the upper storeys. The shops are reopened, and masons and bricklayers and carpenters are everywhere at work, repairing where repair is possible, and cheerily rebuilding where they must. The sentinels who forbade entrance at doors of condemned houses, and the soldiers who stood guard over streets unsafe for public traffic, have withdrawn their prohibitions and disappeared. Mentone will soon again wear its bright and smiling face of old. Yet while we live, none of us who were in the line of the earthquake, can ever forget that dim grey Ash Wednesday morning when we awoke so suddenly out of our Carnival dreams to find ourselves in sackcloth and ashes indeed, and with the *Miserere* stifled upon our lips.



SAVED BY A KITE.

Edward Morris

THE line of rugged tremendous cliffs that wall Newfoundland in from the raging northern seas has many strange stories of adventure and daring, but not one more remarkable than that which I shall relate. I did not myself witness the exploit; but that it happened, and did so within these later years, is beyond question, for some of the participants are known to me.

In the early summer when light, wholesome breezes, sweet with the delicate scent of the blue-bell, the lilac and all the flowers that grow along the airy uplands, blew off the land, and shallops and small skiffs might flit along the coast without tossing, four lads, their ages ranging from fourteen to sixteen years, launched a small boat from a cove on the western coast and steered along the iron-bound shore for Shag Island. They had four guns and plenty of ammunition; and left the cove without receiving any other warning than to "be careful."

This is one of the grandest but at the same time one of the most desolate portions of the whole coast of that solitary island. The settlements are little coves scooped it would almost seem out of the face of the cliff. Each cove contains three or four

small cottages, and one is sundered from the other by a distance of from seven to twelve miles. There are no roads, but men and women, boys and girls clamber the steeps nimbly as their own goats. Shag Island the place whereto the lads were bound was just around a bold cape. It stood about a stone's throw from the main land and rose over three hundred feet out of the sea. Three of its sides were of iron-stained rock, plumb and smooth as if cut with chisels. Its top was about an acre in extent. The fourth side, or that toward the sea, sloped somewhat, and under its terraces grew dark grasses glistening with brackish spray thrown up in the storms.

Upon this island from April till July congregate hundreds of thousands of guillemot which the coast people call "turrs," and thousands of cormorants which they call "shags," great black creatures with long, snaky necks and lazy but powerful wings. These birds come from the bays and rocks of the coast hundreds upon hundreds of miles away to lay their eggs where man's hand cannot reach them. All day long thousands of guillemot and razor-bill auks are on the wing making their

way to the sea, or returning to the island. It was to shoot at these upon their little cliff-shelves, and upon the wing, that the lads had come hither in the boat.

About three in the afternoon they reached the base of the island and began their sport. Many birds fell — cormorants, guillemot, “tinkers” and “tick-laces.” The latter is a sort of arctic tern, I think, with beautiful mauve feathers, and legs and beak of a gamboge yellow; but with a silly, undecided flight, and this cry, which it utters unceasingly: “A little too late! a little too late!” And the boys would shout in sport when the shot struck the chattering bird, “You are time enough.”

Now it was well known to the lads that three men on different occasions had climbed upon the island, that two had returned safely, but that one, a blue-jacket from a gun-boat which paused for a little in the offing in her cruises protecting the fisheries, had been killed in coming down. “But it was because he became nervous,” the boys said.

Now I do not believe that any man has ever yet safely made the descent of the island; but the boys believed otherwise, at least one of them did — a lad of about fifteen. Full of daring and burning to be able to relate the exploit around the coast, he declared that he would go up. The others were thunderstruck. Earnestly they sought to dissuade him, but he was determined. One of the boys began to cry and clung to the adventurous lad, but he shook him off. Then while the rest held their breath, he took off his jacket and with a pair of fishing gaffs, short sticks with a strong iron hook at the end of each, began the ascent.

Bravely and rapidly he passed up the lower part of the slope never pausing or looking back, crawling now around a frowning ledge that seemed to scowl at him for his daring, and again swinging himself over a bluff rock. In a little while his terrified companions could not see him from the rocky platform below upon which they stood; and getting into the skiff they pushed off. Then, up, up the terrible, dizzy height they saw him, nimble-footed, still making his way. But the difficulties and the danger had become greater as he neared the top, for over several terrace-walls he was obliged to drag himself by hooking one gaff now, and another again, into the crevices of the rock. A ledge of only twenty feet now stood between him and the top. Before this he seemed to the lads below to

pause for a moment; then with sudden energy he began its ascent. Not one of the boys spoke; only the beating of their hearts could be heard. Now he was midway up the sheer rock; now only a



“Swiftly down, down the
gloomy — gulf.”

few feet stood in his way. At last he was upon the summit. Turning slowly then he looked down.

The lads found breath and shouted “Bravo!

Bravo!" till all the cliff-walls and the great, sounding cove rang again. But he returned no shout. He stood with folded arms for a moment; then raising his hand they heard faintly these words: "I never can go back."

That was all he said, and with an attitude of quiet despair he continued to look down upon the boys. The lads tried to say cheering words back, but the sea had begun to murmur in myriad voices along the beaches and against the walls; and he could not from his height distinguish what they were saying.

One boy believed that they could make ladders on the morrow and reach the top; and this filled them with hope till reflection told them that the thing was impossible. They would return, however, and their fathers might know of some way. So with hearts full of sorrow and apprehension they decided to sail away, shouting cheerily to the lad, "Bear up; we'll get you off."

And now darkness began to fall over the sea, and the figure of the boy standing upon a rock on the summit gradually grew dimmer till it disappeared in the gloom. He called out some words which they could not understand; they only knew that it was a message to his mother. Spreading their sails they sped away hearing only the answering croak of ravens from rock to rock, the rough voice of the cormorant among the lonesome gloom-wrapt pinnacles, and the low, sweet, sad crying of the sea.

Then too it was that clouds of dusky birds, returned from their fishing, began to hover over the island and settle for the night by the nests of their mates. How they must have marvelled to see the strange form of a human being among them up there! They flew by and around the lad in hundreds, their windy wings brushing his face, their eyes gleaming in the dark like lighted glass beads. But all was silent, there in the dark, save for the humming noise of innumerable wings. When the day is up, the clamor of the birds' crying would drown the voices of twenty men. All that long night the boy sat upon the naked rocks chilled with the winds which in the hottest summer weather in these northern lands at night are apt to be cool. And he had thrown off his coat before making the ascent. Sharp too was the hunger that he endured after his long row and the exhausting climb.

With the first morning-light every inmate of the

Cove was upon a narrow spit of land which lay on a level with the island's summit. There were men and women, boys and girls, all shouting cheering words to him. In the dawn-light he had gathered some gull' and ticklacs' eggs, these, as he knew, having less of the fishy tang than those of the guillemot or "tinker." Now, however, he was to be better provided for, as some of the men had succeeded in throwing cakes across the chasm. One likewise threw over a tin of matches in which he put some lead to carry it. This the boy caught just as it was rolling down the slope; and in a few moments smoke curled up, and he was roasting eggs at a fire built of grasses and the skeletons of birds. He shouted for water, for the morning was extremely hot, but the tin vessels thrown across rolled down the slope and were lost.

Meanwhile preparations were going on for his rescue. A large coil of rope obtained from a couple of fishing smacks during the night lay out by the brink of the precipice. The object sought was to get the end of this coil across the gulf. So a light but tough fishing line was fastened to an arrow, and this it was decided to shoot from a strong sapling bow. Once the end of the smaller line was across, the lad could draw over the rope fastening it around a rock; and those upon the mainland then throwing the coil over the precipice he would be enabled to descend.

It was a moment of breathless excitement as a fisherman bent the bow. Twang! and the line shot out; but the arrow faltered midway on its mission and fell down the abyss. It was drawn up and again shot, but without success. Then heavier saplings were bent, but the island was too far. And so many hours were spent till the spirits of the group began to fall.

"Papa," said a little brother of the boy, "if I had my kite, and there was wind enough, we could let it fly over the island till it was calm and fell." The boy had solved the difficulty.

Immediately some of the party repaired to the Cove and constructed two large kites which however did not reach the scene till some hours into the night. Then a portion returned homewards, but the mother could not be induced to stir, and she sat there upon a bare rock all night, now calling to her son to know if he were lonely, or asleep, or cold, then cheering him with hopeful words, and most of the time shedding silent tears.

The morning broke, showing a clear, brisk, cobalt sky, flecked with light clouds that seemed to be waiting for some high wind to set them scudding. But three or four hours dragged drearily on, the sun scorching hot, the poor lad tortured with thirst. All sorts of little vessels with water had been flung over, but had rolled down the steep. At last a large tin match-box made tight and securely fastened was thrown; and it clung in the long dark grass. The lad eagerly seized it and was much revived by the draught.

About noon the clouds suddenly began trooping from over the land toward the sea; and upon the firm breeze the kite went forth like a delivering angel. Out, out it went, till it stood over the middle of the island; onward still till it was over the sea; and the clouds of birds that keep up an incessant traffic between their island and the sea sheered away in terror from the rigid, ghost-like thing suspended in the air. If the kite came down now, the line would fall across the middle of the island; but the wind to the dismay of all was slowly veering taking it towards the south. This necessitated a northward movement by the holder of the line, while only about forty yards in such direction was possible. For here was the brink of a precipitous cliff forming a huge sea-bight. Pace by pace, the distance was lessened till the sun hung low, till the male birds began to rise from the

water to return for the night to the island, till only a few yards more remained from the brink.

Then almost suddenly the clouds ceased their racing, the glaring blue went out of the sky, and there was a "sunset calm." The kite began to waver, then to descend. Down, down it went till it lay like a white sea-bird on the myrtle-colored water. *The line hung across the island.* There was many a tear now, and many a prayer of thanks.

The boy lost no time. Seizing the line he drew the rope across, and getting the end he went with it to a stout pinnacle of rock around which he fastened it securely. Then, two men seizing the coil, and swinging it in and out from the brink till the highest momentum was reached, they launched it down the chasm. Immediately cries of triumph came from a party below in a boat, and those on the top knew that the rope had not fouled among the spurs in its descent. Just as the sun was disappearing the mother and the land-group saw the lad seize the rope and descend swiftly down, down the gloomy gulf till he disappeared from sight. Then there was a breathless silence which soon however broke into joyous cheers from below. The lad was saved.

That rope hung down the grim island-wall for some seasons till there came a winter of tremendous frost when the boulder to which it was fastened split, and fell down the gorge into the sea.



THROUGH SNOWY FIELDS.

THE USE OF IT.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEEVER.

COME on, Joe ; it's a pink of a day for a frolic in the woods. Father's started for the Station and I hid until he was off, I was so 'fraid he might leave me something extra to do. But I'm free for all day, so come on, I say ! ”

“ Can't, Ben.”

“ Why not ? ”

“ I must ride Black Harry around the pasture until he's tired and stops racing ; then I'm to ride him along the road as far as the Post-office.”

“ Well, if you must you must,” said Ben, “ but I'm sorry for a feller who can't have his freedom such a glory-fine day as this. By the way, Joe, did I tell you father's going to buy me a bicycle ? ”

“ You don't say ! ”

“ Yes, true as guns ! Can you go to-morrow morning to the woods if it's pleasant ? ”

“ No ; got to saw wood.”

“ Well, I declare ! What's the use of a fellow's having to hammer away at something in the way of work all the time ? Vacation too ! ”

“ I can do whatever I like all the long afternoons,” said Joe a little disconsolately ; “ but father thinks boys ought to learn to do all sorts of useful things.”

“ But what's the use ? ” asked Ben.

“ I suppose father knows ; and he says I will one of these days if I live. But arn't you the lucky boy to have a bicycle ! ”

A whoop interrupted them and two or three other boys appeared from around the corner ; bright-eyed, active-limbed and fairly dancing with fun and merriment were the new-comers as they accosted Joe and Ben in lively boy fashion :

“ Come on, Toodlewigs ! Hop around there, Bouncer ! We're off for a berry-picking, and our noon meal in the cool shadow of the berry bushes, where we shall dig a hole and roast some 'taters, pop some corn, and have a nice little racket all to ourselves.”

“ Joe can't go,” said Ben ; “ he's got to ride his majesty, the young Black Harry, round the lot till he's all fagged out, then take him to the Post-office for the mail.”

Joe laughed, but told the boys why he must remain on the place for at least two mornings.

“ Well, it's too bad,” said the merry boys ; “ but we must be off or the robins will get the berries before we arrive. Day, day, Joe, boy, a nice ride to you ! ”

Black Harry was a splendid young horse raised on the place ; somewhat strong-headed, fleet, but yet trustworthy if judiciously handled, else Dr. Benner had hardly given orders to his only son, fourteen-year-old Joe, to ride him around the lot until he was tired. The boy had been trained to the saddle from a child. He had also been carefully instructed as to the use of axe and saw, and many other tools ; also how to load and discharge a gun, to row, and manage a sail boat ; and the boy was a capital swimmer.

Dr. Benner was sometimes called an eccentric man, and so perhaps he was ; but those who knew the Doctor best considered him more sagacious than peculiar.

Joe's mother had died during his babyhood, and the Doctor realized as he once expressed it, that the boy would most likely be whatever by God's blessing he chose to make him, which he hoped ultimately would be a whole man ; so he had set conscientiously to work for that result.

“ Well done ! ” said the Doctor to himself, as pausing on his long round of calls he stopped for a moment at the wide pasture and peeped through the bushes.

“ Well done ! the boy manages his charger well and no mistake ! ”

Black Harry was literally tearing with leaps and bounds from one part of the pasture to the other ; occasionally a little stump would threaten to impede his progress, but with a frolicsome plunge he would leave it far behind, while the sturdy young rider who sat the animal with perfect ease would now and then draw a tighter rein or speak a word of command, when the bounding creature would obey at once as if in complete sympathy with his master's wishes.

At length, after a long season of headlong speed, Black Harry put on more style, as slackening his

pace he arched his long neck, and stepping high and daintily like Puss herself, at a signal from Joe, he easily leaped the low strip fence and pranced along the road in the direction of the Post-office.

Joe received the mail, and soon after stood watching his father in the study as he began examining his letters.

One missive proved to be a circular; and as Dr. Benner opened it, there appeared before Joe's longing eyes pictures of bicycles of most attractive form and style, the slender wheels seeming almost to roll and move. Joe spoke:

"Oh, father, how I do wish I could have a bicycle!"

"Well, why don't you have one, my son?"

"Are you really willing I should?" asked Joe delightedly.

"Certainly, my boy."

"And when may I get it?"

"Just as soon as you can earn it."

Joe's countenance fell. It had been a comparatively easy thing earning his money for the Fourth of July which was close at hand, as so many farmers had been glad of extra help during the early haying; but to earn the sum required to purchase a first-class bicycle — really that was too bad of his father.

"Ben Low's father is going to give him a bicycle," said Joe experimentally. "I think he's a wonderfully lucky fellow."

"Yes, I should think he was," said the Doctor without looking up from his reading.

"And Ben has all day to himself to spend as he likes," added Joe.

"When Ben gets his bicycle, you let me know how many hands high it is, will you?" said the Doctor dreamily.

"Yes, indeed I will!" Joe answered eagerly.

"And his father gives him no tasks, eh?"

"Well" — Joe hesitated — "Ben did say he hid until his father left the house this morning, for fear he might leave him a task."

"My son!" Dr. Benner suddenly woke up, his voice ringing, his glance sharp as a needle:

"My son! if for any reason I neglect to give you a task in the morning during your vacation or at any time hereafter, and you see anything you think ought to be done, I wish to feel I can rely on you to do it. I suppose I can trust you?"

"Yes, father, I think you can, I'm sure I want you to," he added with boyish sincerity.

"Very well," was the abrupt rejoinder; "by being faithful in little things, you may in time reap large rewards — and you may not. At all events an approving conscience will be found an exceeding benefit; but don't forget when Ben Low's father buys his bicycle to let me know just how many hands high it is. I shall be interested to hear," he added dryly.

Joe was vaguely conscious that his father's tone was a little incredulous, or mocking, or something of the kind; but he could not quite divine it, and soon forgot the impression entirely.

There was to be a Convention of medical men in the city thirty miles distant on the third of July. Excursion tickets were placed within the means of all wishing to avail themselves of an opportunity to profit by the occasion. Eminent physicians from all parts of the State would meet to compare facts and experiences well worth the hearing of those interested in medical lore or surgical skill.

Dr. Benner was to leave home on Wednesday morning, the third, expecting with many others to return on the afternoon of the Fourth of July; and on the next day, the fifth, the Doctor had been planning for a long time to take Black Harry to a Cattle Show and Horse Fair, and place the beautiful animal on exhibition for the day.

This time the Doctor left no extra tasks for Joe, remarking that as he was to have a holiday trip himself, Joe might pass the time as he thought best, provided nothing unforeseen should occur to demand his attention.

Straightway the merry boys fell to planning a grand picnic to take place on the Fourth. Fire crackers and punk had been purchased in abundance at the village store. Mrs. Merriam, Dr. Benner's housekeeper, was to make biscuit, chocolate cake, frosted cake and doughnuts, the other boys providing sandwiches, boiled eggs, lemons and sugar. And Joe and his friends went to bed in good season on Wednesday night in anticipation of the next day's sport.

Thursday was bright and beautiful. Joe felt in no haste as the party was not to start very early. He ate his breakfast leisurely, then packed his basket, and having bade Mrs. Merriam a joyous "good-by," started out to meet the other boys.

He sped over the lawn in front of the house, and

was darting across the pasture when a loud whinny close by caused him to stop a moment. Black Harry came slowly up, then mutely held up one hoof from which the shoe was hanging nearly off.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Joe impatiently, "what made you show that to me now, Harry? I can't help you, old boy, indeed I can't — I can't!" he repeated despairingly as the exact situation forced itself upon him with vexing rapidity.

John, the Doctor's man, had already availed himself of Dr. Benner's permission to make a little visit on his own account, expecting to meet his master at the depot in the afternoon. The only other man, a farm hand, was not to be trusted with the romping Harry, and Joe knew only too well it would be a great disappointment to his father should anything prevent his taking the horse to the Fair early the next morning.

What could be done!

The blacksmith was two miles away, and a horse could almost never be shod short of an hour, and oftener not for two or three hours after reaching the smithy's, unless taken early in the morning, "and it'll be just the same Fourth o' July or no Fourth o' July!" said poor Joe desperately.

What could be done!

To give up the picnic and his Fourth of July — his Independence Day frolic — just for Black Harry's shoe seemed too hard to contemplate for a moment; and just then a "whoop-a-la," burst on the lad's ear and there was Ben Low and the rest of the party, baskets in hand, all ready for a start.

Instantly there flashed through Joe's mind a recollection of the decided words his father had spoken only a few days before, about relying on him to do anything he thought ought to be done whether the task was given him or not; the sight of Ben Low had seemed somehow to revive the conversation, and on the instant he also remembered his father's permission to pass his time as he thought best, provided nothing unforeseen should occur to demand his attention.

And although his father had allowed that reward might possibly attend the faithful performance of duty, Joe was too much accustomed to obeying from principle to do so from any other motive.

There was a sharp, brief conflict; then Joe turned resolutely towards his friends:

"I can't go, boys."

"Why? Why? Why, I should like to know?" cried one of his companions.

"Do not my ears deceive my eyesight!" exclaimed another tragically.

"He's mad! Great Hercules, yes! His senses do now forsake him!" cried a third striking a stagey attitude.

But the facts were briefly explained, and the disgusted boys finally convinced that Joe was in earnest.

Ben Low turned petulantly away with a familiar question: "Well, I say, Old Scruples, what's the use? S'pose it'll ever pay, being so awfully conscientious?"

"Time'll tell," said Joe cheerily, and beginning to whistle to keep up heart as they all turned away.

Joe remembered that his father had said he wished whoever went next to the blacksmith's would take the hatchet and have an edge put to it. He took it from the tool-chest, then unpacked his basket, making a smaller parcel containing a good lunch, and having been duly petted and pitied by motherly Mrs. Merriam, and telling her he might not return for several hours, he soon started off, riding Black Harry carefully, that the graceful creature might not grow lame from travelling too rapidly without a shoe.

Now and then he thought with a twinge of regret of his lost holiday sport, but after a long, hot ride over the country roads and through quite a stretch of woods, he at last reached the blacksmith's where it seemed as if every fine horse for miles around was awaiting his turn to be shod.

The day would have been a trying one but for the fact that Joe, being an enterprising, intelligent lad, fond of seeing what was going on and learning something new if possible, became interested in watching the men at their work. He liked to see the fiery sparks fly from the forge; liked to see the grinding wheel go swiftly round gradually sharpening the dull edge; and there was not a little diversion in listening to the remarks and opinions of the different ones who had a horse to be shod or an axe to be ground.

At four o'clock in the afternoon Joe started for home thinking he would go around by the railroad.

One topic of conversation at the smithy's that day had attracted his attention more than any other, and had impressed him unpleasantly. Con-

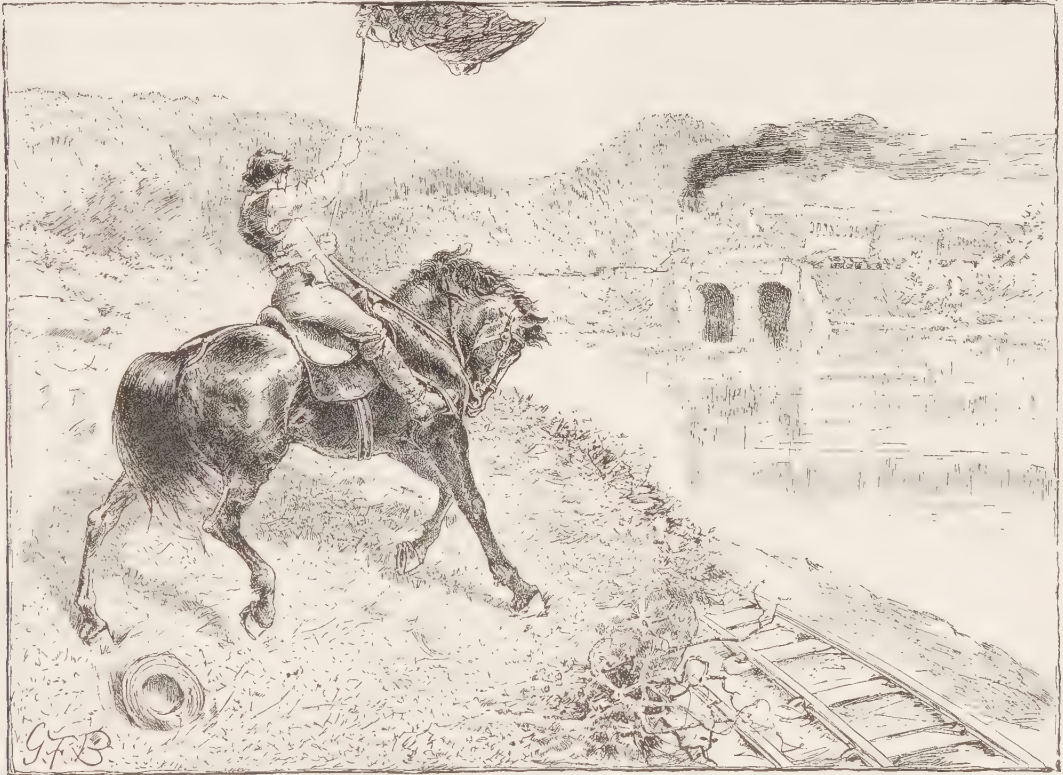
siderable had been said about the ponderously long train which was to bring the doctors home, leaving them at different towns all along the county, and how the time and signals had been arranged with great accuracy to give the Excursion train ample time to avoid the regular Express.

"Wall, I s'pose Benjamin Low ought to know what he's 'bout," said a burly countryman, "but I tell you it's resky business, this switchin' an' signallin' great crowded trains. Wants a man o'

Black Harry firmly shod, and impatient after standing still so long, it was the merest run.

So with the nicely sharpened hatchet across his lap away sped Joe, and in a very short time he came unexpectedly upon the switch-tender himself lying flat by the side of the station in a heavy sleep.

In vain Joe shouted and called. The man could not or would not waken. Joe grew cold with a strange anxiety and apprehension. The



JOE FLAGS THE TRAIN.

stiddy habits and clear brains to keep his wits about him, and not make any mistakes, I tell *you!*"

There was general concurrence in the man's views, and Joe noted the fact with an uneasy sensation. It seemed there must be a lurking suspicion or knowledge of possible unfaithfulness on past occasions, regarding Ben Low's father, yet he must have been considered trustworthy to be left with such great responsibility.

The switch-tender's little station was still two miles farther away from home; but mounted on

place was very lonely; he had passed but a single habitation during his two miles' ride, and that about midway, fully a mile back. It would be hard work summoning aid.

Hastily slipping from Black Harry's back, he secured him, then grasping Mr. Low by the shoulder he shook him as vigorously as he could.

The sleeper roused himself a little and gazed stupidly at Joe's face.

"Is the switch all right?" called Joe.

"You — fix — switch," he mumbled.

"I say!" Joe called again, "wake up, Mr. Low, wake up, I tell you! Two loaded trains are coming along in half an hour! Are the switches attended to, and the signals all right?"

"You — see — sig'alls." Then the poor drunken man fell flat again overcome by the fatal drowsiness.

Joe realized the exact situation and set his sharp boy's wits to work. He himself was ignorant of switches and signals. There was not a moment to lose; he must stop that incoming train. But how?

For three precious minutes he thought intently, then exclaimed excitedly, "Yes, I have it!" Springing into the saddle he put Black Harry to his utmost speed.

A mile ahead, still following the track, was a high knoll; if only he could gain that point and rig up some kind of a signal, he might warn them in time, his precious father among the rest — he *must* do it!

He reached the spot, again fastened Black Harry, then climbed wrist over wrist the first low-branched tree he came to, firmly grasping the hatchet in one hand.

"Luckiest thing in creation I happened to have this hatchet along," he said aloud, as he began chopping off a long, firm branch.

It was dexterously done and hatchet and branch were dropped to the ground just as the Excursion train whistled at the next station beyond. In five or six minutes more she would pass the spot where Joe was waiting.

Would they see him if he remained on the ground? No; he must mount Black Harry, holding him with one hand, and his signal in the other, then trust to his horsemanship and skill in coaxing and commanding to control the mettlesome animal when the train should come thundering around.

Tearing off his checked blouse, he tied it firmly with his handkerchief to the end of the long, willowy pole, and mounting Black Harry, he waved his signal aloft as the train came with a swoop and a roar around the curve, only quarter of a mile distant.

Black Harry plunged and reared, but obeyed astonishingly the peremptory voice of his young master, as the rushing thing came on. In his excitement as the train swept by, Joe not only waved his signal wildly, but shouted at the top of his strong young voice:

"Stop! Oh stop! For Heaven's sake, stop, I say!" Then he heard the sharp alarm whistle, saw the brakeman hastily twisting the metals, and still waving his signal high in air, he raced after the slackening train.

An hour later, when the danger was past, but fully realized, the grateful passengers from both rescued trains were forcing upon Joe's acceptance a generous gift hastily collected; the spontaneous expression of their admiration of the boy's pluck and of their thankfulness; but his father held him back.

The Doctor's shrewd eyes were decidedly moist as he asked for the third time in his dry, characteristic way, viewing the purse as if it were a natural curiosity:

"But what could he do with it — a lad like him who has a father?"

"Do with it?" roared a wealthy farmer from up country, who in company with his son, a young physician, had attended the convention; "do with it? Why, man alive! let him buy peanuts with it if there is nothing else he wants more, but don't say a fellow sha'n't give a little thank-offering for the savin' o' his life and only son's, let alone there bein' several scores of us alive and whole, as might a-been crushed to atoms, but-for this young hero o' yours!"

The speech so loud at first ended in a tremble.

"Might as well give in, Doctor, for this once," said another old gentleman; "we couldn't rest in our beds to-night if the boy went unrewarded."

And the Doctor had to give in, because the people would have their way; and they went off leaving their gift in Joe's hands.

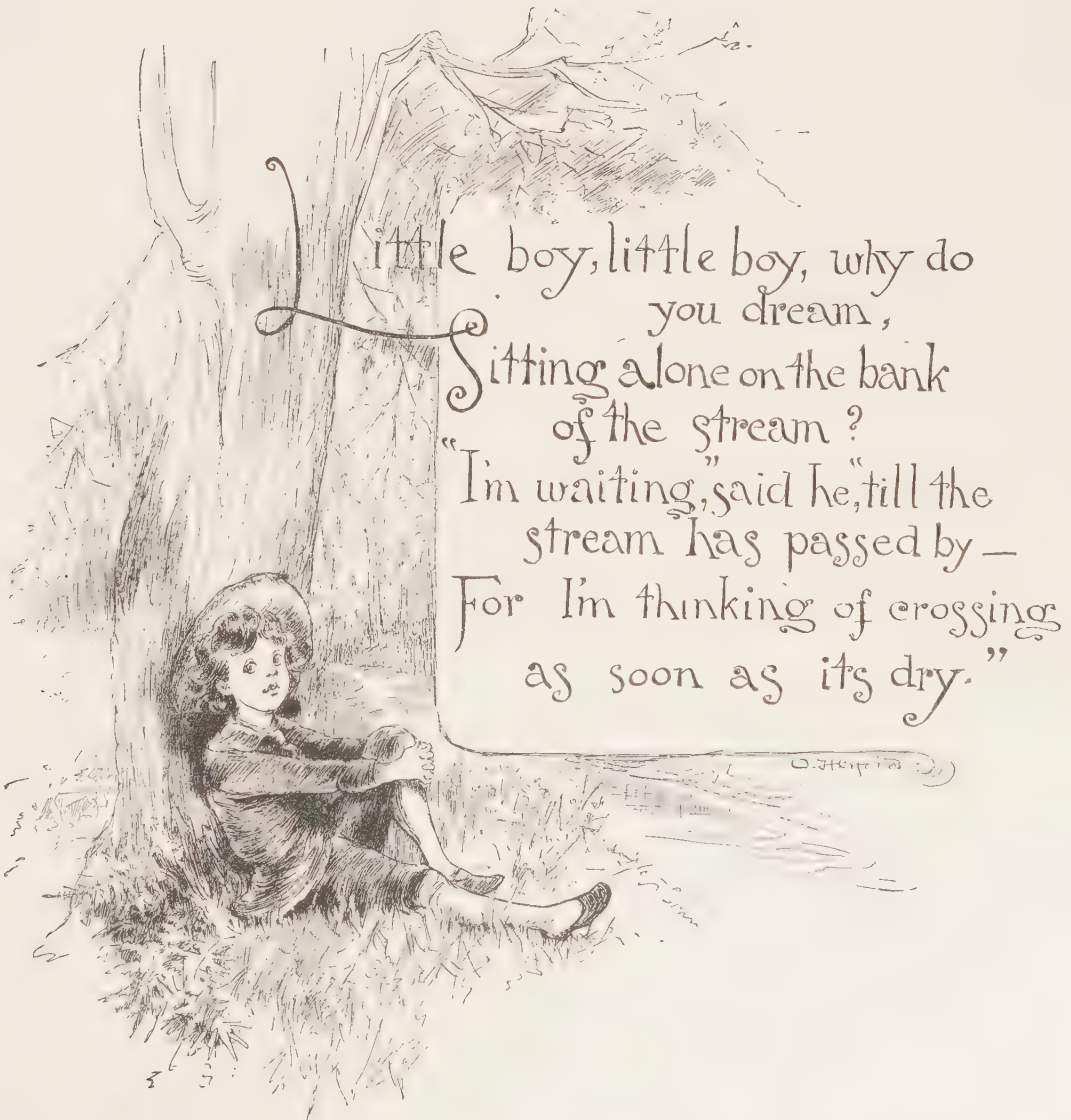
That night, after recounting the events of the day to his father, Joe added: "I suppose I can use some of my present for a bicycle, can't I?"

"No; my son," said Dr. Benner, laying his hand on Joe's knee, "no, my boy, the Bank will be the best place for that at present. I hardly approved that way of rewarding a simple act of humanity, but not wishing to wound the feelings of one who waved my own inclinations in the matter. But I shall buy you a bicycle myself in a day or two, because I think — well — I think, my boy, all things considered, you have *earned* one. You lost your holiday sport, but saved your honor as to trustworthiness."

Then he added with his occasional startling energy: "But I want to tell you one thing, my child, Benjamin Low was once before found sleeping at his post. It was a long time ago, and people began to feel assured he would not be guilty of like infidelity a second time. But if in your youth you yield to temptation of *that* kind, I doubt if in your manhood you are either loyal to duty, or possess so much as a thimbleful of pluck. And I

don't believe a son of yours would own a bicycle half a hand high — remember that, my boy!

"And as to the *use* of faithfulness in little things: Well, if you had let Black Harry go without his shoe and risked disappointing me to-morrow, it is doubtful whether you and father would be talking safely and contentedly with each other to-night as we are doing — extremely doubtful, Joe."



THE BIG VARMIN'T ON THE "HEIGH-HO."

John Willis Hays

JUST where the wild Cheowah empties its water into the Tennessee River there rises a high and rugged mountain which modern geographers have called Christie's Peak, but known in the vernacular as the Heigh-ho. Its loftiness is not peculiar; perhaps it is excelled in this respect by the Great Smokies and those heights of the Unaka which rise near by. But around its summit and extending down upon the western slopes are vast jungles of laurel which render the peak very difficult of access. These places are known as "slicks" or, more usually still, as "hells." The latter name is due to the belief that if once a man is lost in those mazes he can never again get out. The hunter who has rightly followed the winding path through the laurels till he stands at its end upon the bald peak is apt to breathe that sigh of relief which has given the great mountain its name. In former days these dense thickets abounded in game. Only bears and deer remain abundant, but sometimes yet a severe winter will bring wolves from the mountain into the valley settlements, and occasionally a hunter returns from the depth of the jungle with a panther's skin.

Upon a certain night in last October a party of lads might have been heard as they wound their way through the forest along the foot of this mountain. Sometimes their voices came calling to a comrade who could not be seen in the darkness, then laughter perhaps as an unlucky one stumbled along the difficult path, anon the peculiar "*yo-ho-o-wee yo-ho!*" gave vent to the fulness of youthful lungs and spirits. And now again it is laughter long and loud for the *clinky-clank, clinky-clank* of cow-bells is added to the noise of voices, and some one is telling once more how old man Daniels last week fooled the stranger who was fishing with him on Santeetla creek.

"Youins low'd thet feller war the revenue a-nosing round," he had said that evening as they sat in front of the store, "an' I don't 'spute thet word yit; but thar never war a revenuer here afo' as war so sot on fishin'."

Then Daniels had told the men and boys how the stranger tied a bell to the end of his fishing-rod when he lay down to sleep that night by Santeetla, and all through the night when the bell tinkled he would spring from his warm blanket by the camp fire to pull the trout-line from the water. Time and again he pulled at the ringing of the bell—but somehow that trout always eluded him. The fire was moved on the "yon side" of a log, he changed his hook and flies, he did all that his knowledge of fish could suggest, but after a sleepless night morning had found him without even a minnow to fry for his breakfast.

"I reckon now," the old man added as he finished his story, "ef thet stranger know'd as what war the medjer o' thet fish thar would be a disturbment on this mounting."

Then leaning his chair back against the logs of the store he had smoked and chuckled while his auditors were slowly comprehending the joke that had been played upon the unsuspecting stranger.

Again and again the laughter arose in the forest as the boys repeated to each other what the old man had said, and pictured him as he lay *snoring* in his blanket, reaching meanwhile with his foot for the rod and dangling bell.

The clatter of cow-bells sounded again along the dark pathway, now clinking slowly as though the animals were grazing, now rattling in full gallop as if a bear had been scented in the bushes by the wayside.

Now through an opening in the woods a clearing is seen below, and in its midst the black outline of mountain cabin. The sound of merriment has ceased. Five dark objects glide like phantoms into the open field. The shadow of the mountain fills the valley, but the rustling corn tells of a ripening harvest. Out of the darkness comes the gurgle of flowing water, and the drops of dew grown heavy upon the leaves fall now and then like footsteps. No other sound is heard and only the sparkle of starlight thrown back by the dripping corn relieves the blackness.

But presently this stillness was broken by the violent rustling of corn as some hungry animal seemed to tear away the shucks and tender fodder. Then the clatter of a cow-bell sounded not far from the cabin door joined with the deep sullen bellowing of a bull. There was, too, a pawing and stamping of hoofs upon the gravel path near by, and further off another animal was heard struggling in the deep mud which the recent rains had made between the corn-rows, and mingling with the rattle of its bell sounds that seemed strangely human.

The cabin was as yet dark and silent, but as the noise of pillaging continued a muffled voice was presently heard calling as from the depth of a feather bed. "Bill! Bill!" it said, "git outhar, the cows air in the corn!" Had a neighbor been nigh he would have recognized the voice of the joker who had played with the sanguine fisherman. The next moment a portly figure clad with a single garment plunged through the cabin door and with yell and whoop dashed into the corn towards a clanking bell. But the beast was wary and off it ran from the pursuing voice snorting, bellowing, and seeming to tear the corn to pieces in its mad career. Meanwhile Bill joined the old man, and together they followed the tell-tale bell whooping, screaming and throwing stones. This way and that plunged the frightened beast through the rattling blades and spattering mud, over briers and stumps and bushes. "Head him off thar, Bill! Head him off!" cried the old man as the animal started back again towards the high fence, but never pausing the frightened creature seemed to take the ten bars at a leap. "One out!" he said, and paused for breath. "It's Jink's big black steer," he added, "I know'd him by his bell; but Lord! how he kin jump!"

But there was no time for resting. Bells were clanking on the other side of the field and the rattle of shucks could be heard as if the hungry beasts were tearing down the tender ears. Man and boy were drenched now with the dew from the corn and the chill night air struck through their thin attire, but as the whole year's labor was about to be lost since all the cows in the valley seemed in the cornfield, on they ran through briers and mud and drenching dew.

By this time the noise has aroused another inmate of the cabin and a ghostly figure standing in the doorway was adding its shrill voice to the

tumult without. But presently a bell sounded in the "garden-patch" near by and the crunching of brittle leaves told of havoc among the collards. The white phantom no longer hesitated but seizing a handy broom plunged out into the darkness and the collards adding its shrill "Sho thar! Sho!" to the cries of the men.

Round and round the field they followed the snorting beasts, whooping, screaming, yelling, till the clamor startled the echoes about the peaks and frightened the bears and deer for miles around.

Yet not once had they overtaken the cows. Sometimes they would seem almost upon them in the darkness when suddenly the bells would be silent — to rattle again presently in a distant part of the field. Once more they were running through the corn when by chance the old man's foot was placed into a miry spot between the long plowed ridges, and stumbling, plunging forward, he fell full length into the soft slushy muck. "Oh! ough! O-u-g-h!" was heard as he fell, and then other muffled ejaculations as he slid out of the cold mud and joined the two who had turned to aid him. Not a bell could now be heard. The cattle, seemingly satisfied, had left the field in a body.

Wet and cold the tired three trudged back to the cabin.

The next morning as soon as it was light the old man with many misgivings at heart went out with Bill to examine the corn and discover the extent of damage done. But though they examined well not a shoot was found broken, not an ear torn down from the stalk. What manner of cattle were there! And where did they enter? The gate was fastened and the fence was high. In vain they searched for the print of hoofs. But what is that! The fresh track of a shoe! Not their own, for none of them had paused the previous night to put on shoes. And there is another, and another! And yonder is the print of the big nails in Jake Calloway's shoes. Yes, Jake, the old man remembered, was at the store yesterday and heard him tell the joke on the fisherman.

Ah! Now he understands. The "revenuer" is avenged. The old man threw his hat upon the ground and struck the unoffending fence with his clenched fist.

That afternoon Jake Calloway with four companions passed along the mountain path towards

the cross-roads store. The boys were going down to procure bags previous to a nutting expedition upon the mountain. When they reached the store they found a crowd of men talking excitedly. After trading some beeswax for chestnut-bags the lads paused to listen. Two of the men, it seemed, while hunting that morning near the top of the Heigh-ho had come upon fresh traces of the large panther which several times in the last few months had been trailed upon the mountain. The bear-dogs had followed it some distance through the open woods but when the trail entered the laurel had refused to go further. The men were trying now to make up a large party who would go after the beast on the following day with the trained dogs and hunt it through the jungle until it should be found and killed. The hunters were excited. Such a large panther, they declared, had not been seen in these mountains since the war; one of them thought it would measure nine feet. They agreed that it was unsafe for a man to go alone on the "yan side o' the mounting" while such a varmint was at large, and the sooner it was hunted down and killed the better it would be for that neighborhood.

When it was known that the boys, in order to be fresh for their work in the morning, proposed camping on the mountain that night, some of the men objected, declaring it "too resky a thing for a lot o' young 'uns ter lay out up thar without no we'pons." But the old hunters said there was no danger of the panther coming down on that side of the mountain, as the "stamping-ground," where the boys were going to camp, was out of the usual range of wild varmints. They cautioned them however for safety to build a large fire. Several of the boys thought it best to put off the nut-gathering till after to-morrow's hunt, and Jake himself would have preferred doing so, but since they had started he was unwilling to seem afraid. He declared in a boastful voice that no varmint could scare him off that mountain, and that he would go if he went alone; he would just like to see that big panther walking around anyway. No boy wishes to be thought a coward, and in the end Jake's four companions agreed to follow him. As they turned to leave the store they noticed for the first time another acquaintance seated upon an up-turned keg where he had been listening silently to all that was said. The sight of Bill's stolid face

seemed to amuse the boys, for going outside they poked one another in the ribs and laughed and whooped till they rolled about on the ground.

Presently the men separated and went towards their homes to prepare for the morrow's hunt; the storekeeper, thanking his stars that all customers were gone, filled his pipe and moved outside in the shade for a comfortable smoke; the laughter and shouts of the lads grew fainter and fainter as they climbed the mountain till their voices were blended and lost in the gurgle of Santeetla. But still the boy within, solemn and silent, had not moved from his place. Suddenly Bill jumped up.

When Jake and his companions sat around their camp fire at the stamping-ground that night the talk naturally turned upon the "big varmint." Mose Hoss "low'd 'twa'n't nothin' but a wolf as the dorgs had trailed, an' thet was why they wouldn't go into the laurel when put onter the trail; everybody know'd thet a dorg war afeard ter foller a ole he-wolf into close quarters." But the father of another of the lads had been on the varmint's trail about a month before and when night came on he had heard a sound in the woods that was not made by a wolf; his dogs heard it too and slunk behind him growling and showing their teeth. The old man had left in a hurry. "Dad low'd he'd fit any varmint on legs in the daytime," added the boy, "but he wa'n't honin' arter a painter-fight in the dark."

"They say them varmints do chaw a man right up, hat an' clo's an' all, when they onct gits onter him," remarked another.

"I hearn tell," said Mose, "as how thar wa'n't nothin' left o' the Injun 'oman, as the painter caught on Snowbird, but her feet."

Jake moved around uneasily and added fuel to the roaring fire, and with brands he kindled several more. The rest of the party were seated upon their blankets, but as they talked they drew nearer the blazing fire and sat closer together, warily eying the uncertain shadows without.

"I ain't afeard o' no varmints nor nothin'," explained Jake, as he piled the fagots upon the fires he had kindled, "but I low it's goin' ter turn cold afo mornin'."

"Varmints don't hurt folks," he continued, thinking the silence of his companions implied doubt as to the change in the weather, "varmints don't hurt

folks, an' all these tales you hear on air jes made up. A b'ar runs like a rabbit for a man, unless yer hit him. Didn't old Berrie Norton corner one on the ledge at Whiteside mountain an' skeer him into jumpin' over the cliff jes by lookin' at him an' growlin'? He sholy did. An' thar's Mister Waterhouse in Georgy as stood an' ijit boy an' an 'other dog to keep a varmint treed one mornin' afo light while he went arter his gun, an' when he come back about sun-up thet thar ijit war a-flinging rocks at a catamount ter keep him up thet tree. Yer can't skeer me!" Jake was growing brave. "I wouldn't be afeard," he continued, "ter walk all over this mounting at night by my —" With a sudden cry of fright the boaster dropped into the midst of his companions. A dark object had dived out of the darkness from above and brushed quickly past his head. But it was only an owl attracted by the firelight. Jake remained silent and those near him felt his limbs shaking with fright. His companions relieved the tension upon their nerves by hearty laughter.

"Jake ain't afeard o' a b'ar nor a painter," said one. "but he don't want no owel in hisen."

"The critter came so suddint," Jake explained, "I low'd it war a limb a-fallin' on me."

"I hearn tell," said Mose, "as how them owels a-comin' means bad luck."

After some farther talk the boys rolled up in their blankets leaving Jake to attend to the fires awhile till one of them should relieve him. It was not long before their heavy breathing told the watcher that they were unmindful of the night and the big varmint on the mountain. Jake whistled a tune and tried to forget the animal the hunters had trailed. The old men said it would never come down on that ridge, so what was the use of thinking and worrying about it. He recalled the sport of the previous night and made an effort to laugh as he thought of old man Daniels and Bill and the old lady running through the wet corn in their clothes and floundering about in the mud. But still he could not shake off the thought of the big varmint and the Indian woman who had been killed over in Snowbird valley. Occasionally an owl fluttered by and startled him! Or if the fugitive boomer rustled the leaves he fancied some large object could be seen stirring among the shadows. He rose nervously and piled brush upon the fires wondering if the panther would pass

through them should it come, yet fearing lest the bright light might draw the beast down from its haunts in the laurel. It would be some time before he could wake another watcher and meanwhile he sat peering into the darkness around and listening to the sounds of the night. How lonely it was. Across the river yonder was the hazy outline of the Cheowah mountains touched by the moonlight. Far beneath was the valley dark with hill-shadows. All were sleeping down there. Nowhere was seen the light of a friendly fire. The muffled sound of the river came up to him roaring along its rocky bed a mile below. The boy rested his head upon his knees and listened. It seemed almost like the moaning of a human voice; but as he listened the sound grew far away; he forgot that he was upon the mountain; it seemed now like the murmuring of the wind through the pine tree that grew by the cabin door at home, and presently that too died away, for the weary boy was asleep.

How long he slept he never knew but it probably was near midnight when he and his companions found themselves suddenly awake and upon their feet. "What was that?" "Did you hear it?" "Where was it?" were the rapid questions they put to each other. They stood huddled together like frightened sheep, for the fires had burned down and only the red embers remained. Had they heard a sound indeed? Yes, all knew that some loud noise had been made near them, but what it was or whence it came none could tell. "Git some bresh an' pile on," said Jake in a whisper, "case it mout be thet varmint."

But while each was hesitating to venture into the darkness a scream, clear and distinct, was heard on the mountain not far above them. It was the cry of a panther. That was the noise they had heard. Without a word they turned and bounded down the trail towards the valley. Perhaps the beast had not scented them and they might get away before it would find their camp or cross their trail. Indeed this was their only chance since their fires were dead and they were without weapons. Again the panther's cry sounded behind them, this time nearer. Surely it was upon their trail. On they bounded down the mountain side, shunning the trees by the pale light that fell through the foliage, but stumbling in the roots that cross the water-worn path and falling over stones that could not be seen in the darkness. Again and again the scream

of the panther was heard, adding each time fresh energy to their muscles. Every moment it was getting nearer; the boys could hear the pebbles rattling now in the path above as the beast followed fast along their trail. It was gaining on them rapidly and nothing, it seemed, could prevent it from supping upon one of them.

Mose Hoss was fat and already had fallen some distance behind his more agile comrades. As he ran he sobbed with fright calling to them to wait

the shadow, but the boys plainly heard its panting as it paused upon the bank. Several times they saw it more distinctly when it moved into the moonlight. It was a large animal. Once they fancied it reared upon its hind legs and then it seemed as high as a man. They feared the beast would follow them into the water, and they stood listening and watching in terror. But after moving through the brush some moments it seemed to lay down upon a flat rock near the bank.



MOMENTARILY THEY EXPECTED THE ANIMAL TO FOLLOW.

for him. "Take ter the river!" shouted Jake, for by this time they were running along the river's edge, and evidently the panther would overtake them in a few minutes more. Headforemost they plunged into the icy water and, half swimming, half wading, struggled out through the swift current to the middle of the stream. A moment more and a heavy body bounded through the crackling bushes to the water's edge and seemed to stand looking across the river. The animal was but faintly seen in

Now that the boys were rested somewhat from their run they began to consider how best to get away. They were standing waist-deep in the water, which running down from among the mountains was very cold. The panther was watching them from one bank while rising from the river's edge on the other were steep cliffs many feet high. It is impossible to scale these cliffs on account of the deep water-worn cavities at their base and they extend for a long distance around the foot of the

Heigh-ho. The lads stood with difficulty in the swift current. Already their teeth were chattering with cold. Something must be done, for certainly they could not remain in the river all night, and even if they could stand there till morning help might not appear, for their folks would suppose them gathering chestnuts, and the hunt that was planned for the morrow would not come on that side of the mountain. Jake finally proposed they should sink into the water and swim down with the current until they should elude the panther or find a rift in the rocky wall through which they might climb up the opposite bank.

One by one they dropped noiselessly down the stream with only their heads above water. No sound was heard upon the bank, but as Mose looked back he fancied he saw the dark form of the beast rear up upon its hind legs as if to watch them. But he was uncertain. It was so dark that not once had they seen plainly their pursuer and what he saw now might have been only a stump rooted near the river.

For half a mile they went down the stream; now swimming where the water was deep, now wading over the shallows, swept off their feet by the rapids, plunging under again and again as they stepped unwarily into the deepening water. Frequently they paused and listened. Sometimes in their fear they fancied a crackling sound came from the brush along the river bank, but the sound of a panther's tread they knew could not have been heard in the midst of the running water. All of them were numbed now with cold and nearly exhausted by their struggle with the swift current, and yet no opening had appeared in the rocky wall. But presently a line of dark objects was seen stretching across the river below them, and Jake remembered then that upon those boulders the hunters frequently crossed the river to the Cheowah mountains. There is no rift in the wall at this place, nor is it lower than elsewhere, but many years ago the hunters in order to utilize this natural crossing chipped out foot rests in the rocky wall by means of which an active man may climb to the bank above. The boys carefully scanned the boulders along the stream to be sure that the panther had not followed them and listened intently for any warning noise in the shrubbery. Nothing

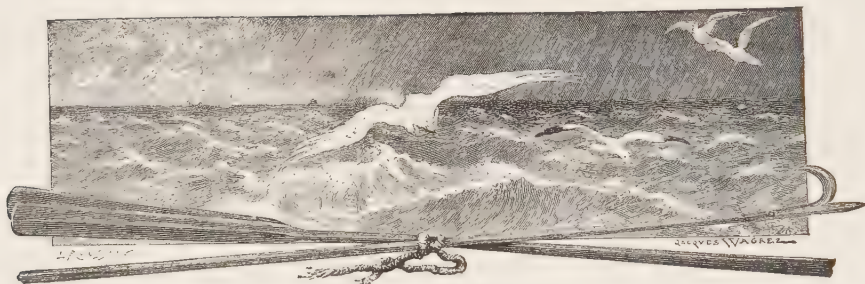
was heard but the sound of the water pouring between the great "stepping-stones" scattered across the river. Surely they had escaped from their pursuer and they were half tempted to get out upon the level bank. For so numbed were they with the icy water that it was doubtful if they could climb up on the worn steps.

Crawling up on a boulder at the foot of the cliff they rested a moment considering which way to go. The night air blowing over their dripping garments chilled them worse than the cold water of the river had done, and without waiting longer they determined to re-cross the river and try to run on down to their homes before the panther should discover any trace of them. Just as they were moving over, a dark body sprang from the bushes out upon a boulder in the river and seemed to pause there and watch them approaching. The animal was seen indistinctly in the imperfect light, but instantly the boys knew it was their enemy and turning quickly began to spring from rock to rock back towards the notched way up the cliff. Momentarily they expected the animal to follow and Jake who was now behind was ready to plunge once more into the rushing water. But if they could only get upon the cliff they would be safe.

Three of the boys were already in the notches ascending, while Jake and another were waiting impatiently below, when the animal on the other side seemed suddenly to realize that its prey was escaping and uttering its peculiar cry came leaping from stone to stone towards them. The next lad caught upon the rock and began to climb upward, and close behind him followed Jake. The beast was almost upon them. Scarcely was the boy beyond its reach when it bounded upon the boulder at the foot of the cliff and seemingly enraged at the escape of its prey gave a yell such as no panther had ever uttered. Perhaps it was this startling cry that unnerved him, or perhaps his fingers had grown numb with cold, but Jake was not yet half-way up the cliff when his hold loosened upon the rock and with a cry of terror he fell back into the water. As he came to the surface he was seized and dragged upon the rock.

"I reckon' youins is got enough o' foolin' now?" the big varmint said.

It was Bill.



JACK'S FIRST CRUISE.

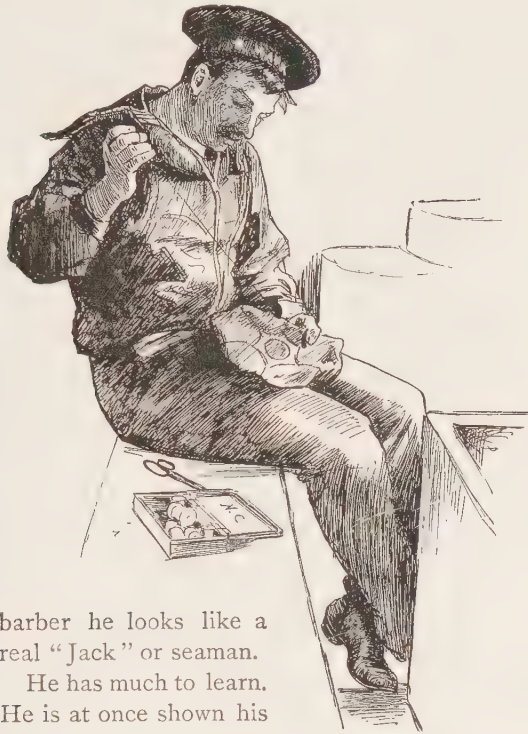
Wayne Whipple

THE naval cadets at Annapolis are important personages in the eyes of their plain citizen friends at home. The newspapers rather delight in chronicling their escapades; but it is well to know the truth, which is, that for every "lark" after "taps" when he should "turn in" and go to sleep, this much-envied cadet is sure to find himself standing sentinel on the *Santee*, the prison-ship and one of the practice-ships of the Academy. And if he has ever imagined himself as the favorite of the Secretary of the Navy or of some admiral or commodore he quickly learns that his business is to become efficient in his country's service and that to do this he has a great deal of hard work before him. He puts on old clothes — not even wearing his "fatigue" uniform — he makes patterns, he patches mammoth boilers, he helps drag huge howitzers over the government-farm in sham battles with the marines, he tests guns and makes the most abstruse computations upon the velocity of certain projectiles.

Though the American navy is small in comparison with those of some of the monarchies of Europe, not every boy who desires to lead "a life on the ocean wave," can become an officer. But there are practice-ships for boys who are content to become "able seamen." Runaway boys, however, are not accepted in the naval service. "Uncle Sam" has given notice that his war-vessels are neither penitentiaries nor reform-schools.

The candidate is first asked to show papers signed by his father or other guardian signifying a full consent that the boy shall become a sailor and agreeing to the length and terms of his apprenticeship. The applicant is then examined as to his intelligence, aptness, habits and moral training. If this examination be satisfactory he is stripped by the ship's surgeon who gives him a rigid physical test. If he be fortunate enough to be pronounced strong, healthy and of good size, he is supplied with his sailor-clothes, which consist of a "pea-jacket" or short overcoat, a "frock," or

flannel shirt, and trousers. Having donned his new blue suit, and had his hair cut by the ship's



HIS OWN HATTER.

barber he looks like a real "Jack" or seaman.

He has much to learn. He is at once shown his gun, mess and hammock and is known on board by the number upon these. He is instructed how to "muster at quarters," or report beside the bright ship's cannon in company with the rest of a squad appointed to keep this piece of ordnance always in order and to attend to "tackling" and firing it during an engagement. This small company is called a "gun-crew." Each cannon has a crew, each crew a captain.

He is also instructed in reference to "muster on deck" for various occasions; to receive general orders from the captain or other officer in charge; for religious service on Sunday, or to witness a court martial, or for fire-quarters.

The fire-alarm, so common in the city that it is daily heard with indifference, is more terrible on shipboard than a storm at sea. Here, fighting the fire is fighting for life. In spite of the dangers of a conflagration on board no one is allowed to ring the fire bell but the ship's cook, whose authority is not confined to the kitchen, but he is an officer on deck, having general charge of the welfare of all

on board. Whoever discovers the fire, then runs for the cook who sounds the alarm. At this signal the crews muster at fire-quarters. They are as well trained as any city fire company, and their personal danger and their life of hazard renders each sailor an efficient fireman.

Jack soon learns that order is the man-of-war's first law. Every part of the ship is kept clean. The decks are "holy-stoned" every morning. The "bright-work" is polished daily, and woe betide the luckless tar who leaves anything out of place! It is quickly seized and crammed into the "lucky bag" for future disposal. Poor Jack who loses his "pea-jacket" is in trouble. If he refuse to claim it, the lynx-eyed officer will miss it from his bag on his next round of inspection. Each sailor has a clothes-bag which bears the same number as his hammock and which he is obliged to have regularly inspected. If any article be missed the loser is ordered to stand extra watch for weeks or "toe a seam" for hours. Should Jack claim it at once from the "lucky bag," he will have to do the same. He is in a dilemma. He would rather pay the penalty and keep the jacket than suffer coatless. So he calls out to the officer in charge that the pea-jacket is his, and secretly vows never to be careless again.

Among the "first things" Jack has to learn is the art of obedience without "words." Any reply, or attempt at explanation — to say "I beg pardon," or "I didn't mean" — is inexcusable in the eyes of the "old salt." To be civil is to be silent no matter what Jack is charged with. One who will "report" even an enemy to save himself from unjust punishment is pronounced a sneak by common consent among seamen. On this account the marines, or soldiers on board a man-of-war, are hated by the crew. Their duties, when not in an engagement, are like those of city police. They are regarded as spies by the tars who call them "sojers" in contempt. They have a maxim which runs thus: "A messmate before a shipmate, a shipmate before a stranger, a stranger before a dog, and a dog before a 'sojer.'"

If young Jack enter the navy for the purpose of visiting "foreign parts," he is often disappointed. He may instead "ship" to Central America in the heat of summer, and have to cruise along a malarial shore on which it would be death to land. In

the not very remote past his destination has been considered to be "none of his business," and he has not been told to what port he was bound. But this custom is relaxing and Jack is now humanely permitted to know where his letters may be addressed and if there be a change of route his mail is promptly forwarded to the proper port by the naval authorities.

Often, too, while anchored in a foreign port the officers alone are permitted to go ashore and all that poor Jack can see of that wonderland of his boyish dreams is what he can discern from his place on the mizzen-mast or by peering through a port-hole. If the ship lie at anchor long enough in a port he possibly may obtain "liberty" once a

before Jack's happy eyes. Happy the sailor who has enough of his allowance left to buy the sweet and sticky guava, the famous and luscious mango-steen or perhaps a pet monkey or cockatoo.

The larboard, or, more commonly, the port is the "back door" of a ship. Here are received the supplies, and here the bumboats "lie to," and all other craft not entitled to special consideration. The starboard gangway is the "front door" and entrance for official visitors and all whom the officers delight to honor. The decks of a man-of-war are "sacred soil" whether she be on the "high seas" or anchored in a foreign harbor. The persons of her officers and crew are held sacred. To molest an officer, seaman, or passenger on an Amer-



MUSTER FOR "FIRE-QUARTERS."

month; but this depends entirely upon his previous conduct.

If "liberty" be not granted, his only solace is the bumboatman, or fruit dealer, who fetches his boat alongside, when the sailors go down to look at and buy his wares as soon as they can gain permission to do so. These swarthy hucksters are as strange as the fruit they hold up in tempting array

ican man-of-war in a foreign port would be as unpardonable by this government as to injure an official or visitor in the Capitol at Washington.

The etiquette of the sea is very strictly observed. A man-of-war, when saluted, returns as many "guns" (or successive discharges of ordnance) as she receives. Officers of high rank have their acknowledged gunpowder value. A President is

"worth" twenty-one discharges of this queer currency. And for the ship of one nation to refuse to acknowledge the flag of another is an insult to the government of the slighted ship and the Secretary of State is justified in demanding an explanation at once from the offending government.

The ceremonial visits exchanged by the officers on shore and those on board are very impressive; and in Oriental countries these formalities are

were reefing the sails, was energetically called upon by the captain:

"Let go those halyards!"

He meant that Jack should undo certain ropes, which he thus designated, in the rigging. Jack indignantly thrust his fists down at his sides, exclaiming:

"I hain't got your old halyards."

Another lad who knew more about implicit obe-



AT MESS.

often tedious and sometimes ludicrous. On such occasions, besides firing salutes, respect is shown to great functionaries by dropping and quickly raising the flags, the "yards" are "manned" (that is, the sailors are ordered to their places in the rigging) and the men off duty are "mustered on the spar-deck" for review, and the whole ship presents a lively and glittering appearance.

The blunders which the enthusiastic young "landlubber" often makes before he is sufficiently well drilled to take part in such pageants afford great amusement to the officers and are an endless source of hilarity for the jolly old tars. A youth, who once stood gazing at the sailors as they

dience than about "tackling," was standing idly watching a cockswain and his men preparing to embark in one of the small boats when the cockswain shouted up to him:

"Let go the painter!"

The boy stared.

"Let go that painter there!" yelled the cockswain.

Jack disappeared "aft." He soon returned and looked over the gunwale at the officer. Now the "painter" is the name applied by seamen to the rope attached to the bow of a ship's boat. And it also happened that one of the ship's painters was standing on a suspended stage surrounded by his

pots painting the stern of the vessel. The cockswain grew impatient, and, seeing Jack still staring at him, he shrieked again: "You young jack-anapes, why don't you let go that painter?"

"He's gone, sir," screamed Jack, "*pots and all!*"

Poor Jack had obeyed with a zeal "not according to knowledge," and the astonished ship's painter and his mixtures had gone splashing into the harbor.

After all is in readiness for the cruise — any voyage of a man-of-war is called a cruise — there is the thrill of "getting underweigh" and of seeing the native shore fade "o'er the waters blue." Then there comes another experience about which everybody has a lively curiosity and of which a very little is usually considered sufficient — seasickness. The sensations may be summed up in the graphic words of the sturdy young Jack who said: "At first I thought I'd die. And in a very short time I was afraid I *wouldn't* die." And after "getting well underweigh" Jack is taught to be his own tailor, hatter and washerwoman.

The excitements of the journey, so to speak, are various. There is "the doldrums" — that lazy, hazy and sometimes "squally" region to be passed just before reaching the equator. "Crossing the line" for the first time is a great event in a sailor's

life and is said to be a dangerous experience for all "waisters" (as the new men are called because they are stationed, on account of their inexperience, about the middle or "waist" of the vessel). Now is the time for the old salts to "spin yarns" which are often as weird and full of superstition as that great yarn the "Ancient Mariner" told the "wedding guest." Then there are squalls, gales, storms, "doubling capes," and the routine of "watch" and "dog-watch" from "eight bells" to "eight bells."

So he goes round the world, "turning in," "turning out," "mustering in," "mustering out," "mustering at quarters," at mess, on deck and "round the capstan," till on a bright Sunday morning he reaches San Francisco where his cruise is to end. As it is Sunday the day is observed on board. On the following day, obtaining his last "liberty," he goes ashore in a launch to "stretch his sea-legs," and look about him. What is his surprise to find that day Sunday too! He has gained twenty-four hours in going round the world and he has to keep two Sundays to straighten his reckoning. As he walks about, gazing at the beauties of the Golden Gate, he feels as if he had reached that far bourne of his childhood's dream:

Next day after never
When two Sundays come together.





MY FIRST VOYAGE.

Maurice Thompson

I.

WHEN I was a boy my father had a government contract that took him to the little town of Bay St. Louis, which is built on the high western shore of a beautiful bay of the same name, on the gulf coast of Mississippi. I was the only child my father had and, my mother being dead, I was petted and spoiled a good deal by well-

meaning people wherever I went. At Bay St. Louis, where we were living during the two years that my father's contract lasted, I was allowed to run free for a great part of the time. I fished a good deal, wandered in the grand forests of pine, oak and magnolia that stretched indefinitely away east of the town, and, indeed, did just as I pleased. My father was a very busy, industrious man, grimly intent upon retrieving a lost fortune, and I think

he never dreamed that I was possessed of anything like an imagination. At all events the only books he left in my way were tables of logarithms, sines and tangents, treatises upon earthwork, timber structures, jetties, breakwaters and the like, together with two or three volumes of chemistry and geology. So you may imagine with what ravenous avidity I attacked Robinson Crusoe when I got the chance. A traveller left the book, a well-worn paper-covered copy, at our boarding-house and thus it came to my hands. I devoured it, as a hungry animal devours food, in an ecstasy of delight.

No doubt Robinson Crusoe is a very charming book and quite harmless in a general way, but it caused me the most serious trouble I have ever experienced, so far as personal suffering is concerned.

I read and re-read the story, until its spirit got full possession of me, and then I began to long for an adventure of my own. Day after day, when my father was absent in pursuit of his undertaking, I sat upon the breezy bluff and gazed out on the blue water of the beautiful bay, dreaming of some day going away in a ship and getting wrecked on a tropical island where I could live an ideal Crusoe life.

An old negro man, with whom I became well acquainted, added a great deal to my foolish desire by telling me romantic stories of pirates and smugglers whose ships, he said, were all the time hovering just beyond some little marsh islands, barely visible on the southern horizon when the weather was very favorable.

I grew so interested at length that I thought of nothing else but the imaginary delights of a lonely life on some far-away, undiscovered shore. I dreamed of it throughout my sleep and pondered over it every hour of the day.

My father was a practical, rather austere man and I did not mention my fanciful ambition to him; but to Uncle Luben, the old negro, I told everything. Of course the kind-hearted, ready-tongued African, thinking I was merely giving vent to a boyish imagination, entered fully into the spirit of all my plans.

"'F I's you I'd des rig up one o' dem leetle boats down yer at de landin', an' I des sail erway some o' dese yer moon-shiny nights, dat w'at I'd do," he said in his wise, solemn way. "Kase

dey's mo' oranges, an' figs, an' grapes, an' water-mellions, an' bananers on dem fur-off islands 'an eber you see in all yer bo'n days, chile. Dey's cantaloups bigger 'n a flou' bar'l an' cocoanuts 'at you couldn't hardly tote, an' den de honey, w'y de honey it des grow on de bushes down da'."

I don't know that I believed all that Uncle Luben told me, but there was the blue bay spreading away to the far horizon where La Fitte the pirate used to sail, and just off yonder in the south east, was the Caribbean Sea, where the Buccaneers so long found a safe home. I felt the fascination of the balmy salt breezes and the spell of the semi-tropics was upon me.

"Uncle Luben," I said to the old negro one day, "I have got my plans all made. I'm going on a voyage to-night. You'll never see me again."

"Dat's it, child, dat's des it!" he responded, shaking his white woolly head approvingly. "Now you's a talkin' sense. Go right 'long an' see de big ocean an' de water-mellion islands an' de cocoanut trees an' all. Lawsy me ef I's young like you I'd des turn in an' go clean all eround this worl', I tell you!"

Well, that night, sure enough, I departed on my voyage of adventure. You need not fear that I am going to tell you a dream. It is a genuine experience and it has a good enough lesson in it, I think. However, I must hasten to add that I don't believe boys nowadays ought to need any lesson of the sort.

It was a splendidly beautiful moonlight night in May, warm, balmy, exhilarating. A gentle breeze was blowing seaward. The little town of Bay St. Louis was still and peaceful as it slept along the high tree-shaded bluff—a town in fact one house deep and nine miles long.

Near midnight I crept out of my bedroom window with a little bundle under my arm. My father was soundly sleeping. The whole world seemed to be wrapped in a deep, solemn dream.

I felt that I was not doing quite right; in fact I knew I was doing wrong, but the sea was calling me, the great, mysterious, shining sea, and I could not resist.

Down to the landing I went with my bundle under my arm and waded out to my father's little boat, which lay anchored in the shallow water. I knew a little about sailing, just enough to render me confident but not enough to give me command

of the boat in any save the most favorable weather. My father would not have permitted me to go out alone under any circumstances.

Hastily but silently I pulled up the little anchor and set the sail as best I could. The boat was a mere skiff, but staunch and good, rigged with a shoulder-of-mutton sail, a centre-board and a rudder. Fortunately the wind was not strong, and it blew steadily southward, so that I got the little craft before it and sailed away without much trouble. Little I dreamed of the danger I was about to encounter as I looked back and saw the shining white line of the town slowly receding as

arose, as if from the depth of the distant parts of the sea. I felt my heart sink. Strangely enough, I thought of the soft, sweet bed in the cosey room and of my father sleeping so soundly after his day's work. Just then a big bird, flying wildly before the wind, passed overhead with a hoarse scream; then a cloud covered the moon.

I was thoroughly frightened and made a great effort to turn the boat about and go back; but the breeze was now lifting the water into foaming billows and I saw how powerless I was.

When one's conscience is not just right one is a coward. I lost my head and went into a state



I PEEPED OVER THE TOP OF
THE GRASS.

the wind bore me along. I shall never forget how wondrously blue the sky was, and how the stars, despite the great brilliancy of the moon, flared and flashed, like the flames of candles shaking in a wind. A weatherwise person would have known that a storm was gathering not far off, for there was a peculiar dampness and freshness in the air, and an ominous film hung about the horizon. But I sailed on, all unconscious of the indications and wrapped in the fascination of my escapade.

A flock of pelicans, their wings shining in the moonlight, flew ahead of me for a while, keeping just above the little waves. They appeared to be leading me on toward a low fringe-like marsh-island just beginning to be visible in the far south.

Now the breeze stiffened a little, giving my boat an impulse which caused white whips of spray to flash about the gunwales. A thrill seemed to run over the wide waste of water and little white-capped waves leaped and murmured all around me. A sudden sense of loneliness filled my mind and involuntarily I glanced back. A strange mist had enveloped the shore. A broad booming sound

of hysterical ecstasy, throwing my arms about and screaming as loudly as I could. It was as if the wind grew hysterical too, for now it howled and raved and leaped upon my boat, whirling it about and driving it before it like a straw or a dry leaf. I had to let go the tiller and cling to the gunwales, as the little vessel leaped and tumbled with the ever increasing waves. My hat blew off and went whirling away into the boiling, foaming water. Then the storm struck in earnest and I felt the sea spring up, like a giant, to show its real strength. Something happened, I do not know what, for I was buried in the water.

II.

I have said that this is no dream-story, but I really felt as one feels who opens his eyes after the most horrible visions of sleep. I looked about, as best I could, and saw nothing but tall marsh grass and weeds. I was lying almost face-downward in a slimy place where the mud looked black

and nasty. My head roared, my limbs ached, my hair and mouth were full of slime; and at first I could not imagine what this all meant. After many trials I rolled myself over and managed to get up on one elbow and gaze all around. Then I looked at myself. My clothes were soaked with water and covered with mud. Was this a dream? At first I was inclined to think it was, but very soon I knew it was not, for I began to recollect the circumstances and incidents of my voyage. Slowly it dawned upon me that I was indeed a lonely shipwrecked boy on a desolate marsh. Painfully I dragged myself into a sitting posture only to find that my head was so dizzy and sore that I could scarcely hold it up.

The sun was about an hour high in what I thought was the east, and I judged that it was early morning, which proved to be so. I dragged myself out of the muddy place and lay down on the rushes and weeds. The sky was clear now, the wind, very gently blowing out of the southeast, was as sweet as May and the sea could make it, and the sunshine was very soothing to my chilled and bruised body and limbs. I lay there on my back and gazed up into the blue heaven thinking over my predicament with a forlorn consciousness of how wicked I had been.

At length I thought of trying to look about for my boat. Possibly it had been cast up on the shore somewhere; and if I could find it I might make my way back to my home. I was on the point of making an effort to get upon my feet when I heard a voice, heavy and peremptory in its tone, say:

"Set the box down here, Jim, it will be safe enough for the present, and we will go look for the most favorable point on this island. I think it'll suit our purpose."

"All right, sir," said another voice.

"Well, come on now," added the first, "we've no time to lose."

The first thought that sprang into my mind was that these men were smugglers. I lifted my head cautiously and peeped over the grass. They had deposited a small red box on the ground and were now walking away across the island. I saw that the box had bright bands of brass around it. Uncle Luben had told me a great deal about strong boxes of gold and other treasure often buried by these lawless men.

I was very much frightened now when I thought of the probability that these men would discover me, and kill me, perhaps, for fear that I might disclose some of their secrets.

When the sound of their voices had died away in the distance as they walked off, I peeped over the top of the grass again and took a good view of the surroundings. At a little distance from the box a boat, about the size of the one I had got wrecked in, but much more beautiful, was moored to the shore, its sail flapping lazily.

As I sat there looking first at the box and then at the boat and dreading the return of the men, a great desire to get away from the island took possession of me, and then, with a jump of my heart, I thought of capturing the smugglers' boat and escaping in it. Why not? There it lay ready for me; and the owners were out of sight. It did not take me long to decide. Every moment was precious.

I crawled down to the edge of the water, fearing that if I stood up the men would see me, and unmoored the boat. Then I chanced to have a brilliant conceit. Why not take the box? Oh, if I could go home with a captured boat and a priceless treasure-box!

I re-tied the boat and crawled back to the box and dragged it down to the water. It was very heavy for me to handle, but I finally heaved it aboard and then I managed to get the little craft off before the wind. This is all very easy to tell and may appear tame and simple, but to me at the time it was terribly exciting. Every moment I expected the men to return and wreak their revenge upon me for my rash undertaking. A minute was like an hour. Then, too, I was so weak and sore that every move I made was torture.

When the box was safe in the bottom of the boat, and I was sitting, tiller in hand, with the sail bulging gently and the little vessel beginning to glide away from the low, marshy shore, I felt so glad and thankful that the pain and hunger were quite forgotten. Far away northward I could see the dim line which marked the bluffs of Bay St. Louis. The wind would blow me straight to my home! I turned and looked back, and as I did so a gruff voice came bellowing over the water:

"Hello, there! bring back that boat, you scamp you!"

The two men were running along the shore and

making all sorts of frantic gestures. I was scared almost out of my wits, but I held a steady hand on the tiller, so that the boat kept on before the breeze.

Never, I am sure, did men cut such wild capers and yell and shriek as they did. It did them no good, however, for I sailed right on my course. I felt free and victorious. No boy of my age had ever performed so daring a thing as to capture the boat and treasure-box of pirates or smugglers.

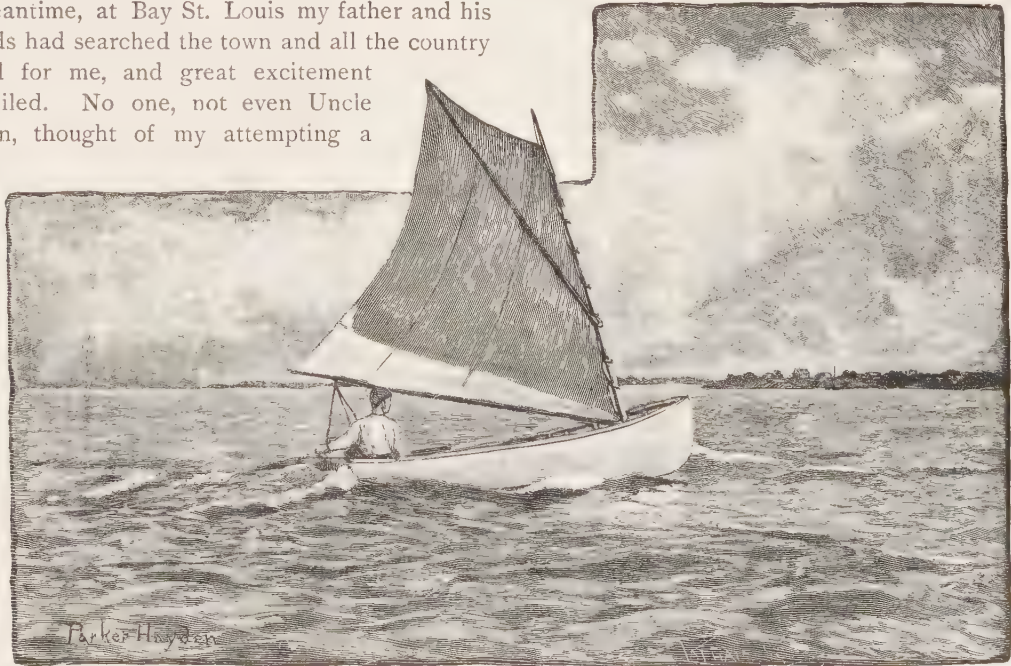
The thought gave me renewed strength and firmness. They screamed and shouted and called me names and shook their fists at me, but on I went.

III.

Meantime, at Bay St. Louis my father and his friends had searched the town and all the country round for me, and great excitement prevailed. No one, not even Uncle Luben, thought of my attempting a

up to the landing under the tree-fringed bluff of Bay St. Louis. Some one recognized me and gave the word to others and soon a crowd gathered to see me. My father heard the outcry, and I saw him hurrying towards me, his face pale and excited.

Everybody was so glad to see me alive that great shouts went up from the men while some of the women cried. As soon as I went ashore I was surrounded and a hundred questions were asked me at once. No wonder my father looked at me so strangely, for I was muddy from head to foot, haggard, wild-eyed, my hair all matted and my clothes torn into tatters. I tried to tell my story, but somehow I could not. I pointed to the boat and the box.



I FELT FREE AND VICTORIOUS.

voyage alone, for the old negro had taken all my talk as mere boyish prattle, and my father had never heard a word of it. True, the boat was missed, but it was supposed that the storm had loosed it from its anchorage and blown it away to sea. Several other small craft had been lost in the same way, on account of the suddenness of the gale.

It was about the middle of the afternoon when I proudly steered my captured vessel and cargo

"Why, that's the surveyor's boat!" cried some one, "how'd the boy get that?"

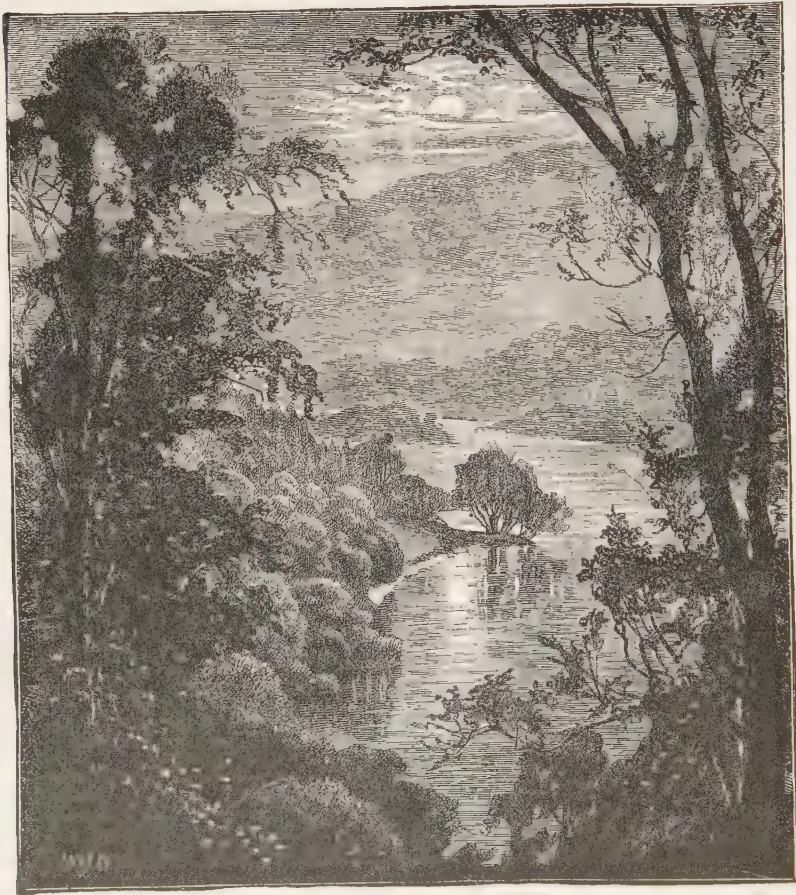
"It *is* the surveyor's boat," repeated another, "where's the surveyor?"

I felt weak and faint. My father had to carry me to the house, and for four long, weary weeks I lay on my bed sick with fever. During all that time I was wholly unconscious of the great joke the towns-people had to tease the surveyor with. As you have suspected, no doubt, it was a surveyor

and his assistant whom I had taken for pirates. The brass-bound box contained a transit, which is a sort of compass with a telescope attached. Some persons who thought of locating a building on the island had sent the surveyor down there to plat it, and I had run away with his boat and instrument, leaving him and his assistant

to take care of themselves as best they could !

But I paid dearly for that escapade. I suffered all the pangs of a rheumatic fever, and then, when I began to get well, I felt so much remorse for what I had done that it was long before I could look my father in the face and promise him, of my own accord, never to do such a thing again.



A QUEER PEOPLE.

BY L. R. L.

NO. I.—THEIR DRESS.



THE Japanese are a queer people. If, after you read this series of papers, you say they are not, I don't know where I shall find oddities sufficiently odd for you.

Let us begin with them, as we very civilized beings generally do begin with strangers, by giving a polite stare at their clothes. Perhaps *we* shall be written about some time as "queer people," and this habit of "looking a person over," will be brought up as strong evidence of the "queerness." Should you wonder?

Some of you may have seen the Japanese that have visited this country; and, perhaps, some of you remember that merry little "Tommy." I shall give you, by and by, a glimpse of the men and women of those higher orders. But just now, I wish to show you one of the class that never go visiting foreign countries.

Here he is; he represents the poor farmer, day-laborer, fisherman. Don't you think his clothes are as nearly as possible related to the fig-leaf dress of Adam and Eve? How would you fancy, my little country friends, seeing brother Jack, and papa, and the hired man, going about looking like small perambulating straw-stacks, capped off with a braided corn-stalk?

Well, the poor Japanese man really does manufacture his overcoats of straw; and, from time to time, he braids himself a new hat of bamboo husk. I dare say that, in the fall, part of his thrift is to lay in a goodly store of straw for hats and coats, together with nice pieces of wood, out of which to hew his shoes, which greatly resemble the Syrian kob-kobs. Well, there must be a certain feeling of independence in thus taking his clothes right from the hand of Mother Nature without encountering the inconveniences of money and merchants!

The grown people of all classes wear cloth socks,



WINTER DRESS OF FISHERMEN AND PEASANTS.

which are divided at the toe into two unequal compartments, one for the great toe, the other for the rest of the foot—which is not such an unwise and un-

comfortable plan, after all. They take off their sandals whenever they enter a house, and "go in their stocking-feet." Thus, a large portion of the time the foot is left free and natural ; so, I dare say, the Japan-

ese know nothing about "corns," those painful attendants upon pretty feet and a high civilization.

Now for the well-to-do people. Here is a party of ladies out making calls.



OUT MAKING CALLS

Was ever a fair American matron more conscious of being in full street toilet than the lady with the great parasol? According to the present fashions, very civilized and stylish is the way in which they have "done up their hair." If they would but open their lips, I could tell you which are the married ladies and which the single ones. The married ladies uniformly blacken their teeth as black as jet, while the teeth of the young ladies are like pearls. The Japanese, male and female, have strong, handsome, snow-white teeth. However, two of them I judge to be unmarried, because I can discern the scarlet crape twisted in their hair, and matrons seldom ornament

the hair. They all have fine, thick, lustrous, black hair, and it is a shame to shave the heads of the children so grotesquely, but that is the practice.

The national garment is the "kirimon." It is a kind of dressing-gown, which is a little more ample, and longer, for women than for men. It is crossed at the waist by means of a sash, which is called an Obi. They wear no linen, but bathe every day. I think, however, that the women of rank wear a chemise of scarlet silk crape. Only the nobles have a right to wear silk.

Of course, this dress is unhandy ; and in summer the laborers do their work almost in a state of nudity

—the women wear merely a single petticoat. In winter, the men wear jacket and trousers under the *kirimon*: the women wear several wadded mantles. Government officials wear wide, trailing trousers, and an overcoat with deep, hanging sleeves.

Both men and women fasten their garments with silken strings. Hooks and eyes, and buttons, are unknown, although the Japanese ladies manifest great desire to get possession of handsome buttons whenever they see them upon foreigners; perhaps they, too, make "button strings."

Cambric handkerchiefs also are unknown. Should you bestow an embroidered handkerchief upon a Japanese lady, she would probably cut it into cuffs for her sleeves. "Not the lowest woman of the people would hold in her hand, or carry in her pocket, a piece of stuff upon which she had blown her nose." There is no chance that the little squares of paper, made from vegetable substances, which they carry usually in a pocket in the sleeve, and which are thrown away as each is used, will ever be supplanted by our barbarous method.

They consider furs unclean. They wear no precious stones. As jewelry, they fasten their hair with glass balls half filled with bright liquids, which present a beautiful changeable appearance with each motion of the wearers' heads. Sometimes they wear hair-pins of shell, upon which emblematic pictures are painted. But the principal ornament is the *Obi*. It is usually wide enough to serve as corset as well as girdle. It is profusely embroidered, and tied at the back in an elegant bow. A widow who has made up her mind not to marry again ties her *Obi* in front. Also, after death, the *Obi* is always arranged after the fashion of a widow's, and tied as tight as possible in two knots.

The women of quality have a dress for every month. It is suitable in color, and embroidered in representation of the flowers, and productions and industries of the month. What do you think of that?

And what do you think of a court lady being obliged to dress so that she seems to be walking upon her knees? Were you behind her, you would see, issuing below her mantle, two long tails, one on the right and one on the left: these tails obey each movement of her little, invisible feet; and if you look at her from quite a distance, she will seem to be wearing a pair of long, trailing trousers, which oblige her to advance

upon her knees. This effect is intentional. Those who are admitted to the presence of the Mikado are bound to appear as if approaching him upon their knees.

Behold a Daimio dressed to produce the same effect!



A DAIMIO IN COURT DRESS.

You can tell the priests, and even their denomination, by their dress. For instance, those of the Kami church wear a little hat of black, lacquered cardboard, surmounted with a crest of the same color, and a small white cross. This is tied on with a ribbon which hangs down the back. They wear a wide *simar*, big trousers, and a great sword.

Physicians of rank wear two swords. Physicians of the common class wear one small sword. The soldiers wear a uniform of blue cotton.

Here is a poetess, — some Japanese Celia Thaxter drinking in the inspiration of the sea. Fancy the sweet singer of the “Isle of Shoals” unbinding her tresses, going down upon the wharf, and burning incense upon a tripod whenever she writes one of her exquisite songs of the sea!



A POETESS.



A QUEER PEOPLE.

BY L. R. L.

NO. II.—THEIR CHILDREN.

THERE they are — a merry, sunshiny little crew. They have come out, bare as possible, with their mothers, to dip for fish, and for the hideous little marine monsters which abound in the Japanese waters. They evidently are used to “a good wade,” and enjoy it, together with any piece of mischief that presents itself. See that demure rogue with the crab on his stick. You may be sure he is about to let it down upon the bare pate of little Hirooko, who is trying to dodge it.

The Japanese children have very good times in-

deed. Travelers say that they never cry. In our land, children treated as they are would run a great risk of becoming selfish, pettish, tyrannical, disagreeable, dissatisfied, unhappy little beings ; for in Japan fathers and mothers live just to render the children happy. Perhaps, however, the simplicity, and the wholesome habits of family-life in that country, counteract this wholesome indulgence.

For instance, there is so little cooking and sewing to be done that the Japanese mothers have a great deal of time to themselves. They do not choose to

pass their leisure with books, though there are plenty of novels and poems at hand. They much prefer to hear these from the lips of the professional story-teller at the street corner, and to while away the hours out in the open air and the sunshine. Indeed, it is one of the unwritten national laws that children shall be exposed as bare as possible, daily, to the out-door light and air. The mother carries her baby about with her almost constantly, something after the fashion of the North American Indian woman. She takes up her little black-eyed naked baby, and places it upon her back, and fastens it in between her chemise and

her kirimon, which is her gown, if you remember. Thus her own arms are left perfectly free.

The wives of the peasants may be seen working in the fields all day with a little head wagging about between their shoulders. It is the mothers of the better class who stroll the streets so much with their children—all of them bareheaded, even under the most broiling sun. The streets abound in amusements; beggars begging with their fans and dances, jugglers with birds, and mice, and dogs, that perform wonderful tricks, the boyish acrobats wearing their scarlet muzzles, the processions of bonzes, and the great carts



JAPANESE BIRDS.

drawn by black buffaloes. Besides, the streams are covered with red and white lotus, the bridges are wonderful, the beaches are strewn with beautiful glistening shells, and the grounds around the tea-houses are filled with flowers, and trees, and bowers. It would be accounted a great disgrace to a Japanese not to know the name of every bird that sings, and every flower that blows; and in these strolls the mother teaches her children this indispensable knowledge.

What do you think of the Japanese birds?

As for the houses themselves, they are like great

shady play-grounds; and the little ones are at liberty to wander from room to room. There is scarcely any furniture to scratch, hammer, whittle, and bump heads against, while the floors are covered with mats, so that the babies may tumble about to their hearts' content. Dressed in a single loose garment, which is tied lightly with a broad sash, they know nothing of pinching, bindings, and pressing bands, the pull of shoulder-straps, the pricking of pins, or the constraint of shoes—happy little barbarians!

These cool, shady, empty houses abound in certain delights, however, such as "little pug dogs with tre-

mendously fat bodies," and tiny white cats with no tails, and striped with black and yellow—purring, affectionate, lazy little creatures, that never yet taught a mouse—the whole race of them!

Besides, "every family in easy circumstances possesses an aquarium, containing fish,—red, silver, gold, transparent,—some round as a ball, others ornamented with a long, wide tail, or fin, which performs the office of a rudder, and which floats about like a piece of extremely fine gauze. In all the houses there are cages, made of bamboo bark, constructed on the models of the most elegant habitations, and containing large butterflies, shut up on a bed of flowers, or grasshoppers, in whose strident and monotonous cry the natives take great delight." Indeed, in summer it is a national custom for the family-man to take his children up to the mountains to enjoy the chirp of the great grasshoppers; and the little ones carry with them each a wicker cage, in which to take home some of the dear songsters. This, for the Japanese family, is the same as going to Long Branch or the White Mountains.



A DOLL MAKER.

nies, the little Amida and Okemé love the homely images, and kiss them, and sing them to sleep very tenderly.

Indeed, the doll holds a peculiar place in the Japanese family. At every daughter's birth certain dolls are presented to her. These the mother carefully preserves; for, upon the third day of the third month of each year occurs the second of the Go-Séki, the Feast of the Dolls, one of the five great annual festivals. "It is consecrated to feminine youth. The mother of the family adorns the guest chamber with branches of the flowering peach, and there lays out an exhibition of the dolls which her girls received at their birth. These are very prettily and elegantly dressed, representing the Mikado and personages of the Imperial Court. This is completed by a feast, which is prepared by the young girls who are old enough to do so, and towards evening the viands are eaten by the company."

The girls have a merry time among themselves, also, whenever a sweet new baby is born upon their street. Then, according to the national custom, they go to call upon it, having a strife among themselves as to whom shall be the first to take it out for an airing. Perhaps, too, they go to the Bonze-house to see it named, since that is a great occasion.

"On the thirtieth day after his birth, the new citizen of Nippon receives his first name. He will take a second on attaining his majority, a third at his marriage, a fourth when he shall be appointed to any public function, a fifth when he shall ascend in rank or in dignity, and so on until the last, the name which shall be given him after his death, and inscribed upon his tomb—that by which his memory shall be held sacred from generation to generation.

"The ceremony is a simple presentation of the newly-born child in the temple of his parents' gods. Except in certain sects, it is not accompanied by sprinkling with water, or any of the formalities of purification. The father hands a memorandum, containing three names, to the officiating bonze, who copies them on three separate sheets of paper, which he mixes together and shakes up at random, pronouncing a sacramental invocation in a loud voice. Then he throws them into the air, and the first which, in falling, touches the floor of the holy place, indicates the name most agreeable to the presiding divinity. The bonze immediately

They have also fine toys, imitations of animals, &c. But the girls have no dainty china and wax dolls—dolls that can stand and sit, open and close their eyes, and cry. Their dolls—poor dears—are made of papier maché. They consist of head and face only, to which a long scarlet mantle is attached. They can be turned inside out, and are of all dimensions.

I suppose, however, like our own Nellies and Jen-

inscribes it upon a sheet of blessed paper, and gives it as a talisman to the child's father."

At the Feast of Lanterns, too, the girls are out. They parade the illuminated streets, swinging gay paper lanterns as they go, and singing with all their hearts.

As for the boys, at three years old the little fellows put on the sword-belt. At seven those of certain rank wear two little swords. At fifteen they assume men's swords, which they are to wear during life. What would our Johns and Tommies do were *they* permitted to wear two swords apiece, do you think?

The fifth day of the fifth month each year is the grand day for the boys — the Feast of Banners! Early in the morning the streets are decked out with tall bamboos, from which wave great plumes and long horse-tails. From these same supports float banners of painted paper, and long fishes made of plaited straw.

Above all this, the great family banners stream out, adorned with the family names, and high-sounding sentences, and military figures. The shops display armor, and military badges and trappings. The boys are all out in full dress, with their swords on. They have great top-knots of gay paper ribbons upon their shoulders. Some of them carry big wooden sabers; and nearly all of them carry flags; and thus they parade up and down the streets.

Whenever there is snow, too, which is not often, the boys have another good time. Indeed, so does the entire family. "It is considered a duty that whole families should go and contemplate the strange aspect" of the statues and pagodas, and the bays and the country landscapes under their soft, white, fleecy covering. But the boys themselves seem to be enjoying it here quite after our own American fashion. Don't you think so?





THE CHILDREN SQUAT IN A GROUP.

A QUEER PEOPLE.

BY L. R. L.

NO. III.—THEIR EDUCATION.

THE Queer People educate their queer little children in a queer manner, I assure you. In the first place, a school-house, with seats and desks, is unknown. The scholars squat in a group on the floor, around the schoolmaster; and the schoolmaster sits on the floor too, his book resting upon something like an easel, or music-stool. In fact, their schools differ from ours in everything excepting the mischief and the "stick." The teacher in the picture seems to be

using one of our old-fashioned "ferules;" and one pair of little fat arms is "catching it." Pretty soon, judging from the general expression on the master's face, it will be the turn of the little fellow that's pulling pussy's tail. What *is* the reason that a kitty or a dog is so irresistible, when it gets into a school-house or a church?

They have the funniest "A B C." Instead of alphabet, or "A B C," they call it "Irova." And instead of

letters, — vowels and consonants, — they have “signs.” Perhaps they’d call our letters “signs.” Instead of twenty-six, they have forty-eight. And instead of being taught by a system of orthography, these signs have been constructed into four rows, or lines, constituting a little verse, which the children are taught to repeat, singing it all together at the top of their voices.

“Color and odor alike pass away.
In our world nothing is permanent.
The present day has disappeared in the profound abyss of nothingness.
It was but the pale image of a dream ; it causes us not the least regret.”

How would you like that sort of “A B C” ?

Poor little heathen, with such a dreary refrain ringing in their childish ears, it is no wonder they become such light-minded men and women. They have no Christ, no heaven, no Christmas, no Thanksgiving-day, no Sunday, — nothing to look forward to, after death, except a “Nirwana,” which means Nothingness and Nowhere !

That gloomy “A B C” is the key to their lives. It means, “To-morrow we die. But today we live ; let us have a good time !”

One generation says to another, “There is nothing permanent but the tombs of our ancestors. Time passes — well, *let it pass* ! Seize the bubble ! Pick the flower ! Cage the bird ! Sip the sweet ! Enjoy all that you see, for after you die you will see nothing !”

Much of what is called their peculiar civilization is only a growth from the same creed. “Let us make everything as good and fine as possible, for after we die we shall have nothing !”

Another consequence of this dreary national alphabet is, that suicides are common occurrences in Japan. So firmly is annihilation believed in, and so thoroughly is a gentleman’s duty taught to him in the schools and in the family when he is a little boy, that it is extremely rare for a Japanese, who is condemned to “Hari-kiri” (which is simply suicide), to exhibit the slightest hesitation when the sentence is pronounced upon him. It is a part of the education of a Japanese boy of rank to be taught what is the exact spot in his body into which the “Hari-kiri knife” is to be plunged up to the hilt, in order to kill on the instant, and immediately destroy consciousness.

Every gentleman likes to boast that his sword has

at least once been dipped in blood. Even the girls, in some towns, are taught to “fence,” — that is, to attack and defend themselves scientifically with a sword or lance. The eldest sister, if she is a daughter of a family of rank, is privileged to carry a tiny sword before her little brother, when he goes out to walk, until he himself is old enough to wear it. And the sooner the little fellow can gird it on, and kill something with it, the manlier he is esteemed. A sword that has never been wet with blood is of little account in Japan.



But to get back to the school-house : my chat is desultory, like their education — a little of which is received at school, but the greater portion in the family circle and in public scenes.

At school they practice drawing the letters of the Irova with a brush and Chinese ink. After a while they are promoted to draw words. Then they are promoted again to sentences. Handling a brush instead of a pen may account for the picture-making power which is so common to the Japanese hand. Two thirds of the people are artists. They make very spirited copies of vegetables and animals with a few rapid brush-strokes on bits of wood, or vellum, or whatever happens to be within reach. Here is such a drawing. It is a “Yema,” or horse. In the early centuries, when a man died his horse was buried with

him. As civilization advanced, they made a picture of the horse, and buried that instead of the animal itself. I believe the custom is now nearly extinct.

Many of the girls of the lower classes get their living by their knack at drawing. Everything salable is adorned with a picture. Even the grain merchants have their parcels and bags ornamented with colored drawings of the different plants and grains, and with illuminated letters. These are done by

hand, and are often little masterpieces, extremely true to nature. The painters are mostly girls. They lie in their little shops, full length upon mats, surrounded by flowers and stalks of the various grains, and by sheets of drawing-paper; and in this singular attitude they work from morning till night.

It is only when he attempts the "human form divine," that the Japanese artist fails. The result then is nearly always a caricature.



PROCESSION OF THE BLIND.

There is no "compulsory education" in Japan. But going on the principle of "Get everything out of life you can," the whole adult population are able, by hook or crook, to read, write, and "calculate."

Indeed, it is necessary that they should write. By what other means could they get their prayers to their gods? The idols of monstrous size, in the temple inclosures, are spotted all over with countless pieces of chewed paper, which the natives have thrown at

them, in passing, with school-boy accuracy of aim. These are their "prayers." They are written out on these little chewed sheets of paper, and thus do they reach their destination!

I must tell you an exceedingly queer thing about the queer writing of this queer people. There is a system of very clear, plain characters, called the "Hiragana." This system is taught to the girls; and *they* are taught no other. The boys also are taught this;

but, in addition, they learn to write upon the "Katakana" system. The *literati* understand also the Chinese system. So, you see, the men can always read the writing of the women, while the women can't read the men's, unless they write in "Hirikani."

In natural history the Japanese children are proficient, especially in the branches of Ornithology and Botany. In these, every mother is an instructor. As she takes them "a-walking," she teaches her little ones the names and habits of all the birds, and the names and seasons of all the flowers. By the way, they have very few singing-birds in Japan; and most of the flowers are without perfume — banks and banks of violets, but perfectly scentless!

The best schools are at Yeddo. Thither the young men of the nobility resort to receive a classical education, while the children of the middle classes fit themselves to become engineers, accountants, and interpreters, and for the various professions, especially for the medical profession, as the physicians of rank practice only in families of rank. No examinations or diplomas are insisted upon; consequently there are many "quacks." Anybody can set up as "doctor," and give what medicine he likes. And the more doctors there are, and the more varieties of medicine, the better chance the Japanese sick man thinks he has! Still, there is considerable skill and wisdom among these physicians. They study nature and symptoms more than books. They are generally found upon the side of progress. Many of them believe religiously in foreigners and the future.

The higher classes formerly boasted a more elegant culture than at present. Just now English and American ideas are making their way into Japan, and in many cases the old ways have been discarded, while new ones have not been adopted. At court, the ladies in waiting were trained to be as amusing as possible, in the way of telling anecdotes and reciting flowery poems. Her Imperial Highness, the Kisaki, liked everything to be as "flowery" as possible. Her maids of honor knelt behind her and around her, in groups, called "Beds of Flowers," each group wearing a specified color, and adorned with specified flowers. The empress herself had rays of gold standing up from her diadem, — I suppose she was the sun, in whose light the "flower-beds" bloomed! Like school-girls' play — wasn't it?

On the third day of the third month, all the wits

gathered together in the beautiful court-gardens. The gentlemen and ladies challenged each other who should find the choicest verses in honor of spring, and the new flowers with which to ornament their white cedar fans.

The high ladies are taught music, especially to play upon the mandolin — they call it the Samsin. It is made of the light, sonorous wood of the Paulownia tree. The strings are fine cords of silk, thinly covered with lacquer. The Japanese music is strange and rich. Its science has nothing in common with ours, and would quite puzzle Theodore Thomas and Dr. Tourjée, I dare say. They also have bamboo flutes, stone drums, and a kind of tambourine, called tomtom. But above all do they delight in gongs. They have grave and majestic gongs, and shrill and squeaky gongs.

Another accomplishment of the girl of the lower classes is, to tell a story well. Many a bright, talkative girl gets her daily bread by this art. Twenty women will gather around one at a street corner to hear her recite some of the Japanese novels, and poems, and legends which they never would take the trouble to read. Some of these stories are extremely childish; but, nevertheless, they never grow old and stale to the crowd on the street corners. Here is a popular story, the whole of it. It has been made the subject of a popular picture.

"The soul of a thieving weasel having hid itself in a bonze's kettle, the bonze (priest) saw it come out one day when he set the kettle on an unusually hot fire."

Still, great respect is paid to a printed book, even if the masses don't care to read it. Here is a story illustrative: —

"The bonze, Raigo, having, in a moment of anger, destroyed his library, was, after his death, changed into a rat, and condemned to gnaw scraps of paper and old fragments of parchment as his only food."

Doubtless there are many valuable books in the Japanese language. The bulk of them have been, hitherto, inaccessible. A few have been translated, and it is believed that they will prove valuable to the industries of Western nations. Foreigners are thronging in; and upon the return of the many Japanese youth now being educated in foreign countries, it is to be hoped that there will be a still freer exchange of ideas and arts, and that our systems of education will be largely introduced to this queer but open-minded people.



TORII AND TEMPLE.

A QUEER PEOPLE.

BY L. R. L.

NO. IV.—THEIR NATIONAL RELIGIONS.

JAPAN is a land of temples and sacred spots. They are almost always very attractive places. You come to them through long, shady avenues, and you find the churches and the idols surrounded by venerable trees and a leafy gloom.

It is one of the queeresses of this Queer People, that, so long as they expect to be annihilated at death,

they should be so very religious, after their own fashion, and should show such great veneration of all things that denote the existence of a Supreme Being. They build a Torii, or Sacred Gate, near every remarkable object in nature—before a grotto, a waterfall, a gigantic tree, or a fantastic rock. A native Japanese, traveling through our country, would think

that the Americans were surely heathen. No Tori at the entrance of the Mammoth Cave! No Tori in the neighborhood of Niagara Falls! No Toris up and down the Hudson River! No Toris near the giant trees of California! Not a temple in beautiful Central Park! If *they* owned it, the Japanese would build a thousand Sacred Gates in the Yo Semite region, you may be sure.

These Toris are built by setting up two tall pillars, usually of white granite, slightly inclined toward each other. They are connected by two horizontal transverse beams. The upper one is the thicker, and is curved upward at both ends. On the preceding page is a Japanese temple, guarded by a Tori.

How cool it must be there among the pines and cedars! During the festivals of dances and processions which the bonzes, or priests, frequently give, inscriptions, wreaths, and flags are attached to those poles which you see stretching from tree to tree. All the Japanese religions tend as much to ceremony and display as the Roman Catholic.

The people come to church at all hours, any day they like. The bonzes live in little houses close by; and if there is no priest at the temple, the worshipers shake a long strip of cloth, which hangs by the entrance, and to which bunches of pebbles are attached. The bonze is obliged to come when he hears that. He takes his fee. Then he gives advice; distributes blessed amulets; recites as many prayers as are called for; or, if he feels lazy, turns the "Wheel of the Law," which is the same as praying. This "Wheel of the Law" is a little desk on a pivot. On it are spread out the printed prayers. Turning the desk one quarter round is saying one quarter of the prayers; half round, half the prayers are said; and so on.

The most arduous portion of the bonzes' labors is to play on the tambourines, at nightfall, to drive away the evil spirits. They sometimes play for hours, but the music is in one tune—four deep notes, four high ones.

There are peculiar buildings near the churches. There is a little chapel where the worshipers stop to wash in holy water and wipe on holy towels, before entering the temple; and there is a tea-house, where tea is sold, and "saki" also, which is very bad intoxicating drink. Fruits, dried fish, dishes of rice, and little wheaten cakes are also for sale in these church restaurants. Tiny metal pipes and fine to-

bacco are to be had there in addition—a sort of "beer garden," you see.

When Japan first became known to history, the people were principally "Sintoos," or worshipers of the National Genii, or Heroes. There were no priests then. Everybody came into the Kamis, or Sintoo temples, and worshiped whatever Kami, or Hero, they admired most. It is exactly as if some thousands of years from now the American people should worship Washington, and Jackson, and Lincoln. This Kami religion has made the Japanese a very patriotic people, however. They never have been under any foreign rule.

In the beginning, according to the Kami or Sintoo belief, there existed a liquid troubled mass.

Then three gods uprose.

After that the subtle atoms of chaos rose, and collected together, and became the Heavens. Four more gods were created. These seven gods existed for millions of years before there was any Earth. During this mighty period the solid atoms of chaos were swimming in an unformed mass, like a fish, on the surface of the water. I think I must copy a few verses for you from the Japanese Book of Genesis.

One day, as the last pair of gods were "leaning upon the Bridge of Heaven," they began to speak of the possibility of the existence of a lower world.

"Let us try," said Izanaghi to his companion, 'whether we may not find some submerged world in the waters which are beneath us;' and he plunged into them the diamond point of his celestial javelin, and turned it about in every direction; several drops of salt water fell from it when he withdrew it, which, becoming condensed as they fell, formed the island Onokoro-sima.

"Then the pair came down upon the island, and resolved to make it the center of a great archipelago. One went to the right, the other to the left; and so they made the circuit of the island. When they met, the goddess, transported with joy, exclaimed, 'O, how happy I am to see you, my dear and amiable husband!' but the god, offended, replied, 'My position, as your husband, gives me the right to speak first. Why do you usurp it? In order to avert evil consequences we must begin again.'

"On the second occasion the god spoke first, crying out the moment he met the goddess, 'O, how happy I am to see you, my dear and loving wife!'



A SINTOO GOD—THE GOD OF LONGEVITY.

"From that moment nothing interrupted their task of creation.

"Izanaghi caused the island of terrestrial foam, Awadsi, to emerge from the waters ; then Oho-Jamato, rich in autumnal fruits and fine harbors ; then Iyo, the beautiful ; then Tsikousi, the pentagonal island ; Iki, one of the columns of heaven ; Tsousima, of the excellent harbors ; Oki, with its three islets ; and the

famous Sado, full of gold and copper. These constitute the empire of the eight great islands. As for the other small isles, they grew from the foam of the sea and the deposit of the rivers.

"Now, as the created country was desert and uninhabitable, Izanaghi called into life eight millions of genii, who swooped down, all at once, upon the archipelago, and instantly produced an abundant vegetation.

"Besides this, Izanaghi created the ten thousand things from which the innumerable quantity of existing objects are derived.

"On her side, the goddess Izanami created the genii of the mines, of water, of aquatic plants, and of fire."

What a queer Bible! Don't you think so?

One of the daughters of this celestial couple was the Sun, Ten-sjoo-daï-zin. All the ancient Japanese, and the Mikados, to this day, trace their origin back in a direct line to this daughter, the Sun.

On the preceding page is a Japanese picture of a "Sintoo" god, the God of Longevity.

The idols of the Kami-worship are of monstrous size, and painted heavily with glaring colors. Vermilion is a favorite hue. When a person wishes to particularly propitiate the god, he brings a pair of straw slippers, braided, of the "size" the god wears, and hangs them on the railing by which he is inclosed. Thousands of these slippers hang there at a time, and remain until they decay and fall off.

Buddhism was introduced into Japan about the year A. D. 552, by Chinese monks. These monks were as cunning as Jesuits. They flattered the Mikado by calling him the Spiritual Head of the Empire—a sort of Pope, you know; and he protected them. In many places they supplanted the Sintoo religion. They got into the good graces of the people by the display and ceremony which attended their worship; they wore mitres, soutanes, and surplices, and carried crosiers and rosaries; and the Mikado was furnished with a body-guard, almost as fine as the tall Swiss guard around the pope. They built a splendid temple in Kioto, and gave it a mighty bell. They named it the "Temple of the Thirty-three Thousand Three Hundred and Thirty-three." That is just the number of idols the temple contains. You see the big idols have any number of small idols placed on their heads and knees, and on the palms of their hands.

The great idol of the Buddhists, "Daiboudhs," is at Kamakouri.

Instead of being placed in a temple, it stands at the end of a beautiful Holy Road, which stretches mountainward, under arches of foliage and between screens of flowing shrubbery. It is the most beautiful idol, perhaps, that was ever made; for idols, usually, are monstrous and ugly. The face of Daiboudhs is noble, serene, enraptured.

The only roof over "Daiboudhs" is the sunshine

and the clouds, his only walls the groves of trees. He is made of bronze like brass. The altar and the vases of lotus are, likewise, of brass. The image is twenty feet high, and is hollow; and by a secret staircase the priests go down within the god, into an oratory, to pray. This secret retreat is lighted by a ray of sunshine which enters an opening through the mantle at the back of the god's neck.

The early Buddhists modified their religion somewhat to suit the Japanese mind. They taught that the soul of man is a floating vapor, indissoluble, having the form of a tiny worm, and a thin thread of blood which runs from the top of the head to the extremity of the tail. If it were closely observed, it might be seen to escape from the house of death, at the moment when the dying person heaves his last sigh. At all times the cracking of the panel may be heard as the soul passes through it. Whither does it go? No one knows; but it cannot fail to be received by the ministering servants of the great judge of hell. They bring it before his tribunal, and the judge causes it to kneel before a mirror, in which it beholds all the evil of which it has been guilty. This is a phenomenon which is occasionally produced upon the earth: a comedian in Yeddo, who had committed a murder, could not look into his mirror without his gaze being met by the livid face of his victim. Souls, laden with crime, wander in one or other of the eighteen concentric circles of hell, according to the gravity of their offences. Souls in process of purification sojourn in a purgatory, whose lid they may lift up when they can do so without fear of falling, and resume the progressive course of their pilgrimage.

On the next page is a picture of the dread Tribunal.

See that unhappy wretch gazing in the Judgment Mirror! See his terror at beholding the earth-scene repeated where he had murdered some luckless fellow-mortal, and cast him in the river!

The Buddhist priests also instructed their followers that just as long as the soul lives it must be clothed with some kind of an earthly body. As soon as it dies, and becomes purified, it must return to earth, and be re-born, either in the form of a human being, or bird, or a fish, or a fox, or an elephant—just as it happens. This dying and being born again must be repeated so long as the soul exists. With each body there is, of course, physical pain. The Buddhist claims there is no relief from this, save in the Nir-

wana, which means nothingness, annihilation, total destruction of both body and soul; and he teaches his followers to long after this Nirwana as the greatest possible good thing that can befall him.

Is not this the most tragical of all religions? However, more than one third of the human race still believe in this Religion of Despair!

In certain cities many families of the nobility be-

lieve neither in the Buddhist nor in the Sintoo religion. They allow the Sintoo priests, however, once a year to send collectors into their aristocratic quarters; and through their hands they do, in reality, contribute toward the support of their oldest national worship.

Perhaps it is these minds, empty of all religious belief, that will soonest accept the teachings of edu-



THE GREAT JUDGE OF HELL.

cated Christian missionaries; and it is this class that are sending their young men abroad to learn the arts and sciences of our Western civilizations.

But I must not fail to say that, to the popular mind, the most "live" god in the whole Japanese theology is "Kitsné." Kitsné is a fox. On the seventeenth day of the first month he is publicly worshiped. On the eve of this day the foxes hold their Sabbath around a certain great tree, in a certain wide and dreary marsh.

Those gifted with the "second sight," claim to have

often seen the foxes dancing in a ring, each attended by a mystic will-o'-the-wisp. Kitsné is the only Supernatural Being the Japanese are really afraid of. For Kitsné is a most mischievous god. Kitsné misleads travelers with a will-o'-the-wisp lantern. Kitsné plays tricks on hunters. Kitsné it is who often causes children to sicken and die; in such cases, the shadow of the weeping mother on the wall always takes the form of a fox. Kitsné abducts pretty maidens. Young girls, who have mysteriously left home, return after an absence of months, and close their parents' mouths



THE SABBATH OF THE FOXES.

by the one dread word, "Kitsné! Kitsné!" Kitsné often appears in the shape of an old bonze. Then he is very mischievous. There is one way of defying him, however. Place a rat, newly roasted, in the path of the suspected priest, and he will immediately pounce upon it if he is really Kitsné. Kitsné will also bewitch the housekeeper's barrel of Saki whenever he can. Then woe to him who drinks! He will leave off his clothing, howl, tear his hair, and perform

the most eccentric dances, all to the great delight of the unseen Kitsné—sacred, amusing, perfidious Kitsné!

The missionaries did not enter Japan a day too soon—did they? Let us be glad that hundreds of Japanese young men go home every year, from a residence abroad, to whom the Nirwana, and the Dai-boudhs, and the Sintoo genii, and the Kitsné are alike absurd!



A VISIT OF CONDOLENCE.

A QUEER PEOPLE.

— —
BY L. R. L.
— —

NO. V.—THEIR FUNERALS.

TOGETHER with some other nations that do not consider themselves queer in the least, the Queer People find that the costliest part of living is to die.

Among all families of respectability and wealth the departure of a member from earth is attended with many ceremonies. The Bonzes and the beggars, and the friends and relations, besides a host of workmen and dealers, profit largely by the death.

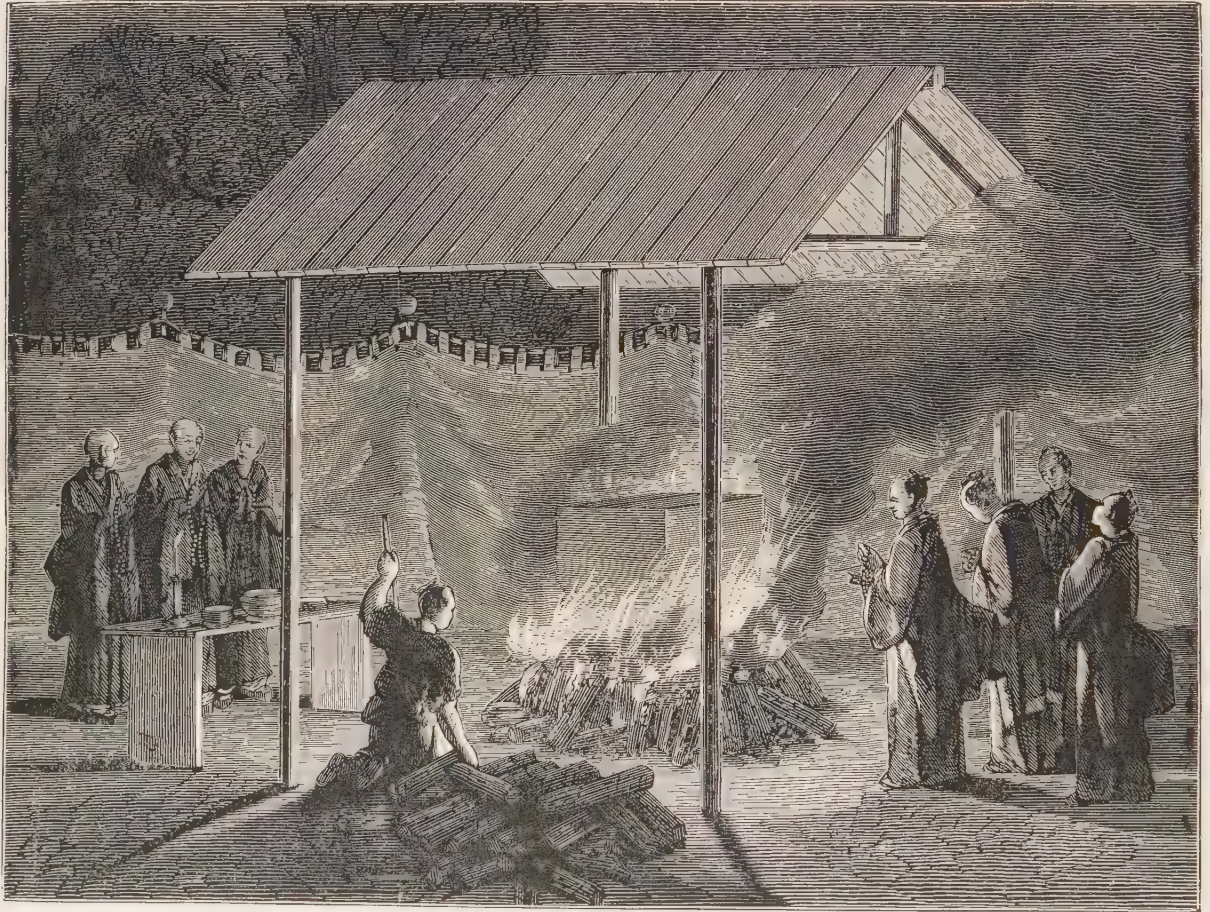
The Bonze steps in at the earliest moment. He

comes in the character of priest, remains as man of business, and charges as both. He prays, and repeats Japanese masses at intervals from the hour of death until the procession leaves the house. The male portion of the household often desert the building. The Japanese men have the greatest fear and abhorrence of a body that has died a natural death. They attribute the introduction of all new diseases to diabolical agencies. For instance, the popular belief is, that the Demon of Small-pox came to Japan by sea,

dressed in a red tunic, and bearing a letter! The women, however, remain near the body from first to last. They receive all the condolences.

Prostrate upon the floor-mat, which is turned bottom side up, at the foot of a screen, also turned wrong side out, which hides the corpse from view, they mingle their sobs with the sighs of their neighbors.

The Bonze is, virtually, the head of the house during this gloomy period. He orders the coffin, the mourning garments, the torches, the flowers, provides the watchers and the workmen. He also contracts for the combustibles, if the deceased wishes to be "cremated," as is frequently the case, and for the urn in which the "ashes" are to be deposited. In



CREMATION.

case of a burial, he selects the spot in the "family lot" at the cemetery. Afterward, both tomb and urn are under his protection; but the quality of his care-taking is generally proportionate to the means of the survivors.

After the funeral, the friends are served with a sumptuous repast; all who have assisted are paid; and a servant is sent to the street door to distribute alms among the beggars, whose national custom is to surround every house of mourning for this purpose.

The coffins of the Queer People are touched with the universal queerness. The rich Japanese seldom favor "cremation." They prefer to rest in the earth, "doubled up into enormous jars, which are masterpieces of native pottery. It requires a certain amount of energy, and very strong wrists, to squeeze a corpse, who is at all broad-shouldered, into the narrow neck of one of these jars. The lower middle class and common people use for coffins simply barrels, made of fir planks, with hoops of bamboo bark. Whether the

body is to be burned or buried, it is squeezed into the same narrow compass. The head is bent, the legs are doubled up under the body, and the arms are crossed on the breast."

The coffin, preceded by the Bonze, counting his rosary, is carried from the door under a "blessed bamboo," held by attendants, which prevents evil influences from following; and the mourners walk near, dressed in white. Before the Bonze is carried an inscription, containing the "new name" which the deceased is to receive in his epitaph.

Many of the cemeteries form beautiful portions of the Japan landscape. They are adorned with flowers and shrubbery, and the finest shade trees. The most notable one, perhaps, is at Nagasaki. Nagasaki is, indeed, a double city—the city of the living, and the city of the dead. The city of the living lies at the foot of a chain of mountains which have been terraced into one vast and imposing burial-ground. Long flights of stone steps lead up in every direction to memorial stones of granite, stately monuments, and family mausoleums. It is a lovely and solemn scene



COLLECTING THE REMAINS.

of ever-fresh blossoming and verdure. The trees are already centuries old.

The inhabitants of Nagasaki believe that those of their ancestors who have not yet entered into the Nirwana—the blissful state of annihilation—always contemplate from their peaceful resting-place in the mountains the busy life in the plains below.

Says M. Aimé Humbert, "One day of the year, toward the end of the month of August, the entire population invite these spirits to a solemn festival, which is prolonged during three consecutive nights.

"On the first evening the tombs of all persons who

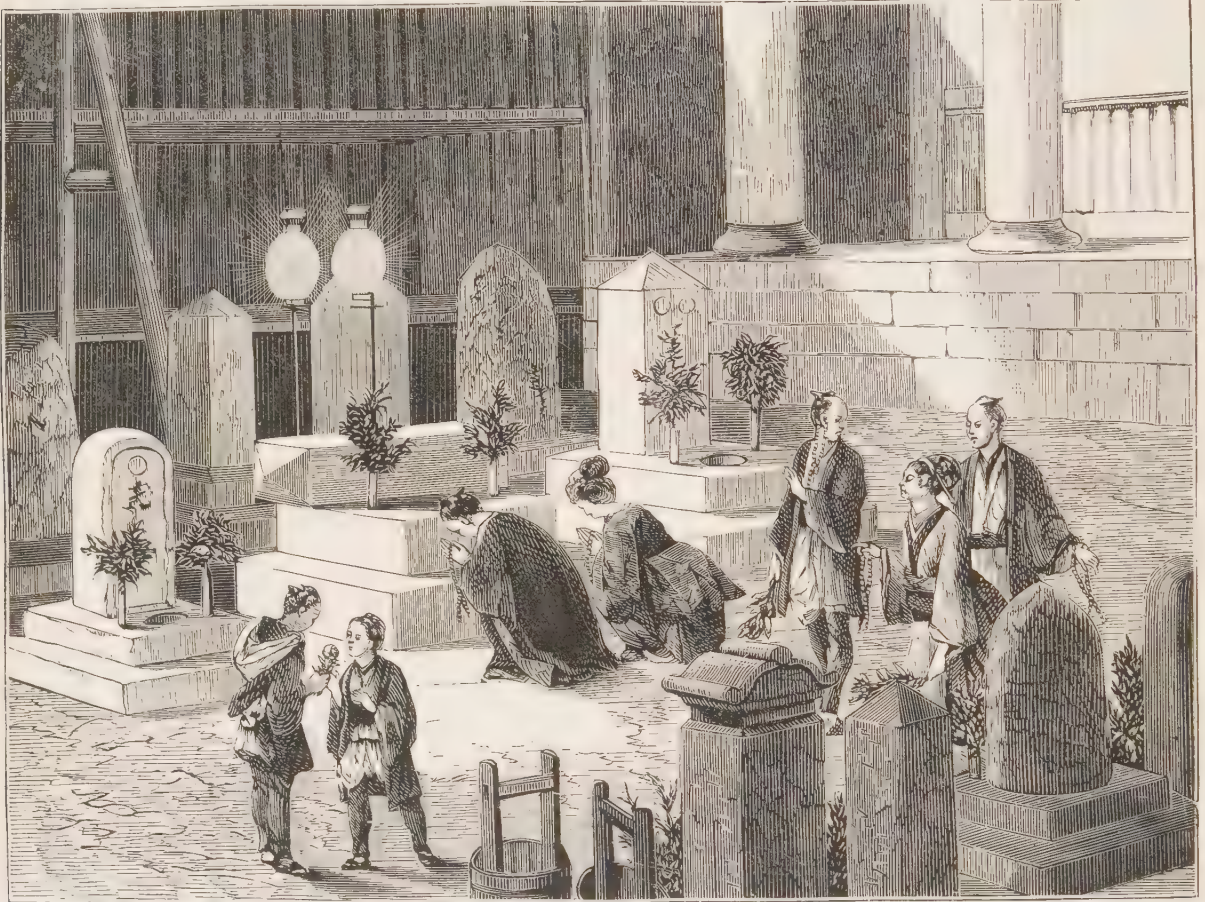
have died during the year are lighted by lanterns, painted in different colors.

"On the second and third nights, all the tombs, without exception, the old as well as the new, participate in a similar illumination, and all the families of Nagasaki come out and install themselves in the cemeteries, where they give themselves up to drinking abundantly, in honor of their ancestors.

"But, on the third night, about three o'clock in the morning, long processions of lights come down from the heights, and group themselves together on the borders of the bay, while the mountain gradually re-

sumes its darkness and its silence. The souls of the dead men have embarked and disappeared before the dawn. Thousands of small straw boats have been fitted up for them, each provided with fruit and pieces of money. They are also laden with all the painted paper lamps which had served for the illumination of

the cemeteries. Their little sails of mat are spread, and the morning breeze disperses them over the water, where they are soon consumed from the flame of the little lanterns. The entire flotilla is burned, and for a long time the traces of fire may be seen dancing over the waves. Finally, the last ship disappears, the



A TOMB IN WHICH THE URN IS PLACED.

last light is extinguished, the last soul has again bidden adieu to the earth.

"At the rising of the sun there is no trace of the dead or the merry-makers."

But these odd observances and ceremonies will soon belong to a people of the past. Old Japan is already passing. Young Japan belongs to the West.

Fifty years, and to all intents and purposes, in education, in dress, in religion, in tastes and sympathies, in aspirations and aims, in everything but politics, perhaps, Japan will be essentially American; and we shall need to search history, tradition, picture, and story for any distinct trace of the Japanese as "A QUEER PEOPLE."





A NOCTURNE.

POPSY'S GRAND JOURNEY.

Helen Jackson (N.H.)

WHEN Popsy first looked at her new trunk, she little dreamed what a long journey it was destined soon to take. She had heard her father and mother sometimes talking about selling the farm, and moving away, but she did not believe such a thing would really happen. However, happen it did, and in only a few months after Popsy got her trunk; and the first thing she thought when she found they were really going, was: "Now, my trunk will be splendid to carry my clothes in."

Uncle Eli Hyer had gone first. It was only a few weeks after he gave Popsy the trunk that he had suddenly sold his farm, and started with his whole family for Missouri. Before he went, he came over and had a long talk with Popsy's father, and tried to persuade him to go too. He said there was a better chance for farming in Missouri than in Tennessee; a great deal more room; and better land. Missouri, he said, was the finest State in the West; hogs grew twice as fat there as they did in Tennessee.

When Popsy told me the story of her grand journey she was an old woman between fifty and sixty, but she laughed as she recalled this reason Uncle Eli had given for moving to Missouri.

"I just wondered, then," said she, "if hogs could be any fatter than ours were; and if they

could, I thought I didn't want to see 'em; for ours were so fat they couldn't but just turn over. I never did like hogs; I don't like 'em now; though I may say, I haven't ever been separated from 'em, not since I was a child."

Two of Popsy's brothers also had gone to Missouri, to work on farms; and they had been sending back letters urging their father to sell out, and come and join them.

"They didn't give daddy any peace," was Popsy's way of putting it, "till he'd written 'em that he'd sell the first chance he got."

So it was finally settled; and before midsummer the last piece of Mr. Meadows' farm had been sold. They could not find any one to take the whole of it; it went in lots; three hundred acres to one man; three hundred to another; the farming fields to one, and the pasture lands and the timber to another.

There was a great excitement at the time throughout the whole region, about moving to the West. Every body seemed to have got suddenly discontented with living in Tennessee. The news spread from family to family. About every day the news came that another had decided to go. It seemed as if the people were half crazy; some of them about gave away their farms to get money enough to go with. One persuaded another; rela-

tives and friends did not want to be left behind, and when the time finally came for starting, the party, all told, men, women and children, counted up to fifty.

At Mr. Meadows' house the day before they were to set off, there was a kind of farewell feast. All the people who were going to emigrate were invited, and all the people who wanted to bid them good-by; in short, every body for forty miles round. It was the biggest entertainment ever seen in that region. Three extra negro servants had been cooking night and day for a week to get ready for it; pies and cakes and hams and chickens and turkeys were literally piled up in stacks more than could be counted. Some people arrived to breakfast; some just rode up, alighted for a few moments, took a cup of coffee and a bit of cake and drove away again; some staid to dinner, —and the greater part staid till dark and had a dance — the first time that there had ever been dancing in the house. "Just for once," Popsy's father and mother said. "Just for once. There wouldn't ever be such a time again."

Nobody counted how many people came and went in the course of the day. Nobody could. Everybody was too busy. But reckoning as well as they could, afterward, they thought there must have been at least six hundred, and perhaps seven.

This was Tuesday. The next morning, at ten o'clock, the party of "movers" gathered in front of the Shiloh meeting-house to make their start. That was the place agreed upon, and the hour of starting was to be nine. Before seven the wagons began to appear; but it was past ten before the last one arrived, and nearly eleven before the cavalcade moved off. There were fifty white covered wagons, mostly drawn by oxen; three comfortable carriages for invalids and old people, and a long procession of horseback riders. Among these last came Popsy, her sister Lyddy, and brother Jim. Popsy was so excited and happy she could hardly sit on her horse. It was a big yellow horse named Crusoe, for Robinson Crusoe, but the whole name proved too long, so they had dropped the Robinson. Popsy and her sister wore homespun cotton gowns, and big sunbonnets made of the same cloth. Popsy's sunbonnet was generally flapping on her shoulders behind, for if she kept it on her head she could not see half she wanted

to — Popsy did not mean to miss seeing a single thing on the way.

In her pocket she carried a little book with a pencil tied to it. She had resolved to write down in this book the name of every town, river, and mountain she saw. It seemed to Popsy like seeing the whole world, to go all the way from Tennessee to Missouri. She had never been more than four miles away from her father's house, and she had never seen any other sort of life than the life her own family, and the farmers' families in that region, led. How things looked in large towns, and how things were done in what we should now call comfortable and well-appointed houses, Popsy had not the least idea. This journey was going to teach her a great many things.

Mr. Meadows was the leader of the party. He had the care of all the arrangements; providing the food for the animals, selecting the place for camping at night, and determining the routes they should take.

He must have had a good instinct about roads, for he never but once, during the whole six weeks journey, lost his way, though all he had to go by was a little old map which had few of the roads marked on it. He walked every step of the way; always a little in advance of the foremost wagon.

Popsy on her yellow horse was here, there, and everywhere in the procession. She was so full of fun and good spirits that she became a sort of privileged character. Everybody liked to have her come cantering up, and walk her horse by the side of the wagons.

Her brother Jim rode a big bay horse. Popsy wanted that horse, but it was not thought safe for her; it was too high-spirited. Old Crusoe was the fastest, if he could only be got to do his best; but he was old, had lost his ambition, and needed much whipping before he would show his speed. One day, however, Popsy had the satisfaction of making him win in a race with the bay. She had dared her brother to a mile run for a pound of candy; and she had won fairly and squarely by dint of lashing Crusoe every other second with a willow switch she had cut.

They were just entering a town, and Jim made Popsy go into a shop to buy the candy. He held her horse outside. The first thing she saw, when she crossed the threshold, was a low iron stove with a fire burning in it. She had never before

seen a stove. She did not know there was such a thing. The sight nearly took her breath away.

"What's that?" she exclaimed, pointing to it. The man in the shop did not understand her.

"What's what?" he said.

"This thing where ye've got your fire!" said Popsy, kicking it with her foot. "Why don't you have your fire in a fireplace?"

Then the man laughed at her and told her he "reckoned she was from Tennessee." At which Popsy was angry and said no more.

But when she went out, she said to Jim and Lyddy, "What do you think they've got in there? A kind of a mud turtle, with fire in it." Which I think was a very good phrase for a child thirteen to have hit upon to describe a stove.

This was in Kentucky. Kentucky seemed to Popsy a beautiful country; such lovely hills and groves and sparkling streams. She saw many a place where she wished that they could stop and build a house and live always.

In the town of Bowling Green, in Kentucky, she had an adventure with a parrot, which produced a great impression on her mind.

They had camped for Sunday, in the outskirts of the town, on the edge of a little stream. They always rested over Sunday, and when they were not near enough to a town to go in to church, they had some sort of religious services in the camp.

On this Sunday, Popsy had strolled away by herself without permission, and walked into town. She was sauntering from street to street, gazing with eager and anxious eyes at every thing and every person, when she spied a huge green and red parrot, in a cage, hanging in an open window of a room on the first floor of a sort of restaurant, or eating house.

The window was so low that the bird was but little above Popsy's head. She stood stock-still, lost in admiration at the beautiful creature. She had never seen any colored pictures of birds. She had no idea that so gorgeous a bird was to be seen on the face of the earth. It almost frightened her, it shone so in the sun, and its feathers were of so many splendid colors. But how much more frightened was she when after looking at her for a second the bird opened its mouth, and, in distinct words, said, "Good-morning, madam! Go to hell," and after this a volley of more awful

oaths than Popsy had ever heard in her life. It was a parrot belonging to some sailors who had wickedly taught it to swear at everybody in this way.

Poor Popsy took to her heels, and ran for dear life, out of the town, back to the camp, and never stopped nor took breath till she had reached her mother's wagon. She made no doubt that a miracle had been wrought at that moment, to punish her for having broken the Sabbath, and run away from camp without leave, and that she was in danger of experiencing all the curses which the profane bird had hurled after her. This lasted her brother Jim for fun till the end of the journey. In fact poor Popsy did not hear the end of it for years; and I do not wonder, for I think myself it was a very droll thing to have happened just as it did, on a Sunday, when Popsy had run away.

The days flew by like a dream to Popsy. She thought she would like to spend all her life journeying in that way. Everything was so systematically arranged that there was no real discomfort in the life. They had plenty of provisions in the wagons; barrels of flour, and of salted meat, and kegs of cider. There were three tents which were set up every night; two for the women, and one for the men. Many members of the party made up beds in their wagons and slept on those. Popsy tried both, but liked the tents best. Every night there were built four big fires of logs, and after the suppers had been cooked and eaten, everybody gathered around these log fires, and sang, and told stories far into the night. There were two fiddles in the party, and several first-rate fiddlers—so they never lacked for music.

Popsy never wanted to go to bed. When the camp was in a grove she would sometimes select a tree whose branches were low enough to be easily climbed—she could climb like a wild cat—and once up and curled into a crotch, with her head resting against the trunk, she would sit by the hour, watching the men moving about with lanterns, feeding the animals, throwing logs on the fires, and singing, sometimes negro songs, but oftener religious hymns; for they were nearly all Methodists. Then when all the work was done, and the story-telling began, it was like fairyland to Popsy. Not a word escaped her ears, and her great blue eyes looked black with excitement as she listened.

Once she gave everybody a great scare. It had grown very late, and spite of all her interest in the stories and talk, Popsy was sleepy. Again and again she found herself nodding, but she could not make up her mind to tear herself away and go to bed. At last she was really overpowered by sleep, and her head gave so violent a nod that she lost her balance, let go of the branch to which she was holding, and came down, luckily feet foremost, into the middle of the group of story-tellers.

They were more frightened even than she; for they did not know, or had forgotten that she was up there, and their first thought was that it must be some sort of wild animal that was coming crawling through the branches. But Popsy's scream soon reassured them. She alighted on her feet like a cat, jumping up and down, to get her balance. "It's only me," she said. "I missed my hold on the tree."

"Ye was asleep, Pop, ye know ye was," cried her brother Jim.

"No such thing," exclaimed Popsy. "How'd I come down on my feet if I'd been asleep, I'd like to know! I wasn't asleep any more'n you are."

"Catch a weasel asleep," said one of the men.

"Pop goes the weasel," laughed Jim, at which Popsy darted back, and before Jim knew what had happened to him, had got his head tight under her right arm, and was giving it a good sound pummelling till he was glad to beg for mercy.

"Don't call me a weasel again then," she said, as she marched off as dignifiedly as she knew how.

Another sight Popsy saw on this journey, which she never forgot. She was galloping along on her horse, when she suddenly saw a man sitting by the roadside, with a big pile of sticks and old bones in front of him, building them up into a sort of house, as children build houses out of corn-cobs. The man was laughing to himself, and pointing to the house, as he laid each fresh stick on the pile. Popsy halted her horse: "What be ye doin' that for?"

The man looked up at her, and burst into a loud laugh, still pointing to the sticks and bones, but made no reply. While she sat there on her horse, looking bewilderedly at the man, her father came up, and reproved her sharply.

"Aint ye ashamed, Pop," he said, "to stare so at the poor creature! Come away. It's an idiot."

Popsy had never before heard the word idiot; and she did not in the least know what it meant.

"I don't care," she replied, "I'm goin' to have a good look at it," and she waited there till the greater part of the procession of wagons had passed her. Then she cantered on, and for half a mile the fences on both sides of the road were hung full of old bones and sticks such as the man had been playing with. That was the way he spent all his time, gathering up old bones, and bits of sticks, tying them on to the fences, and building them up into towers, which he knocked down and built over again a dozen times a day. Even now Popsy did not understand what the word idiot meant, but she asked no more questions; and for years afterward, she thought an idiot was simply a man who tied bones on fences.

When they first started on this journey, Popsy's mother was so feeble that she had to lie down all the time on a bed in the bottom of one of the wagons; but before they had been on the road three weeks, she was so much better that she could sit up all day, and walk a little.

There was one woman in the party who had come very unwillingly. She did not want to leave Tennessee; and she was so angry at her husband's having decided against her wishes, to make the move, that she too lay on a bed in the bottom of their wagon all the way. She would not get up at all to help about anything. She would not look out of the wagon, nor let anybody see her face, if she could help it. She slept most of the time; and when she was awake, she cried.

Popsy thought she must be crazy, not to care anything about seeing the beautiful country they were travelling through, and all the interesting people, and things that happened. Even when the fiddles were playing at night, and everybody in the whole camp having a good time, she would not lift her head from her pillow, nor speak a word. Her husband, poor fellow, had a sorry time with her. I think he must have wished he had staid at home.

When they got into the southern part of Illinois, the party broke up, about half of them deciding to settle there, instead of pushing on to Missouri.

Both of the fiddles and the two best story-tellers, staid behind, here, which was a loss Popsy felt deeply. There was not so much fun after that;

and very often Popsy would be in bed and sound asleep on a wagon-bottom, in half an hour after they stopped for the night. She was growing a little tired and sore from the saddle, also, and sometimes, in the day time, she and her sister would tie their horses behind one of the wagons, and climb in, on top of the piled boxes and trunks, and ride there for part of a day. It was from one of these perched-up seats inside the wagon, that Popsy made a famous leap to the ground, which might have broken her neck but, by great good fortune, did not hurt her at all.

It was in a farming town in the high lands in Illinois. The wagon-train had stopped to let the cattle drink, and Jim came galloping up to the wagon in which Popsy was sitting. "O Pop, Pop!" he cried, "get down quick. Here's an Irish woman making cider with her feet."

The driver who had helped Popsy up to her perch was filling his bucket at the spring. Popsy was too impatient to wait for his return. She eyed the distance between her perch and the near ox's back, made a spring, and alighted firm on the astonished creature's shoulders, caught hold of the two horns, and swung herself to the ground, greeted by the cheers of half a dozen men, who had sprung forward to catch her when they saw her come flying through the air.

"Well done, Pop!" they shouted. But her father was very angry, and told her if he caught her doing such a thing again, he would give her a whipping she would not forget in a day. Popsy hardly heard either the praise or the blame, she was in such a hurry to overtake Jim, whose big bay horse she saw a few rods ahead, standing in front of a shed. She was on Crusoe's back in a second, and by Jim's side before he thought she would have had time to climb down from the wagon.

"How'd ye get down so quick, Pop?" he said.

"Jumped," replied Pop curtly. "Daddy said he'd lick me if I did it again. It didn't hurt me. I knew old Major wouldn't budge. His back's broad as a barn door."

"Ye didn't light on Major's back, though, did ye, Pop?" exclaimed Jim.

"Course I did," replied Pop. "I'll do it again some day, when daddy's on in front. It's real fun."

"Pop, you'd ought ter ha' bin a boy," said Jim admiringly.

"I expect so," answered Pop. "Oh the dirty

thing! just look at her feet. They're black as mud. Well! I don't want any Illinois cider, if this is the way they make it."

There stood the Irish woman, in a great wooden vat, half up to her knees, in foaming apples and cider, her bare feet as she jumped up and down, showing as Popsy had said, black as mud. It was not an appetizing sight for a cider-drinker. In her two hands she held a big wooden pestle; and with this, she beat and mashed the apples, all the while hopping and whirling about in the vat, and stamping with her feet, till the juice flew in all directions, and splattered her face and hair.

"Weell yees have some cider?" she called out, tossing the hair back from her face, and resting her pestle on the floor of the vat. She hoped here would be a fine chance to sell some of her cider to this big party of travellers. "I've a fine barrel uv it, jist over beyant there," pointing to her house, on the other side the road; "a fine barrel uv it, swate, an' a plinty that's sour, for thim uz likes it sour."

"Have ye got any that's clean, mother?" asked one of the men.

"Clane, is it ye're askin'?" she exclaimed with great surprise; "sure an' why shouldn't it be clane!"

At which everybody roared and Popsy, with her usual impetuosity, cried out: "Why, your feet are as dirty 's anything."

"Indade an' they're as clane thin as a babe's in arms; it's the stain o' the cider ye see on thim, an' it's nothin' else. It's no worse for the cider than for the wine ye drink, is it thin? I've niver heard tell ayther as hands wuz made afore feet," and seeing that she was not going to make any trade for her cider she fell to, more vigorously than before, at her beating and stamping; and Jim and Popsy rode away, looking back over their shoulders as long as they could see her. Popsy was aghast.

"What did she mean about the wine, Jim?" she said. "They don't stamp it out that way, with feet, do they?"

"Don no," replied Jim, "shouldn't wonder. Nobody's hurt by what he don't see."

"Ugh!" said Popsy, shuddering. "It makes me sick to think on't. I mean to ask daddy."

But before she had a chance to speak with her father, new scenes and new incidents had put it out of her mind. One thing followed another on this journey so fast that Popsy could not remember half

of them. Even where other people did not see much to observe, or be interested in, she was full of eager interest and observation. Nothing escaped her quick eyes.

It was on the fourteenth of September that they left home. And it was not until the thirty-first of October that they reached the spot in the north-east corner of Missouri, which was destined to be Popsy's home for the next thirty years of her life.

The precise place had not been determined on before leaving home. Mr. Meadows preferred to decide that for himself, on the spot. It was a sort of accident which finally settled that important question.

They camped one night, in the edge of a fine oak wood, on a little stream. In a clearing in this forest stood a small two-roomed log cabin. On making the acquaintance of the people living in it, Mr. Meadows found out that they would like to sell the place. Nick Roberts was the man's name. This clearing and this cabin were the thirteenth clearing and cabin he had made in the wild regions in the West. He said he believed it was his mission in life to go ahead and cut down trees and build log cabins for other people. At any rate, as soon as he had got one made, somebody always came along, and offered him a good sum of money for it, so he would sell it, and push along again into some new wilderness.

When Popsy found that her father was going to buy this place, she went off alone, far, far into the woods, and had a good cry. It seemed to her the loneliest, dreariest place she ever saw. The land was rough and hilly, broken up into ravines and cliffs; the woods were dark, and full of underbrush; it was five miles from a town, and poor Popsy had hoped so much that their new home would be near a village, so that she could, as she would have said, "see folks." Then the little log cabin seemed to her only fit for a barn. Altogether, Popsy was wretched enough.

"After all the lovely, beautiful country we've come through," she thought to herself, "hundreds and hundreds of miles of it, what could made daddy choose this horrid place!"

Many a good cry Popsy had, and Lyddy also, in those first days at Nick Roberts'. When they found that the Robertses were not going out of the cabin till spring, they felt worse than ever.

"What! all live together in these two rooms!" cried Popsy. "We can't!" Popsy had yet to learn what can be endured by settlers in a new country. Their old house in Tennessee, though it had not been a very good one, had still been roomy and comfortable, in comparison with this. "I'll sleep in the wagon all winter then," said Popsy to her sister. "I won't be in the room with all these folks we don't know."

But before the winter was half over, it was far too cold to sleep in the wagons, and Popsy and Lyddy were glad enough to be tucked away on the floor, in the corner of the room where Grandma Roberts, and Mrs. Roberts, and her two children, and Popsy's mother, all slept. The men slept in the outside room which was also the kitchen. It had a big stove in it, and two wooden settles, and the men slept rolled up in blankets on these settles.

In the spring when the Robertses went away, Popsy cried as hard as she had cried in the autumn at the thought of having to live with them. They seemed now just like her own grandparents, and uncle, and aunt, and her affectionate heart was nearly broken at the thought of never seeing them again. But there was not much time that summer for crying over anything. How they did all have to work! Popsy and Lyddy as hard as anybody else; clearing up fields, planting wheat, getting ready to build the new house. They had a terrible bit of bad luck with their first orchard. In Tennessee it had always been the custom to plant wheat between the trees in the orchards. So Mr. Meadows planted wheat in his orchard here; but the Missouri soil was different. The wheat killed out all the young trees but one. And that was a terrible loss.

One of the biggest jobs Popsy did was setting out wild gooseberries. The woods all about were full of wild gooseberry bushes. As soon as the bushes were transplanted and cultivated, the fruit grew very large, and delicious. Popsy was so fond of gooseberries that she did not mind working hard to make sure of having all she wanted to eat; and the second summer after they moved to Missouri she actually dug up with her own hands one hundred gooseberry bushes, brought them from the woods in bundles on her back — just as she had brought flax, two years before — and set them out in rows on two sides of the garden. On the opposite sides were currant bushes, red, white and

black ; and a big raspberry patch ; so they did not lack for fruit.

Here Popsy lived till she grew up to be a woman, and was married to the son of one of their near neighbors. Then she went to live with him, on his father's farm, only a few miles away ; and she never

had another journey till she was over forty years old. Through all those years, this journey of which I have told you remained in her mind, as the most wonderful and interesting experience of her life. It was indeed, as I have called it, her "Grand Journey."





AT THAT THE TALL LEADER LEAPED DOWN AND SEIZED ZACH.

TAZ Á TAZ.

F. L. Stealy

IT was Indian Summer. The red sun was hanging on the smoky rim of the mountains which look down on the plaza and its piñon environment spread out far below.

With the sunset hour came the usual stir of herds coming home for the night. For the crops

in the narrow valley of the little stream were yet ungarnered and, being unprotected by any fence, stock of all kinds were herded by day and corralled by night to prevent them from encroaching; this had been the custom of this pastoral people and their forefathers from time immemorial.

Along the well-worn trails crossing the valley, the cattle were now coming in to the water, a *vaquero* riding slowly behind their lagging columns. Beyond these yet, a dust-cloud rolling nearer marked the approach of the *caballada*. On it came, and suddenly, like the wind from the mountains, the horses, mad with thirst from the hot day on the plain, rushed upon the valley and broke with bursting nostrils for the water. On either side an *amansador*, leaning forward in his Spanish saddle, plied his spurs and waved his rawhide lariat as he urged his half-wild horse to full speed to keep the flying herd in check.

On the opposite side from where these herds poured across the open valley, the rocky bluff with its green crown of stunted piñons closed in so that the stream swept its base. Here its sides were seamed by many little winding trails, and down these now came little herds of nimble-footed goats, each shepherded by a Mexican boy.

Thus their loose stock was being everywhere corralled for the night by the pastoral people of the plaza. But above it a mile or so, it may be, and hidden from sight by a great bend of the stream with its attendant bluff, there dwelt for the time being strangers of a restless and far more aggressive race, whose vicinity, it may be said here, was as a thorn in the flesh to the peaceful people of the plaza. These stranger folks were not so careful of their stock as their Mexican neighbors, and now from the little patch of oats growing luxuriantly in the valley above there came the subdued whinnies and snuffing of loose horses feeding freely on the ripening crop.

Just above the oat-patch in a little sheltered *cañadita* that opened on the valley of the stream the strangers had pitched their camp. It was at the head of a small spring encircled by piñons abundant for firewood. And as the sun had now gone, the camp-fire blazing up, glowed ruddily upon the grimy cover of a wagon drawn up near by. Between this and the fire two women dressed in tattered calico gowns were stooped at household tasks. One was busily patting out thin cakes of corn-meal and water after the fashion of her Mexican neighbors and depositing them in a couple of frying-pans beside her; the other was frying strips of fresh deer-meat cut from the quarter of the black-tail buck gambrelled on the piñon behind her. Ranged in a half-circle around the fire, sat half a

dozen children gazing greedily at the frying meat; and beyond, just within the radius of the blaze, lounged three men, tall, lank and swarthy, completing the group.

In the side of the *cañadita* above these, another fire was burning. It was made in a rude sort of chimney in the back part of a habitation, half-dugout, half-cabin, cut in the slope and built up in front with logs. Beside the open doorway of this rough dwelling, a man with a bearded face was seated on a block cut from a piñon trunk, leisurely polishing the barrel of a heavy Hawkins rifle. This was Captain Dodgins; and those below were three, who, having followed him in battle before, had now with their swarthy broods come with him a-gold-hunting westward.

In one corner of the Captain's dwelling was a table of slabs supported by oaken pins driven in one of the logs. Before this now stood a boy with straw-colored hair whose naturally red face was tanned still redder by wind and sun. The sleeves of his cotton shirt were rolled up to his elbows and he was busily washing the tin dishes of the household in a battered old prospect pan. Facing him, and receiving each dish in turn from his hand, to be dried and polished on an old flour-sack, stood another boy a head and shoulders taller. These were the Captain's two sons, though he much oftener spoke of them as "the lieutenants." The younger was "Zachary T." the elder was "Winfield S." and in him were seen the dauntless eyes and bold bearing of the Captain himself.

As the Captain sat by the door the tinkle of the horse-bell in the oatpatch fell pleasantly on his ears and he could, if he had looked that way, just distinguish the dark figures of the grazing horses in the light the rising moon poured in the valley.

One of the men evidently saw them, for he arose and advanced to the Captain's seat.

"Cap'n," said he, in his nonchalant drawl, "horses are in the oatpatch ag'in," and paused as if for orders.

The Captain stroked his long mustachios thoughtfully and replied, "I observe them there, Corporal," and said no more.

"Maybe, Cap'n," said the corporal, after some hesitation, "we-uns oughter try and keep them out. Thar's a mighty heap of people 'bout that thar plaza and the ole alcalde"—

"And you," the Captain interrupted, with just a

shade of reproof in his tone, "you, Corporal, stood side by side with me at the storming of Chapultepec."

"It ain't for myself I was a-thinkin'," said the corporal, with a quick glance at the fire. "What with *vaqueros* and *peones* and *pastores* and a lot more fellows called by them rigmarole names, they can muster nigh on a hundred fighters in that hornet's nest over yon," and the speaker pointed his lean finger at the plaza. "And we-uns, Cap'n, are jest four leavin' out the women and chillen and them two boys of yourn."

"Oh, count the lieutenants in by all means, Corporal," said the Captain with his cool smile. "There's Win — I'll back him any time against half a dozen of your Spanish hornets. You forget, Corporal," and he arose with a grand air and straightened his mighty shoulders and thrust back his long chestnut hair with one brown hand as he spoke, "you forget the superiority of the Saxon over the Latin. We had ocular demonstration of that, you and I, on more than one battle-field fought in their own country. Why should we doubt it here in our own? As for the oats, I offered the *alcalde* one third the 'dust' we had dug here for them. 'Twas ten times their value, but he shook his head and refused it. He held no commerce with *extranjeros*, he said, but would the *caballeros Americanos* be pleased to dig no more holes in the valley and to let the water flow on undisturbed so they could irrigate their crop? No, I told him, the *extranjeros* would dig holes wherever they could pan a color and that we couldn't wash for gold without water and that it was made to be, and ought to be, and *had* to be, just as free as the air of heaven. What would you have, Corporal? We parleyed fair, and now as we are, so to speak, in an enemy's country we must depend on them for forage; so we'll let the beasts eat their fill."

Alas! the Captain, like many a greater leader, made not so nice a distinction between mine and thine as one could wish. In the heat, too, of his aroused feelings he did not stop to think his words were falling on ears within only too retentive.

In a little *adobe* house near by one corner of the plaza's square, lived Manuel Pino, the plaza's patriarch. He had once been a gay *amansador* himself, with silver *campanillas* swung to his spurs and gold-braided *sombrero* set jauntily on his jetty hair.

But that was in the days of his fiery youth. Now he was a little lean old man with long white hair parted in the middle and framing his shrunken face; with a thin hooked nose projecting over a stiff white mustache, and deep-set black eyes which had not wholly lost their youthful fire.

There were two rooms to his small house; and in the larger one preparations were now being made for supper. There were neither chairs nor table in the room, but a fire was burning in the dome-shaped fireplace in one corner, and on the raised hearth before it a pot of *atale* — corn-meal mush — was smoking. Stooping over this, and at intervals stirring it with a long cedar paddle, was Manuela, the patriarch's widowed daughter-in-law. Dropping the paddle, she moved on bare feet noiselessly about the room, taking from the deep embrasure of the narrow unglazed window a jar of goat's milk and setting it on the hearth; placing beside it, also, two smaller earthen pipkins furnished each with an iron spoon.

Before the fire, on a goatskin flung on the dirt-floor, old Manuel himself was seated, with his eyes resting on the bubbling mush, or turned now and then to the door in expectancy. This was at length opened and a boy entered — a tall, brown lad dressed in a cotton shirt, goatskin *pantalones*, and goatskin moccasins soled with rawhide.

This was Bensislado, old Manuel's grandson, returned from his daily task of herding the family goats.

His moccasoned feet made no sound as he moved across the room and stopping before his mother and grandfather, bent his head and said to each in his soft voice, "*Buenos Tardes*" (Good evening).

To this salutation each replied "Good evening, *hijo mio*," and old Manuel added "*sientate* (sit down)," and motioned to a vacant goatskin by the fire. The young *cabrero* seated himself and, the family circle being complete, the pipkins were at once filled with mush and milk. But scarcely had the hungry *cabrero* put the first spoonful to his lips, ere the door again opened to admit a guest in whose favor he at once arose, relinquishing his pipkin and place by the fire.

The newcomer was an old man but of a hale and hearty appearance. Old Manuel himself arose and with much ceremony addressed him as "Señor Don Alcalde," and his dignified air was fitted to

his title. Despite his grandeur, however, he laid his hand on the *cabrero's* shoulder and said :

"Sit thee down, Bensi, and eat thy supper." Then turning to old Manuel he added, "I have but a moment to stay, *Amigo*, and I desire to have your advice about these *Americanos*. Their beasts are again loose on our crop and I have remonstrated with them in vain asking them to depart from our lands."

"Ah, these strangers!" said the patriarch, even Spanish sounding harsh in his cracked voice. "Did I not forbode this would be an unlucky year when I saw the piñon cones were filling? 'Tis only once in seven years they do that and now behold their nuts abound bringing with them all mischances — these strangers and short crops and worst of all the scourge, *las viruelas* — the small-pox. Ninety-odd years have I lived, Don Alcalde, and never yet have I seen it fail."

"I know," said the alcalde, very patient in his courtesy. "But these *Americanos* — you have held much intercourse with them and know their ways. Tell me if possible how we may rid ourselves of them peaceably."

"There is no way but to have patience," said the patriarch, shaking his head. "They are of the conquering race before whose advance all other peoples must fall back. These strangers here are gold-hunters and there is little here to tempt them. They will soon tire of digging here and go on in search of richer placer. Until then leave them to themselves."

"And meanwhile suffer them to do as they please with our own," said the alcalde, as he arose, proudly disdainful of this humiliating advice. "Ah no, *Amigo*, I know of a better plan. 'Tis to pay them *taz á taz* (tit for tat)."

The patriarch shook his head in sage disapproval as the alcalde departed; but nevertheless the latter's words had found a ready response. During the conversation the young *cabrero* had sat motionless looking in the fire, but it was not its reflected light that flashed in his lustrous eyes at the alcalde's bold speech.

Often around the wind-swept camp fire's flare there passed true tales of "foughten field." It was rarely that the Captain figured as the hero of his own — small need, indeed, had he, for all there well knew he had borne the brunt of battle. But

these recitals had fallen on greedy ears and in the eyes of Winfield a halo of glory hung about that hero, his father. For this young wanderer of the wilds had neither book nor paper, and his craving mind feasted on these romances of reality, until he burned with desire to emulate the achievements, the mere recital of which fired him to a glow. The opportunity, long wanting, at length came.

He and Zach and three of the largest of their companions at the camp were out one afternoon gathering piñon nuts. They had wandered some distance from camp and at length found themselves on the verge of one of the numerous *cañadas* — narrow, shallow glens — branching in all directions through the piñon hills.

The deep-worn trails through this showed it was travelled daily by the herds going to and from the plaza to their feeding-grounds. None of the herds of larger stock, however, were now visible, but on the opposite side, in the shade of the stunted trees along the *cañada's* edge, several small herds of goats were quietly at rest. Their respective *cabrerros* were gathered together engaged in laying up the walls of a mimic fortalice from the loose shale about.

Each party saw the other at the same time. The *cabrerros* ceased building and stood looking across. And Winfield, with his head filled with tales of heroic achievements against their race, felt the spirit of his ancestors strong within him at thus suddenly beholding them, and on the spur of the moment waved his hand and gave utterance to a cheer of defiance.

The *cabrerros* answered not vocally; but one — the tallest of them — stooped and inserting a stone in his shepherd's sling twirled it about his head and sent it across the *cañada*. It, indeed, fell far short; but the action was significant. Winfield's eyes sparkled. Here, then, was to be another storming of the heights of Chapultepec.

"We can never reach them from here," cried Win excitedly. "Let us get to close quarters and meet them hand to hand. After me, now, boys! Charge!" His words were not only those of the Captain, but his manner was an excellent imitation of that gallant soldier's, as, waving a curved cedar stick above his head, he plunged down the slope to cross the *cañada* followed by his comrades.

Half-across their progress was suddenly checked. In the centre of the *cañada*, hitherto

unnoticed by them, was a deep washout cut in the friable soil by heavy floods. It was too wide to be leaped and they scattered, some going up, some down, seeking a crossing-place. Meantime the *cabreros* stood ranged in line on the edge of the low cliff above, vigilant and ready to resist the assault.

Zach, going above, was the first to find a crossing-place. And leaping over, he turned and shouted for the others to follow. They started, and then, to his surprise, stopped. At the same instant he heard a noise like rumbling thunder and looking in the direction, there burst on his sight from an abrupt turn of the *cañada* above, a whirlwind of dust amidst which could be seen moving heads and flying hoofs as the *caballada* poured in to water.

They came on him so suddenly, and were so close, that Zach instinctively started away from them down the *cañada* trying vainly to recross the washout and then, as they neared him, growing bewildered, he turned and ran hither and thither. Win, unable to get to him, shouted in desperation to him to run for the *cabreros*, but his voice was drowned in the thunder of approaching hoofs. At that crisis the tall leader of the *cabreros* leaped down and seizing the bewildered Zach dragged him to one of the piñons straggling up the slope, and none too soon, for the first of the horses were already upon them and in another instant they had filled the bottom of the *cañada* from side to side and were past like a whirlwind. Then Win looking through the dust-cloud with his heart in his mouth saw Zach clinging to the piñon, and the *cabrero*, the danger past, already scaling the cliff above to rejoin his companions.

All this had occupied only a moment. Then Zach having recrossed to him, Win, discomfited at this unexpected turn of the affair, withdrew his forces.

As they started for home, however, he caught a glimpse of a tall figure, rifle on shoulder, loitering at the edge of the piñons at a little distance. Win thought he recognized it, but he could not be sure so quickly it vanished in the timber. But that evening at the supper-table the leader of the gold-hunters more than once looked quizzically at his two lieutenants and stroked his long mustachios with never a word.

For several days thereafter the scene in the *cañada* was always before Winfield. Once or

twice he had strolled along through the piñons seeking the leader of the *cabreros* of whom he always thought with a softened heart.

At length one afternoon he came on the little herd of goats that he had marked as belonging to the *cabrero*. Win looked for him and waited, but the herd was unattended and strayed about at their own will. At sundown he, thinking to do the *cabrero* at least this service, drove the herd to the plaza. When near it they turned into their little picket corral of themselves, and a Mexican coming out of the house near motioned to the stranger to come no closer.

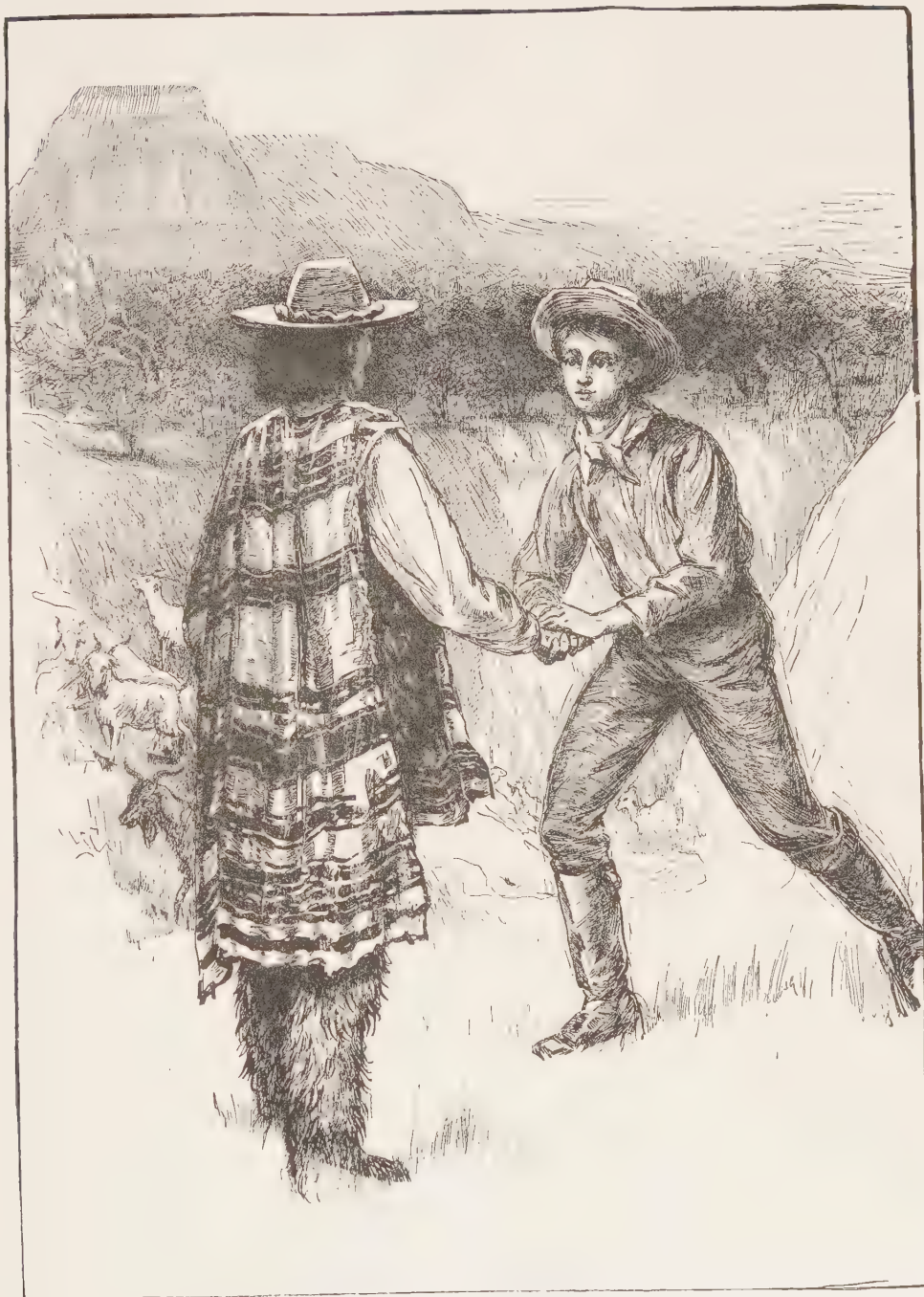
Approaching within speaking distance, he pointed to the goats and said, "*Muchas gracias, señor,*" and then to the house and said "*Las viruelas.*" Then, pointing in the direction of the stranger's camp, he cried "Adios," and turned to the house. Win understood there was something wrong, but what he knew not. At supper, however, the Captain enlightened him.

"The small-pox has broken out at the plaza, Win," he said, "and as they know nothing of vaccination it will decimate them as it does the Indians. Old Manuel Pino's grandson, that tall boy that led the enemy in the affair of the *cañada*, is down with it."

His words startled Win in more ways than one. He looked at his father shyly, with his brown cheeks suffused with blushes; but the Captain's imperturbable face conveyed nothing of what was in his mind.

The next morning, however, as the Mexican pulled down the bars of the picket corral to release the goats to graze, to his surprise there appeared before him a stranger to act as their *cabrero*. And not only on that day, but for many thereafter, Win made this his daily task. Monotonous hours passed in the loneliness of the piñon hills shook not his resolution in the least.

For society he had the goats, the little "bush rabbits" that had their holes in the rocky edges of the *cañadas*, and the dainty *piñoneras*, blue piñon birds that fed on the cedar berries and uttered a quavering note as they sped in short flights across the parky places. When tired of watching these, he gathered stores of rich piñon nuts and "cachéd" them for future consumption of Zach and himself and as the goats filled with grass lay cud-chewing beneath the trees at noonday, he rested also and



IT WAS THE CABRERO, THE SHADOW OF HIS FORMER SELF. WIN SPRANG TO HIS FEET.



sat with eyes fixed on the long line of peaks rising in sheeny whiteness beyond the dark foot-hills. Something in their splendor, almost celestial, raised his thoughts above their heights, and always at that hour a prayer went up that the *cabrero* might live. Then last, and best of all company, he had a heart—

Which humble thoughts had swept
And holy prayers made clean.

It was in the heart of the hills that the Captain came on Win. And though he talked in the pleasantest way for an hour or more he made no allusion to this new departure, but seemed to regard it quite as a matter of course. And being himself a man of deeds, rather than words, the cherished contents of his little medicine case found their way by means unknown to the hands of the old *alcalde*.

Once, too, Padre Gabriel the old French priest who had passed nearly half a century at the plaza, stopped and spoke to Win, and ere he hurried away laid his hand on his head with an air that was itself a benediction.

For in those days the good father had scant time to tarry. Often on afternoons as Win drove the goats homeward he saw a solemn cortege issue from the plaza gateway and pass slowly across the plain to the naked knoll beyond, where the rough wooden crosses grew in number day by day.

At length the day came when, as Win sat watch-

ing the goats on the edge of the *cañada*, a figure moving slowly through the piñons drew near him. It was the *cabrero*, the shadow, indeed, of that agile leader who had leaped to the rescue down the *cañadita*. Win sprang to his feet and for a moment they stood with hands clasped looking each in the other's face. The lustrous eyes of the Spaniard, doubly large now in his scarred and shrunken face, were dim for an instant and Win felt his thin hand tremble in his own hearty one as he murmured some broken words.

Win, too, made an equally incoherent rejoinder; but it mattered not for neither understood the language of the other. Still as they sat down side by side and spoke with smiles and pauses and many gestures all was known between them in that language common to generous hearts the world around.

Then it seemed to Win all his old visions of glory and heroes battle-crowned paled before the happiness of that peaceful hour.

As old Manuel, the wise, had predicted, the restless gold hunters soon tired of the valley and went away—no one know whither. The plaza fell back into its wonted peace and only the holes dug in the valley and the added wooden crosses on the naked knoll told of the visit of the strangers and the scourge. Time would soon do away with these but never can he efface from two hearts the memory of each other.





Julian B. Arnold

OF the many pathways and modes of travel there are few more delightful than that of making the ascent and descent of the Nile in the time-honored dahabeeah. From the very earliest times travellers have praised the beauties of the classic river, and to-day the perfect life which is lived on its waters draws to it many of those wanderers whom more sunless lands send forth to peep into the nooks and corners of the world. And Egypt, "that gift of the Nile" as Herodotus calls her, will ever allure travellers, for time cannot efface the records of her past, nor dull the freshness of her present. Her four thousand years of history lie graven on her banks in many a mighty monument—the silent witnesses of those successive empires whose rise and fall she has watched through the by-gone ages—while her present is bright with the color and life of an orient land. Whether sailing gently up the picturesque reaches of the river's winding course, or descending with the swift current, Egypt pours down on the voyager her sunshine, wraps him in an air that has the freedom of a continent, while she unrolls an ever-shifting panorama of fair eastern scenes, enriched with those wondrous temples and architectural glories which have made her land so famed. The hours, robbed of monotony by the constant moving of the vessel, bring their own incidents. Each day is a placid page of lovely life, filled with the undying charm of antique times and scenes.

Yet dahabeeah travelling is not without its perils. The people one has to journey amongst are not always quite so honest or peaceable as they might be; rocks and sand banks make the river's course in many parts a perfect network of dangers; sometimes the dreaded "kamseen," or desert storm, will drive across the river, wrecking every craft that it meets in its direful path; while squalls which convert the calm waters, in a few moments, into an angry sea are by no means unfrequent. Many a good vessel, encountering one of these sudden gusts of wind, has taken her treasures to rust and moulder at the bottom of the fair but faithless river; and in such a mischanceful moment it was that the writer's dahabeeah was lost.

We were an English family party of four, two ladies (M—— and L——) and two gentlemen (P—— and myself) seeking for winter sunshine in a voyage up the Nile. The name of our dahabeeah was the *Bedawin*, and a beautiful vessel she was, roomy, swift, gorgeous in white and gold paint, and furnished in her interior with a strange admixture of Eastern luxury and the European notions of what is necessary to be really comfortable. Being a pleasure-dahabeeah, she was much larger and more gracefully built than the native craft sailing from village to village with local merchandise; but in her general design and rig she was of course similar. The accommodation, under the after-deck, consisted of three single

berthed cabins and a bathroom opening into a central passageway, a double-berthed cabin at the end of this passage in the stern of the vessel, and a small but well-fitted saloon, occupying the breadth of the ship between these and the fore-deck, to which latter it opened by a curtained door. Above was the usual poop or raised deck, with its divans and awning for the owners, and from this a short flight of stairs descended again to the fore-deck, where the sailors lived and most of the ship's paraphernalia were stacked. Her tall wing-like sails of which she had the usual two, namely the "trinkeet" or main-sail, and the "balakoom" or stern-sail, caught the softest of breezes, and away with an almost imperceptible motion she would seem to fly before the light airs. On board of her was the "Ryis," or captain, a dignified old Arab afflicted with weak eyes; his crew of twelve men, most of them Nubians, with their cook, also a young Nubian of solemn disposition; our two table servants, Ali and Mustapha; our cook, an Arab named Achmet, fated alas! to be the one victim of our catastrophe; and finally the dragoon Khalil Yusuf, a handsome Syrian, timid by nature and undecided in danger. These with our four selves made a total of twenty-one persons that she carried.

We had been three weeks gone from Cairo, travelling southwards, when the *Bedawin* reached the little village of Mensheeyah, where, as the sun was just setting across the Lybian hills, and it is dangerous to continue sailing after dark, the dahabeeah was moored by the village bank and the watch-fires lighted. The town is a poor-looking place, with dirty narrow streets, its sole redeeming virtue being apparently the manufacture of a peculiar white sweetmeat of a viscid nature, which tastes like what I should imagine an admixture of soap, sugar, and plaster of Paris might; on the other hand owing to its sticky nature it is *par excellence* the best fly-paper yet discovered. While we were mooring here three other dahabeeahs passed us, pressing on for some more southern village, their tall vague sails looming out against the dark sky. We called for their names, and in the silence came back their answers: *Lohengrin*, *Rachael*, and *Excelsior*, names that will figure in this story.

The next day broke cold and stormy as the *Bedawin* left the village of Mensheeyah still

wrapped in the semi-light of dawn. Our Ryis had set the sails to the strong northerly wind blowing and the brave little dahabeeah raced merrily along between the green fields of the eastern shore and the sandy desert of the western until they converged in the great pass of Gebel Tookh—a magnificent wall of cliff shutting in the Nile with its sun-blistered and barren precipices.

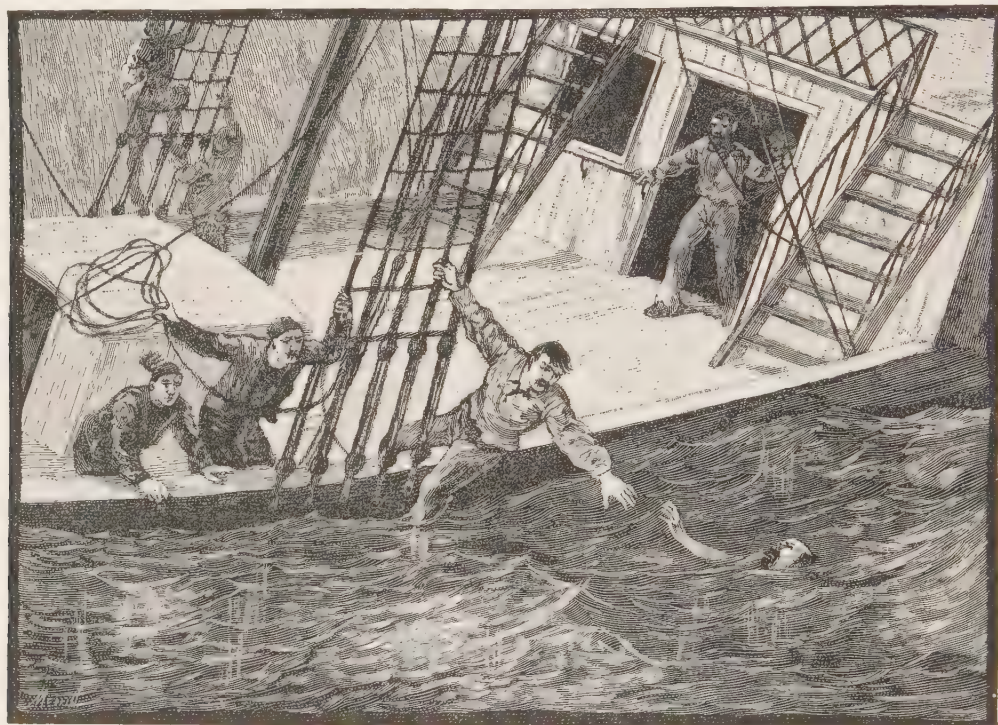
It was about seven in the morning when the *Bedawin* entered beneath the towering rocks which were fated to claim her amongst their many victims and to be the unwritten tombstone of her ending. Fiercely up the pass blew the wind, and fitful gusts came howling down the chasms and gorges of the hills, cutting the water up in white waves, and driving the sand and stones over the cliff-tops. So violent were some of these gusts that one which struck the *Bedawin* heeled her over to such an angle that the shroud-bolts touched the water, and sounds of broken crockery arose from the pantry. The almost flat bottom of the Nile dahabeeah is a necessity for successfully passing over the numerous sand-banks which are constantly shifting their position in the river's bed; but this advantage in one respect is a grave drawback in another, the lack of keel making navigation in bad weather a most risky task. A dahabeeah will sometimes lean over to the wind till her low bulwarks almost dip beneath the water, and then woe betide the vessel if the sailor holding the "trinkeet-sheet" is not ready to let go and so free the overstrained ship from the pressure of her canvas. Too often the sailor whose temporary office it is to hold this important rope will endeavor to shirk the duty by fastening it to the deck-ring; but let the traveller beware of this evasion, for death lurks in the omission.

Our Ryis, seeing the peril of the situation, should have made for the shore and awaited there in safety calmer weather. But his Arab indecision cost him, as all of us, dearly, for the gale growing momentarily more boisterous, the poor *Bedawin* became hopelessly unsteady and at last uncontrollable.

The unusual commotion which the storm caused on deck soon brought P—— out from the saloon, who, realizing the need of some decisive move, told the bewildered Ryis to furl the trinkeet-sail, or let everything fly. This was the last order given on board, and had it been carried out (as it

should have been long before), the unfortunate vessel might have recovered herself and been saved. But before the sailors who climbed to execute it had clambered half-way up the tall trinkeet-yard, the *Bedawin* gave a sudden plunge and then keeled over on the starboard side, throwing the ill-fated cook Achmet, who was as usual in the bows by his kitchen, into the water on that side. P—— leaped to the shrouds, clutched them with one hand, while with the other he tried to seize the drowning man, whose body was just visible below the water; but the ship drove for-

befallen. Alarmed at the frightful heeling of the vessel, M—— had left her cabin for the deck just as the *Bedawin* half-righted herself from the perilous position she had been in. The tiller in a sudden swerve of the vessel from her course had broken, and was consequently useless; while the men aloft were still endeavoring to furl the large sail. Had we been able to drive on to the low western shore, it might have saved us, but we were by this time at the mercy of the wind and river — an already helpless wreck. As the boat righted herself, she seemed to struggle bravely a moment



THE TRINKEET-SAIL IS FURLED TOO LATE.

ward on her beam-ends, and the hapless man drifted away in the rapid current. A rope was thrown him, and the poor fellow touched it, but had not strength to hold it, and relinquishing his feeble grasp, he sank to follow the river's current in its winding course, to be cast on some sand-bank, or washed ashore by some field, where the timid native, fearing to answer for his dead body, would consign him again to the waters, to float onward with the tide, the one victim of this unfortunate day.

While this was occurring, many things had also

or two against the overwhelming wind blowing off the mountain-heights and down its ravines; but then, surrendering to its superior strength, with a plunge forward she heeled over on the port side, and so capsized altogether, submerging everybody and everything, from the sailors at the end of the lofty trinkeet-yard to the chickens in the deck hencoops, in one direful chaos of confusion.

During the momentary stillness of the vessel, when she recovered from her first great lurch, I had left my room, where I was dressing, and was just reaching the saloon as the vessel made her

final heel on the opposite side and turned bottom upwards, filling passage, rooms, and saloon, and floating all the furniture of the ship's interior about in every direction. Amongst this awful confusion, with chairs, tables, cushions, divans, guns, books, and all the many relics of our late luxurious life on the river, I was now hurled, and thus suddenly found myself face to face with death, with almost no chance of escaping.

Happily for me I had always been passionately fond of swimming, and now my knowledge of that art was to serve me in good stead. The curtains of the passage-way leading to the saloon at first held me in their heavy folds like a fish in a net, but freeing myself from these I tumbled into the saloon and easily gained the outer doors, although not without receiving some ugly knocks from the tables and chairs, which continued to shoot about in the water as if possessed of goblin-lives. Grasping the handles of the sliding-doors, which met in the centre of the doorway, I tried now to force them back, but having nothing but water to stand on, and not being a merman, my efforts were for a moment hopelessly futile. At last however I gained some unknown support, and pulling with my well-nigh spent strength against the force of the water, they opened — how, I cannot say; but I have a vague remembrance of passing through the water, and seeing ropes hanging about in fantastic lacy, strange objects around me; and I distinctly recollect my head coming into contact with some large box or heavy article, too substantial to be easily forgotten, more especially as my head was bruised for a week afterwards.

But the moment that I reached the surface and drew fresh air, I recovered sufficiently to gain the friendly support of a chicken-coop that was floating, full of its dead inmates, near me, and with regained breath, could view the scene around me.

The *Bedarwin* had not sunk entirely, but with her port side lowest, had become water-logged, with about a foot of her hull still showing out of water. Having drifted broadside to the current, she thus formed a breakwater for us on the leeward side, where we were all floating amongst boxes, boards, and the various items of the ship's furniture, some of which supported us. This happy chance of being so sheltered by the vessel saved us from driving away with the strong current down stream, where most likely all would have perished,

the river being more than a mile broad in this part.

Thus there was a platform, consisting of the vessel's starboard bilge, slightly raised from the water, and on to this everybody had now to scramble. Most of the sailors being clear from the very beginning of all the wreckage, had easily gained such a temporary safety, and two or three of them after some trouble now pulled M—— there also. Next followed P——, reaching the keel with difficulty; and then a Nubian named Jonah, with some others of our crew, made good their footing on the floating island, with whose joint help I scrambled up and helped to lay hold of the old Ryis.

Here we found L—— sitting in most scanty attire, for the accident having happened at such an untimely hour of the morning, P—— and I were the only persons dressed, the ladies being in their *habits de nuit*. Her escape, due to her own pluck, calmness, and presence of mind, had been most remarkable. Her room was luckily on the the starboard side, and so, when the vessel finally turned over to port and the water rushed in through her bedroom-door, she found herself standing on the side of her cabin and knee-deep in water. Imagining the vessel would sink immediately, she hastily undid the window, now above her head, and pushing back the venetian blinds (closed to keep out the morning sun's rays), she struggled through the open space with the help of a sailor already on the exterior of the water-logged wreck, and thus by her coolness, saved her life when none of us could have rendered her any help.

There were now twelve sailors, with the Ryis, dragoman, two table-servants, and our four selves on the drifting ship, making in all, twenty persons. For some moments it was indeed a doubtful question whether the *Bedarwin* would, with all this weight upon her submerged hull, remain above water or sink and finish off the catastrophe. But she continued to float, though as she became more sodden with water and consequently sank deeper each moment, it was obvious that, unless speedily lightened of her living freight, her total immersion was a mere question of minutes.

Happily the small boat which was always towed behind the *Bedarwin*, had not capsized in the accident, but floated near by, still fastened to the

dahabeeah's stern by a painter rove through an iron ring at her bows. To cut this rope which thus inextricably held her to the sinking wreck was now our hope; but the only tools we possessed were a small ladies' penknife and the broken glass of the windows. However by means of these, and after fearful trouble, P—— and I, working by turns as the fingers of one or the other became too benumbed to continue, the rope was at last severed, and the boat freed. Then manning her with three of the more reliable sailors we sent detachment after detachment — for she would hold but three passengers at a time — ashore; the ladies first; then those who had been hurt in the wreck and the boy Mustapha; then those who could not swim; and so by hard working gathered the little army of twenty persons under the frowning face of Gebel Tookh.

But though safe again on dry land our day's adventures were not yet over. Cold, and wet, and hungry, there was nothing for it but to push on southward in the hopes of reaching some village. So over six miles of broken ground strewn with jagged stones we were now obliged to trudge, their sharp edges cutting our bare feet, for we had but one pair of shoes amongst us. Several times

some of the fainter-hearted sailors broke down, but for their own sakes had to be forced on — for the Arab in distress has little of the energy or self reliance which in happier moments he may possess.

After two hours of this painful walking we found a shadoof-worker, plying his laborious task at the irrigation of a field of water-melons, and enlisting him as guide, were brought to the village of Gebel-es-Sheykh. Here the simple villagers were more than kind. They set the largest hut at our disposal, made a great bonfire, spread food before us, and dressed the ladies in Arab clothing. Late in the afternoon our vague plans were suddenly interrupted by the appearance on the scene of another Englishman. His dahabeeah, the *Excelsior*, had passed us on the previous night, and was now at Girgeh about six miles to the south of our hospitable little village. He had heard from native boatmen passing up the river of the accident to the *Bedarwin*, and had set forth in his felucca to search for us. Under his kind guidance, we sailed up the short distance of river to the welcome banks of Girgeh, where the generous aid and sympathy of the owners of the four dahabeeahs lying there soon ended our troubles.



"GOOD-MORNING!"



WAGON-TIRE CAMP.

Kate Foss

AN old guide and trapper in the mountains and the plains, an ex-soldier with a grizzled beard, shaggy eyebrows, and kindly eyes — two boys of ten and twelve found John Cendrill more irresistible than a volume of fairy tales or any book of travels they had ever encountered. They knew by instinct that he had all sorts of adventures to relate, and treated him as if he were a fascinating volume and it was their privilege to turn over a new leaf of him every day.

They were camping in the Adirondacks, and the very first night they got off as soon as their own supper was finished to look up the old guide. They came upon him lying on some hemlock boughs with his head braced up against a log, his feet toward the fire, and they rushed upon him from the shadow of a pine-tree like two small keen wolves.

"Oh! I knew you were tharabouts — you hain't surprised me," he said as they settled down on either side of him.

"Yet we came as still as mice," said Harry.

"You rustled a little, and your buttons were shiny," said John, showing the trained keenness of ears and eyes which a long residence among wild things gives one. "I commenced looking out for Indians and deer and rabbits before I was half as old as you are," he added, turning to Will, the younger boy, "I hain't never got over the habit."

This was exactly what Will and Harry hoped for. It sounded like a beginning, a sort of fly-leaf or preface to their volume.

"Where were you when you saw deer and Indians and rabbits?" said Harry.

"I was a boy five years old," said the guide, "and it was in 1832. That isn't quite as far back as the Revolution, you know, so I wasn't in Braddock's army if you're looking round to see if I knew any regular heroes. I didn't know any but a common lot of men — though I'm not sure but they was heroes, the whole crowd of 'em, men, women, and all. We was a large party — nigh on to a hundred and fifty of us, I should think, all told, with wagons, them regular wagons with white canvas tops — we used to look when we was stretched out in a string on some of those big plains, as if we was a whole regiment of tents walking off on wheels. We were emigratin' to Oregon. My father and mother wanted to go so as to be better off, and they took me because they could not leave me. To me it was all fun. I hadn't any of the thoughts that made all the grown people look ahead of 'em kind o' fearful — Injuns and sickness and that long trip, taking months on the road and then a wild new country when we got to it — I hadn't any knowledge and so no apprehensions. What lots of things folk have to learn! It took me years to get that fore-lookin' cast to my eyes that I used to see in the eyes of the men on that trip — the women had the look too — I'd see it in my mother's face sometimes when we was restin' toward night and had eat our supper she'd stoop to pick me up, and she always looked out over the plain to the hills beyond when

she straightened up with me in her arms. But I liked that riding all day over the grass and seeing the long-eared rabbits jump away and scoot off.

"At night we always camped together and they'd turn the horses loose to eat the grass, hitching their heads with a short rope to their legs so's they could eat but not makin' it long enough for 'em to rare up and run off. Then we'd all kindle fires and fry bacon and bake bread for the next day in a skillet, and eat our suppers and then climb into the wagons again to sleep. The men that was to be on guard all night would look after their guns — muskets they was with flint locks; I used to go to sleep hearing the coyotes bark and sometimes the howl of the big gray wolves — they are dangerous, but I did not know it then. I left all my responsibilities to my father and mother. I did not expect they'd let me get eat, and I wasn't disappointed.

"Sometimes we'd see troops of deer and we'd always hope they would come near enough for us to shoot and the young men wanted to get on to the horses and ride after them. But the older men would shake their heads, point way off, and say 'these horses have got to get us a good many hundred miles along before we've done with them and we'd better not be using them to run after any small fry.' It was words of wisdom and we were glad afterwards that they'd listened. When we come into the buffalo region it was different; we'd get a shot now and again at some of them without much trouble.

"One night I remember I was awaked by a great shouting and confusion and men rushing round, and then there was a sound like thunder; it roared up and grew and the earth shook, and then it died away again. I sat up on my little bed, and they told me it was buffalo going by. We'd seen a good many buffalo the day before — parts I suppose of a great herd and probably there was Injuns after them with their arrows, and they'd frightened them in the night so that the whole herd had started off on a dead run going they did not know where, nor care. When a herd gets started in that way, nothing on the face of the earth can stop them. They'll roll off high ledges, or run into a river and get drowned. The hind ones crowd the forrad ones, and away they go blind-mad, tearing along, making the earth rock, and running down everything that comes in their way. Our guard heard this mob coming, and they knew there wasn't any chance

for us if we was in their road, and they tried to get in the horses so as not to have them frightened and then they all got in behind the wagons and that was all they could do. But lucky for us they did not happen to turn our way. But I never shall forget the sound of that tramp and roar and the shouts of our men.

"I must say there was a kind of rough sameness about it — a thousand miles or so of picnicking. Different you know from coming up here in the Adirondacks for two months and then going back into civilization again. Well, we had a variety after a while — though that was rough too. We



"MY MOTHER HAD THAT FORECASTING LOOK IN HER EYES."

began to see signs of Indians when we got near Snake River."

"What are signs of Indians?" asked Will suddenly.

"Well, sometimes it's one thing, and sometimes it's another. We'd find what there was left of a dead buffalo that had been killed with an arrow, and we'd see where there had been a camp fire, and once or twice we'd catch sight of them — they would be disappearing, somewhere — going into the ground it seemed as if they did sometimes; I suppose they would hide somehow, dive into the gully of a creek, or lie down flat till we stopped looking

for them. Some of the old scouts and hunters with us began to look uneasy and said they was feelin' us and by and by they'd be down on us. Sure enough, in a day or two more they was. It was towards night. The horses were tired and the men too, but everybody got a rousin' up when we saw a whole party of 'em canterin' toward us, yellin' like mad, but not wastin' any arrows till they got near enough to hit. There wasn't nobody hurt that time. Indians are kind o' cowardly—they won't fight in a real stand-up and knock-down way until they can out-number you. Then sometimes they'll pile in and you can have a little fun with them at close range. They went off yellin' after about three rounds with their arrows and we looked round and found there wasn't anything more hurt than one of the mules had got an arrow stuck through one of his big ears. He had brayed and kicked, but nobody paid any attention till after 'twas over, and then they found the reason, and we all laughed, and his master took it out and scratched his head and told him he was a beauty and gave him a little extra feed, and he was all right the next morning. As for me, I wasn't allowed to see much of it. My mother bundled me up quicker than lightning, wrapped blankets around me and put me into the bottom of our wagon. I think there was so many blankets round me, an arrow head couldn't have got through unless it had been on a bean pole, but she was afraid still, and she held me tight in her arms all the time. She never said anything, only held me tight and put her head close down to where she knew mine was in the blankets.

"In two or three days more we had another just such a fight, and then we got to the banks of the Snake River. Some of the scouts took a kind of a squint up and down the bank and hesitated a little and then said we'd start across. The river looked pretty full though it had not rained; those rivers fill up with snow-water from mountains sometimes, and it's dreadful deceiving. Then we had the Indians behind us as we thought, and we felt obliged to go on. That first team was two pairs of mules and they acted queer—wouldn't go into the water, and the men had to get on to their backs and whack them very—very earnestly indeed, to start 'em in. Sure enough—they hadn't more'n got well in, before the leaders began to swim and another minute the second pair had to do likewise and then the wagon floated and they began to go down stream

which made matters worse, because they might get carried too far to land. But the men kept whacking—and—exhorting, so to speak, and they got out into the middle and then, whoo-o-o-p! there was a yell from the other bank and the Injuns bobbed up like water-rats all along, and whistle—*phitt*, their arrows began to fly like hail round 'em. The men kept cool. They unhooked or else cut the traces, and I tell you when they headed them mules round there wasn't much hesitation about coming back. This time one of the men got an arrow into his ribs, and another one got hurt, and the mules looked like pincushions—arrows stickin' in 'em.

"They said 'twas mere luck we had not all been killed. If the Indians had had a little more strength of mind and waited till more of us got flustered by the deep water, they'd 've just had us easy. But they was so tickled to see us coming right over to them that they lost their balances and hurrahed too soon—that saved us.

"We was glad we hadn't started in more than one team. The others had hung back a little to see how the first one got on. But it was aggravating to see that wagon float down the stream and the current take it over to the other side and them Indians haul it in and go caperin' round with the things that was in it—shakin' 'em in our faces. We couldn't help firing at them once or twice though we knew we was so far off we could not hit 'em.

"Well, we camped on the bank where we were, and what was more, we staid there all winter. Them Indians never let up on us till snow came—there couldn't a man on a horse straggle a half mile from the camp, but that he got an arrow in him, or singin' past his ear, so that he had to come tearing back again, thankful if he had saved his scalp. I suppose none of those people slept soundly till the snow came. After that we were a little more comfortable.

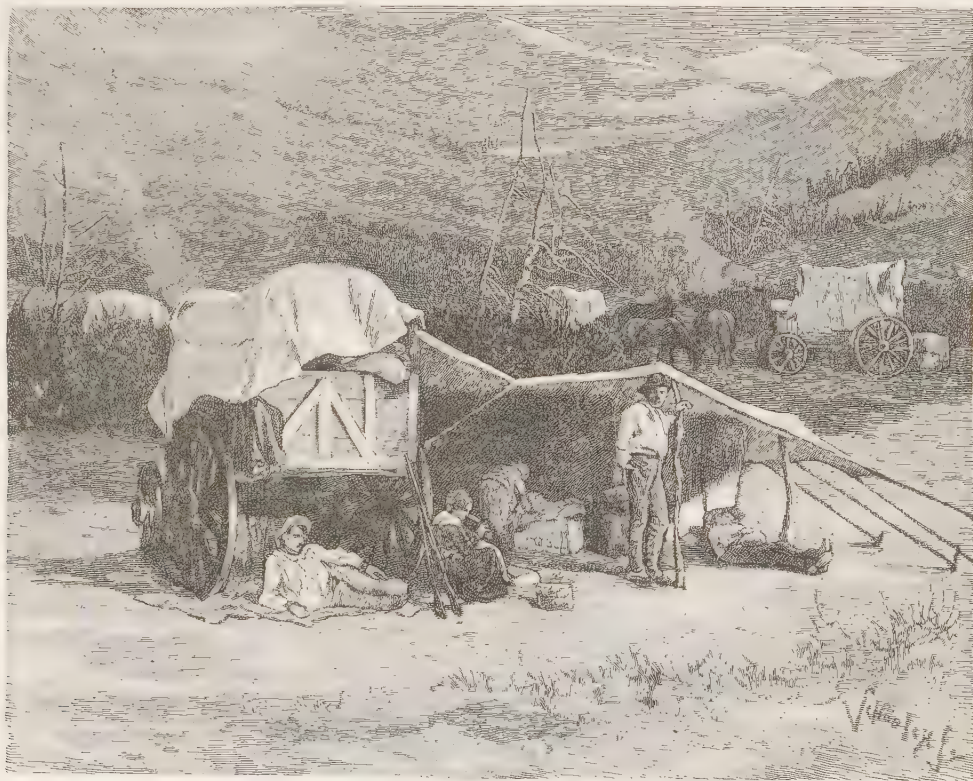
"Well, spring came finally, and one day we all forded the river, horses and mules and cattle, women and babies, and wagons and all—we got safely across. We thought 'twas almost a miracle and like the Jews crossing the Red Sea. But the Indians were on the other side of the river most as quick as we were, and began pesterin' us again. 'Twas like the Philistines that was always pitching against the Israelites and leading 'em a life. It got so finally if you had said 'Indians!' to one

of our men when he was asleep he'd have his gun in his hand before his eyes was open and be out, firing at something before he was awake.

"It warn't a bit funny, though one night something funny happened. We was camped near a little river, and a buffalo swam across, and came bumping up the bank. The sentry on that side heard him blowin' and snortin' and knew what 'twas and so hadn't given any alarm, but the beast got scared, seeing our fires, lost his wits, and came thundering into camp head and tail up and bellow-

begun and father came back laughing and the noise settled down as quick as it begun.

"I ain't a-going to tell you boys how serious matters was a-gettin' any more than that they just was serious, and we called a council one day and decided to turn from the trail we had been following and get in among the hills and so be out of the Indians' way. They'd killed some of our men, you know, and was — unpleasant generally. So we did that ; and instead of wide plains all around and deer and buffalo and elk feeding roun', the hills was close



WAGON-TIRE CAMP.

ing like the bull he was. Some of our men were asleep on the ground and he ran along close by their heads — 'twas a wonder he did not step on their noses. Everybody thought it was Indians that had got in at last and every man reached out for his gun ; but it was only one old lonesome buffalo who was scared 'most to death. A dog barked at him and he ran in another direction and finally bolted under our wagon, giving us a shaking up like an earthquake, and then away he rattled off into the dark again. It was all over 'most as soon as it

on to us and birds and berries and trees, different from any we'd seen before. We had a new trouble though, if we didn't have Indians. On the plains we didn't need a road. You could always go somewhere — if it was marshy in one place it wasn't in another and you could always go round it. But in the hills there were rocks and trees and swamps and no getting away from them, and instead of turning out to fight Indians we had to turn out and make roads. It was pretty hard on the horses too, and some of them died, or got so poor we

couldn't work 'em and had to leave them behind.

"So things was getting serious again. We slept better nights, but had to work harder days and there wasn't anything in the way of game to shoot as there had been, and we had to eat pretty much the same things all the time.

"Well, the council settled that we had lost so many horses and wagons, that we was in great danger of losing all the rest and starving to death there in the wilderness, and the best thing was for a number of the men to take some of the best horses and go on to Fort Walla-Walla and send back a strong party to us; and the rest of us meanwhile to stay where we was. It really was the best way, but when the morning came and my father was among the men to go and mother saw him get on to his horse and face into them woods, she just broke down and cried and sat there huggin' me on the steps of the wagon for hours after they was out of sight. I suppose I was like other boys and it made me feel pretty bad to see my mother cry; but after a while I got hungry and I began to fret. Then she felt as if she hadn't been kind to me and she stirred round and got the best dinner she could. But the best she could get was only fried pork and saleratus bread and we'd had that nigh on to forty years, as it seemed to me, and I couldn't eat much and she noticed that and was afraid I was pinin'.

"We'd been left with the wagons drawn around in a circle and inside we had our fires, and we slept every night in the wagons. But instead of hearing the buffalo bellow and the little coyotes bark, there would be the rustle of the wind in the trees and then sometimes a loud sound like firing a cannon a mile or so away from us. I used to hear that sound and it gave me a sensation down my back and I'd cuddle closer up to my mother, because I always knew she would keep everything off. One day I asked an old guide who had been in Lewis & Clarke's Company when they crossed the Rockies in 1805 what those noises was. I expected he'd laugh at me and think I was a 'fraid-cat; but he didn't. He said Lewis & Clarke had heard them but did not know what they was. They asked the Indians and they said there was rich ores in the bosom of the mountains, guarded by spirits of evil. And sometimes the mountains would rend and groan with the hot veins in them. It was queer that them Indians had this tradition, for they never tried to find gold or silver themselves and nobody thought at that

time there could be any truth at the bottom of the story. Gold wasn't discovered so's to be known until 1849, in California. But I guess there was a kind of an idea about it in the air as far back as 1832. Perhaps it was handed down from Columbus. Them Spaniards, you know, was crazy after gold.

"Well, as I said, my mother thought I was kind o' pinin' for a change in my victuals and she made the old guide show her the kind of roots the Indians dig up and eat when there ain't no more buffalo meat in their pantries. He'd et all kinds of things when he was with Lewis & Clarke — choke-cherry soup, boiled dog and raw horse, and he said they wasn't bad if you was pretty hungry. There's a kind of thistle, and a wild liquorice and a wild fennel and an artichoke-like root that was all good; but the thistle root was the best — sweet as sugar, powerful good to a boy that hadn't seen candy for a year and never seen but mighty little anyway. So we used to go out and get thistles often, and sometimes two or three of the other women would go too — never very far, because we still had a fear of Indians. Them thistle roots was as long as any on 'em East here, where the farmers hate 'em and say their roots run down to China, and we'd have to pull and dig tremendous. My mother noticed how often there was little yellow grains mixed in with the sand and sometimes whole pieces; not like pebbles — they was different feelin'. She looked kind o' queer at 'em one day, and began to save them — the pebble-like bits, and the dust too. The other women noticed what she was doing and then they all looked at each other as if the same idea had knocked 'em, and after that they always saved the yellow-looking stuff and I was allowed to dig up all the thistles I liked.

"It seemed a dreadful long time we waited for that party to get back that had gone off into the wilderness, and one morning a woman said to my mother, 'Seems to me my ears'll crack off listenin' to hear the three guns.' That was to be the signal of the party's return so't we might know they wasn't Indians. She hadn't more'n said the words when we heard first one gun and then another and another, fired close along to each other. They wasn't any mistake about them sounds. Mountains full of gold and silver never had the heart in 'em or behind 'em that those guns had, and we all danced about and was crazier for joy than that buffalo 'd been with the camp fires and pretty soon they hove in sight

threadin' along through the trees on their horses. How glad we all was to see them, and they to see us alive and well, I can't never tell. The bears hadn't got 'em, nor the Indians, and they hadn't been sick, and nothing had got us either. We had a day of rejoicin', and the next day we was to pack up and go off. Everything had to go on the backs of the horses or else not go at all—the wagons was to be left. They'd brought some spare horses with them and some of the horses that was left behind had eat grass and grown fat and rested so they was as good as ever.

"My mother showed the dust she had found to my father and asked him if he thought it looked like anything. He got her idea but he hadn't none of the queer feelin's about the sounds, or the Indian stories, and he laughed and said he guessed there was a good deal o' clay in that soil and he didn't believe 'twas anything more'n some kind of dirt. My mother didn't say nothing. Women is wise about that. But I noticed she did the dirt up in a little bag and put it among the blankets, and that bag went with us all the way to Fort Walla-Walla.

"We got through somehow, to the fort. It's like a long bad dream to me now. Of course I was so little they gave me the easiest side of everything, but I knew in a dumb sort of a way how hard it all was, and I don't think I laughed much till we got in sight of the fort. We must have been a hard-lookin' crowd when we got in. We'd been a'most two years away from civilization—our clothes was ragged and our blankets, and some of us hadn't any blankets at all but buffalo skins. Mother said she was glad there wasn't any white women besides our party in the fort because she looked so.

"There was a store at the fort where they kept all kinds of things for tradin' with the Indians, and my mother went there as soon as she could. She had that little bag o' dust in her hand, and she showed it to the man. He glanced at it kind o' easy at first, and was going to laugh just as father had but she shook a little round in her hand and he took another look and stopped laughing.

"Let me take some of it, and you step in here," said he. It was a great barn of a room built out of logs bigger than your waist, and there was skins of bears and wolves and otter and beaver all piled up on one side, and on the other was shelves with calico and beads and coarse woolen cloth and knives and little looking-glasses.

"The man beckoned her into a little office-like-room, built into the big room, and there he poured something on to the yellow stuff, aqua fortis or vitriol perhaps, or something—at any rate the dirt did not go away but shone up brighter than ever, and then the man turned to mother with a wondering look in his eyes, and said, 'that is worth twenty dollars an ounce. Where did you get it? You can buy blankets or anything you want. Or shall I give you the money for it?'

"Mother was so tickled, she didn't know whether she most wanted to tell father, or get the calico stuff. She laughed right out loud, the first time I'd heard her in many a long day. She got some blankets, and some cloth for me a suit, and then she ran off and showed them to father.

"That's what I got for the yellow clay," said she.

"You may believe he stared; and she told the other women and there was great excitement through the camp.

"Well, that was really the first discovery of gold in the great West. It set everybody a-fire just as it did when they found bits of gold in the flume of Sutter's mill sixteen or seventeen years later.

"A party was made up right off to go back to Wagon-Tire Camp as we'd called it, and see what more there was to be found. My father would have gone with the rest, though mother urged him not to go, and I hung on to him, I remember, as hard as I could. He was took sick the day before they started and so he stayed behind. It was a great disappointment; and more than ever, when he got well, he had that forecastin' look in his eyes and he'd turn and look ever so many times a day toward where that party had been lost sight of in the woods going joyfully to find their fortunes at Wagon-Tire Camp."

John paused here and remained silent.

"Well?" said Harry after he had waited what he thought was a respectful interval, "what happened then?"

"Well, my father made a decent living for a good many years as a farmer, gave me as fair an education as he'd had himself and I lived with him until I enlisted in 1862. I had the war fever more than I ever had the gold fever."

"But the party that went off to find the yellow dust?" said Will.

"Oh, them," said John, "they never come

back again, not a man of 'em. The Indians wiped 'em out, we suppose, every soul of 'em; and what's more, it happened to any party that went after them—the same thing, or else they never found the place. One of those two things it always was. Either they never come back at all, or else they come back and hadn't found the place. I used to wonder sometimes if the Indians' evil spirits did guard the spot."

John made another long pause as if he had finished; it was getting late, but the boys still had a feeling that there was another leaf in this chapter and did not move.

They had their reward. Presently John went on.

"I 'listed, as I said, in '62, and went into the regular army. I liked it pretty well and stayed in after the war was over. My father and mother was both dead and I didn't want to go back to the farm. It was lonesome without my mother. I always liked her.

"We was ordered in 1873 over into the Modoc country, and we fit the Indians there and whipped them some and they whipped us some—when we left off fightin' it was about an even thing as it generally is. When we marched away from there, we went up north towards Oregon. Me and another man were scoutin' ahead of the regiment one day and we come to a pleasant little valley among the hills. It looked comfortable on the grass in the middle, and there hadn't been any Indians round for near a week. So we got off our horses and eat some luncheon we had, and then lay off on the grass smokin'. We both noticed a good many queer hummocks in the grass. But we did not think much of it till we saw they were in a circle. Then we poked about and began to find pieces of wheel-hubs and bits of old iron all rusty and rotten.

"The other fellow said he should think there had been a lot o' wagons round there sometime.

Then it all come back to me like a flash and made me kind o' dizzy. This was Wagon-Tire Camp. I looked around again and remembered the lay of the hills and the looks of things generally—it hadn't altered much except that the trees was bigger. We'd been wanting some water and I said sudden, 'you'll find a spring over here.' Sure enough 'twas there—the very basin they had dug out and stoned up years before. It seemed kind o' queer to the other fellow my knowin' where the spring was, but he knew I hailed from Oregon and so he didn't say nothing.

"Well there I stood on the edge of making my fortune and I had to get on to my horse when we'd rested as long as we ought to and ride away from it.

"The other fellow said something about it, when we got to Fort Walla-Walla—how funny it was—that circle of old wheel-hubs, and some that heard him knew what it must be he'd found. They tried to get up a party to find it again and the other soldier said he could take them to the spot. But I went and told him about it and then he thought he wouldn't."

"But you could have gone too," said Harry, "and dug lots of gold and got rich. Oh, John, I should think you'd go."

"I should if it was made worth my while," said John.

"How could that be done?" said Harry.

"Make me believe that the place wasn't watched by evil spirits," said John, as he folded his arms in an obstinate sort of way and unfolded them again to relight his pipe.

Harry thought that eventually this would be an easy thing—he did not believe in them himself and at that moment their father was heard calling them and they went to bed on hemlock boughs under the white tent cover and dreamed out their fortunes, which is much the easiest way of piling up gold.

IN THE TURTLE-CRAWL.

Helen Campbell

I TELL you what I'd like, Jack, I'd like to be the Duke of Wellington's granddaughter or Chinese Gordon's — some great tremendous hero that I could be proud of. We're so stupid and common and everyday. Nothing ever happens to any of us. You'll be a man after a while and go off perhaps and have adventures, but I'm nothing but a girl, and things never happen to girls and women."

"Don't they though?" Jack answered without looking up from his book. "Who was it I heard going on about Madame Roland the other day? and who is it continually reciting Barbara Frietchie all over the house?"

"O well! They!" Eleanor answered hesitatingly. "That isn't what I mean. I wish *we* had a hero or a heroine — in the family, you know. We're a stupid family."

"Thank you, my dear," said a quiet voice behind them.

"You know what I mean, mother," Eleanor cried, springing up. "I'd give just anything to think we'd ever had anybody that had done anything worth while. We've always lived right along and there's never been a chance for one of us to show what we could do."

"Humph!" said grandfather.

Now this infrequent, undefinable but aggressive interjection came only when grandfather's feelings had become too much for him, and was the prelude usually to a vigorous statement of his views on the point in question. Jack laid down his book. Grandfather Routledge always had something worth while to say, and looked now as if he were going to say it. Eleanor turned toward him, and "young Mrs. Routledge," as the children's mother was always called, smiled a little as she saw her somewhat resentful expression. Grandmother Penfold went on knitting quietly, a placid, serene-looking old lady, who served as a sort of sea-wall in the ebb and flow of Grandfather Routledge's excited talk.

The Routledges were what the neighbors called "a very strangely mixed family," wondering with

various shakes of the head if they could really be as united as they seemed. There was Grandfather Routledge, a mane of white hair and a flowing white beard surrounding his energetic face, with its keen dark eyes and a forehead so round that Eleanor always insisted he had worn steadily in his childhood the half-pumpkin by means of which the hair of all small Puritan boys is said to have been evenly "banged." There was Aunt Cynthia Prusser, really no aunt at all but a distant cousin of grandfather's first wife; and there was young Mrs. Routledge, the wife of his only son dead many years before. There were Jack and Eleanor, the twins now nearly fifteen years old, who barely remembered their father; and last of all, there was Grandmother Penfold gentle and rather silent, though at times answering Grandfather Routledge's assaults with sudden thrusts always more effective from their unexpectedness. It was Grandfather Routledge's house in which they all lived in a generous, free and easy fashion, the remnant of their old Southern life, and rather shocking to the Berkshire neighbors who hinted now and then at "shif'lessness," though grandfather's energy was sufficient to clear the whole family from such charge.

It was a July twilight in which they all sat, the broad piazza offering space for many more, and the mountains still clear against the tender glow of the evening sky.

"So you want a family heroine, young lady?" grandfather said. "Madam, — allow me," and before Grandmother Penfold had time to object, he had taken her hand and slipped back the loose white sleeve of the pretty sack she wore. A deep, discolored scar covered a hand's breadth below the elbow, and a smaller but equally well-defined one, spread likewise over the back of the arm.

"You can tell how they got there, or I will," he said. "You owe it to the children to tell the whole story. One or the other of us shall give it before bedtime."

Grandmother flushed a little.

"I don't see the necessity," she said.

"I will do it myself," said young Mrs. Routledge. "I have never cared to bring up the memory of the thing to mother, but to-night I will unless she really cannot bear it. Shall I, mother?"

Mrs. Penfold nodded then leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes. Jack and Eleanor came closer and looked eagerly at their mother.

"I can see the whole place," she began slowly. "It will be thirty-five years in August, and I was a child of twelve. There were three of us: your uncle Jack, and sister Helen who has been in Heaven twenty years, and there were other children, for the Key held perhaps a dozen families, brought there by the men who were my father's aids. Your Grandfather Penfold was a distinguished botanist, Jack—that is where you get your love for plants, and he had been eager to introduce tropical shrubs, fruits and vines into this country. At last the Government gave him land on one of the Florida Keys, and here he began a great botanic garden. The Seminole War was going on, but he had great sympathy for the Indians and felt certain that he would not be harmed.

Tea Table Key was but two miles from Indian Key, our home, and there a company of soldiers were stationed. Our island had ten houses on it, ours being the largest and built close by the sea on a short wharf. Between the wharf and the house was a covered passage walled up and communicating with the wharf which below was a 'turtle-crawl' or pen, where live turtles were kept to use as we wanted them—fish and turtles being our chief dependence in the way of food. This passage was separated from the wharf by a row of palmetto posts or piles just like those of which the wharf was made, and driven so close together that a turtle could not get out, though the tide could come in freely. To make it plainer to you, it was all one long underground room divided off, first by the 'turtle-crawl' under the wharf, then the walled passage I have spoken of, and last, the cellar of the house proper, which at high tide was always flooded. One part under mother's bedroom was cemented, and used for a bath-room, being entered by a trap-door from the bedroom. It was a good deal like the Swiss lake-dwellings you have read of, Jack, and we children lived as much in the water as on the land. It was

hot through the day but always a delicious breeze at night, and we thought it Paradise; the blue water and bluer sky, the white sand of the Keys from which slender palmettos sprung like palms, and the quiet never broken by any louder sound than the splash of waves on the shore.

"The house had a cupola, and our rooms were on the second floor from which we looked far out to sea, while from the cupola we could watch the distant ships and try to guess, as we often did, where they came from and what they carried. For a fortnight a United States ship-of-war had lain just beyond Tea Table Key, and we knew that there had been many small skirmishes between soldiers and Indians, but still we did not fear for ourselves. We knew some of the Indians by name, and one little Indian girl, the daughter of a chief, had often come to us for a night or two at a time, and taught us all how to swim like ducks.

"Helen had been sick; a little feverish attack, and she clung to father that night more even than usual. He had a sweet voice, and for a time he sang to her softly, sweet old songs and at last some favorite hymns, while Jack and I listened. He came and kissed us as we lay in bed, and after he had gone part way down the stairs came back again, and lingered for a moment. A thunder storm was rising and he lowered the blinds and then went down again. Mother lay quietly by Helen and soon we were all asleep.

"Deep in the night came a sound so terrible that every soul on the Island roused at once—the yell of the Indians as they sprang from their canoes and rushed up the shore, beating on the doors and howling like horrible animals. Father was there almost as the sound came. He caught up Helen, called to us to follow close, darted down the stairs and in a moment had handed us all down through the trap door.

"Go to the turtle-crawl," he said, 'you are safest there; and then closed the trap-door and drew a heavy chest over it.

"By this time the door was broken in, but the Indians who rushed forward fell back a moment as they saw him standing with levelled rifle. Then he recognized two or three and spoke to them in Spanish. They had always respected him, for all doctors seem to them a little like their own medicine-men—men to be feared and propitiated.

They listened now, and after he had given them all the money he had in the house they went away. He knew it was only a lull, but thought there would be time to save his papers and herbariums. He came down to us a moment; told us he was collecting them and that as soon as he had packed them securely we would take boat over to the ship where we should be perfectly safe. The

The Indians had broken into the store at the end of the Key, and drunk part of the whiskey stored there, till they were beside themselves and had no thought but to kill. They were back and in the house, shooting down my dear father as he came down the stairs, and rushing about for us, too drunk to realize how we had escaped. Then they set fire to the house gathering together papers, herbariums and light furniture and, firing the cupola first, left to continue the work with the other houses.

The burning went on swiftly. We did not know the house had been fired till we heard flames crackling, and the smoke poured into the cellar. We lay close to the water and splashed it constantly over our heads and faces. Now and then a little tongue of flame came through and mother and Jack dug up marl with their hands and fastened it thick on the timbers. If we could only get under the wharf we should be safer. Coals fell on us. My neck was scorched and our clothes dried almost as we wet them. With all her strength mother worked at one of the posts trying to make the space wide enough to push us through. At last Jack, slender and supple, was through and now he worked too. Their hands were torn and bleeding, but he pulled like a man, and as the flame burst through we found ourselves all in the passage-way and knew that we were safe for a little. There was a boat — Jack's own boat tied to one of the piles, but till the Indians left that side of the Island, it was useless to think of using it. Soon we found that the wharf was on fire. The storehouse at the side burned away — then the flooring, and then the heavy piles caught and smouldered. Jack drew the boat back into the passage-way, and we



A TERRIBLE HOUR.

tide was low, hardly above our ankles, but rising. Helen cried but hushed when mother told her she must, and we waited for father, certain that everything would be right as soon as he came.

"Then another yell sounded far down the Key, and we heard screams and cries and the sound of shots. We knew afterward what had happened.

got into it and sat there silent. At any minute the Indians might come down and find us there. The sun was high and we knew it must be noon. We heard them running to and fro, and once Jack went to the end of the wharf and put his head out.

"'It's no use,' he whispered, when he came back. 'There are twenty canoes out there, and I

saw more coming in. We must wait and perhaps by night they will go and we can get over to the ship.'

" 'Why don't somebody come from the ship?' I whispered.

" 'That's just what I've been thinking,' Jack Junior burst out. 'What was the use of a ship at all or troops, or anything, if they let people be killed and houses burn up right under their noses and never stirred.'

" 'Everything had been quiet and safe so long, that that afternoon the ship had gone out some thirty miles and did not return to her old anchorage until nearly night. It was done as a little change for officers and men, but the Captain never forgave himself.'

" 'But the company of soldiers; where were they?' Jack persisted.

" 'Remember that this was all in the night, and so quickly done that they knew nothing till they saw the flame from the burning buildings.' Mrs. Routledge went on. " 'I don't know myself—I never have been able to understand why we were left so utterly helpless, but so it was. Our only hope lay in being able to reach the ship, and there was a stretch of two miles of open water where every movement would be visible. Why so many canoes had come over to the Key we could not guess. Jack reconnoitred now and then, and settled at last that it was the whiskey, for he saw dozens lying stretched out on the sand, and heard the sound of constant quarrelling. As far as he could guess, the whiskey had given out, and the new arrivals, furious with disappointment, were roaming over the island, picking up light articles here and there, and as one and another of the first party fell into a drunken sleep, robbing them and making off to the mainland. It was nearly night when we heard a rush of feet overhead. It had occurred to some of them that there might still be plunder on the wharf, and they swarmed about, treading carefully over the shaky timbers, peering down into the water and at last retreating. Jack had pulled the boat to the farther end of the passage. The tide was high so that only a little space was between our heads and the timbers above. Part of the wharf had fallen, too, in such a way that it blocked up the entrance in part, and thus hindered their discovering that there was a space where some one might be in hiding. We heard them gathering at last on the shore. The sleeping ones were roused and one

by one the canoes paddled away. Jack swam out to the wharf and watched till the last one had disappeared around the Point, and twilight had settled down. The tide had fallen again so that we could wade out, and now we all went forward to the entrance where the fragments of timber and boards had fallen, and helped Jack to lift and push them aside till space had been made to pull the boat through.

" 'Suddenly he stopped. There was a plash at the point where the cellar opened from the passage. Jack was white as any ghost, but he lifted the oar, that boy of fourteen, the only weapon he had, and stood motionless. Mother put her arms about Helen and me and stood as firmly and as quietly as he, looking at him, not in the direction from which the sound had come. Something was moving there, stealing toward us, close against the wall, and only it seemed an inch at a time; a small, dark figure, hardly discernible in the shadow, but a little nearer with every moment. Helen burst out into sobs and cries:

" 'O, mother! O, mother! You won't let us be killed!'

" 'Not till I am killed myself,' she said. 'Hush, Helen.'

" 'Jack sprung forward and struck furiously with his oar. The figure darted forward as he struck, the blade breaking against the wall, and threw off the blanket that had covered head and figure.

" 'No hit; no hit Omeenee!' it cried. And we saw that it was a friend's face—the face of our playmate, Omeenee the chief's daughter. Jack looked at her suspiciously and still threatened her with the broken oar.

" 'Are there more of you?' he said. 'Where did you come from?'

" 'No more, no more,' she answered. 'Omeenee alone; watch all day; think may be all dead. Hide in bushes till everybody gone, then creep along to the place Omeenee know. Think may be all dead in there. Drop down to see, and say maybe there is Indian there. Now Omeenee glad; go with you. Not go back any more; go with you.'

" 'Why didn't you come before?' Jack cried. 'If you are friends you would have come and told us and warned us in time. Mother, don't believe her. She is cheating, and when we are outside she will make some signal and bring them on us. She ought to be killed.'

"‘Look,’ Omeenee said, holding out her hands, and we saw that her wrists were cut deeply and bleeding. ‘They tie Omeenee,’ she said, ‘because they find her try to get away and tell. Omeenee work hard; pull with teeth long while till rope break. Then she swim across and hide. Kill her when she go back. Not go back; go with you.’

"‘Shall we, mother?’ Jack said. ‘I think we shall none of us ever get away. The oar is broken and there was only one.’

"‘Water still,’ Omeenee said. ‘Paddle easy. We fix oar. All right now. Go out and nobody see.’

"‘Omeenee, I will kill you if you are lying,’ Jack said.

"‘Not lie; never lie,’ she answered quietly, splicing the oar and binding it round and round with the rope she had tucked away somewhere. Jack drew the boat through the opening; we all got in once more, Omeenee last, and Jack pushed out through the piles and into clear water.

"We crouched low in the bottom of the boat. Omeenee had picked up a pole and paddled hard. The sea was like glass, and slowly, as the heavily laden little boat moved, we drew nearer and nearer the ship still hidden from us by the trees on Tea Table Key. Once round the point and we were in sight and safe. Jack paddled for life, his face set and white, looking back now and then. We had rounded the point. The ship was not half a mile away. Jack tore off his shirt and waved it from the point of the oar. As he did so, a canoe shot out from a little Key between them and us—filled with Indians who shouted and paddled toward us. Jack fell back in the boat.

"‘They’ll get us after all,’ he said with a groan.

"‘No get,’ Omeenee said. ‘Big boat come quick.’

"It was true. The ship’s boat had been lowered and was pulling toward us, and the Indians after a moment’s hesitation paddled back to the cove, a shot from the ship’s guns striking their canoe as

they reached it and were out of our range, and killing three of them. But we did not see or think. Mother held Helen who had grown weaker and weaker as the day went on, and did not speak even when the ship was reached and we were handed up the side. Then she said as someone on deck took her arm, ‘Careful, please, and let me have a bandage if you can. It is scorched a little.’

"‘A little!’ the Captain said. ‘My God, madam! It’s burned to the bone!’

"It looked so, children, and it had been done in that fight to get out into the turtle-crawl and away from those burning timbers. She had shielded us as she pulled at the piles and helped Jack to force his way through, and as she pushed him her arm was all the while against the burning timber and she bore it and made no sign. The surgeon dressed it and the tears ran down his face while he did it, and then we were all put to bed after some food had been taken. They went ashore next morning and gathered up all that was left of father, and buried him there, marking the place. Mother was delirious then and remained so a day or two. They took us to Cape Florida where we had friends and in a week or two a steamer stopped, and we went North in it. The burns healed slowly, but the scars are there. Uncle Jack kisses them now, but mother has never let us talk of it at any time. That is all, children."

"Omeenee?" Jack Junior said.

"Omeenee died a year later. She pined for her wild life, and though she tried to learn new ways, could not. Your father was a midshipman on the ship that saved us, and that is where he first saw me. He never forgot me, and so, in time, we met again. Now, Eleanor, what do you think about heroines?"

Eleanor’s eyes were shining like stars from her pale face. She took Grandmother Penfold’s delicate old hand and kissed it reverently.

"It was wicked not to tell me before," she said.

"You are right," said Grandfather Routledge.

THE LIGHT OF KEY BISCAYNE.

[*A Story of the Seminole War.*]

Harriet Pinckney Huse

IN the year of grace 1837, one sailing southward along the Eastern coast of Florida might have seen — if he were near enough to the shore — what he would probably have supposed to be the wing of a sea-gull or pelican, gleaming white in the sunshine just between wind and water; as he approached nearer — hugging the shore to avoid the strong current of the Gulf Stream, running here, within two miles of the shore — it would seem to be a sail; coming closer still, the shining, white thing would lift itself out of the sea and he would see, standing up eighty feet in the air, the lighthouse on Key Biscayne — to give it the old Basque (I suppose) name, Cayo Biscayno — or biscayno — more commonly called, it must be owned, “Keebuskeen,” and known officially as “Cape Florida Light.”

Key Biscayne is the first of that chain of Keys which, beginning at Cape Florida, bends around the southern point of Florida and terminates in the Tortugas group — a distance of about one hundred and eighty miles.

These islands all are of coral formation and of all sizes and all stages of barrenness; some being mere sandbanks, while others, having a sufficient depth of light soil to render them fertile, are extremely beautiful with a luxuriant, almost tropical, verdure.

Still another class of islands is formed by a thick, remarkable growth of mangroves. These trees are extremely curious; they love the water, and thrive best in salt or sea-water of from six inches to two or three feet in depth. The young tree sends out branches which drop from the main stem and take root in the ground and grow upward again, like the Indian banyan, thus covering a great deal of ground — or rather, water; then, this part of its duty done, the main stem or trunk will shoot up, free from any limbs or branches, some fifty or seventy feet, when it throws out a heavy growth again, this time in the air, forming a thick wide-spreading top; the appearance of a tree

above and a tree below is most singular, and with its thick, rubber-like leaves of a dark, rich, glossy green, the whole tree, or rather, colony of trees, is really a beautiful object. The mangrove roots are a favorite habitat for various crustaceans; oysters grow on the dropped branches and crayfish, conchs, muscles, etc., are always to be found among them; nor is it rare to see a crane or a gay-feathered flamingo stalking about among these trees with a stately air of proprietorship.

That ancient poet, or philosopher, or satirist, who, when questioned as to “strawberries in the sea,” replied with a biting sarcasm about “red herring,” might be incredulous of *oysters* “in the wood,” but he didn’t know all the marvels of a mangrove colony.

Key Biscayne partakes of the nature of all these classes of islands; it is surrounded by a belt of mangroves and the most of the island — which is five or six miles in length and from one to two miles wide — is covered with shallow ponds, with here and there a patch of gray-green samphire. At one end the island is somewhat higher, lying quite out of the water, and by the decay of vegetable substance and deposit of seaweeds, some depth of soil has been accumulated, sufficient for the support of a few cocoanut trees together with some plantains, bananas, and even two or three lime bushes.

Here stood the lighthouse, rising tall and white and shapely from the green, waving cocoanut trees, looking like a strong tower of defence, which indeed it was when the time of trial came. What with the dark mangroves fringing the island and the little grove of trees and shrubs around the white tower, Key Biscayne, seen from the deck of a passing ship, was a most cheery and pleasing sight.

In 1837 there was nothing there but the light-house and nobody but the lightkeeper and his negro boy; they lived in a little cabin under the shade of the cocoanut trees at the foot of the tower, and were as solitary as Robinson Crusoe and his

man Friday. Thompson cared for his light and looked after his bananas and plantains, and his negro boy caught fish and turtle and did the house-keeping. Nobody ever came except, at long intervals, the lighthouse inspector—it was dreary and desolate enough.

Whether Thompson, from acquaintance with the Indians, or from that singular conviction some people seem to have that “nothing will happen to *them*,” really considered himself safe, I do not know; but, be it as it may, he remained at his post filling his lamps by day and lighting them at night as regularly as though there were not a Seminole in—or rather, out of—the Everglades.

One night, the boy, who had been out fishing, ran into the cabin where Thompson was sleeping in preparation for his night-duty, and roused him:

“Mass’ Thompson, Injins comin’—you ’ud me’s got to run!”

He himself acted upon his idea at once by running into the mangroves.

Thompson sprang to the door and there they were indeed! Indians in all their “panoply of war” just beaching their canoes.

It was a clear night, full of Florida moonlight, and the savages saw Thompson distinctly and tried to intercept him as he fled to the lighthouse; he reached it, however, in safety and was able to bar the massive oaken door.

To burn the cabin was the work of a few minutes and then they set about the more difficult task of getting into the tower, the door of which was extremely heavy and strongly barred, and resisted all their efforts; so they gathered wood and half-burnt timbers from the cabin, and piled them against the door, which, being so thick and massive, was consumed very slowly. When at last it gave way, the Indians rushed in. Not finding Thompson they hurried up the narrow, winding stairway—up, up, more than a hundred steps they climbed, to meet at the top the iron trapdoor that, securely fastened above, kept the white man from their scalping-knives. They tried in vain to force it up; the good door held true and fast.

In a fury they went down. This time they filled in the bottom of the tower with every combustible thing they could find, and fired thus the wooden stairway. That was certain destruction to the foe and, better still, a more fiendish torture.

The fire blazed and roared and crackled in the

strong draught of that lighthouse-chimney. Poor Thompson on the top with his lamps knew very well what it meant—knew too that his case was hopeless, that a rescue would be a miracle; no vessel would come close enough “in shore” to see that anything was wrong, and even if that improbable thing should happen it would happen too late for him. The iron floor on which he stood was already becoming heated and he was actually in danger of being roasted alive.

Higher and higher the flames mounted and louder and louder grew their angry roaring. Thompson cautiously peered over the railing that protected the top of the tower. He saw how the Indians stood around grave and stern, watching the destruction of *one* of the hated race that had come to rob them and drive them from the lands and the homes that had been theirs and their fathers forever.

And now the iron floor grew hotter. Thompson carefully slipped one foot out beyond the railing to rest it a little from the burning; but the quick eyes that were watching—and watching for that very moment—marked the movement, and a ball was instantly sent through it; so he drew it back and bore the pain until it became insupportable, when he tried again to relieve the other foot, but with the same result. Then the poor creature sank down and rose no more; and soon after the savages, thinking their work well done, took to their canoes and went away.

Meanwhile, the stairway was entirely burned away. The fire had pretty much died out and the heated floor, or roof, became gradually cooler. Then poor, half-roasted Thompson revived, and although hoping nothing, expecting nothing, longed for day. Soon, the clear, cool, sudden dawn of that climate came with its sea-breeze. Then the sun came up; and this man, alone on top of a tower eighty feet in the air, with no means of getting down, looked abroad over the blue water, crisp and sparkling all around him, and suddenly he saw what his trained eye knew to be a sail! a tiny white thing shining in the light of heaven away in the distance.

Not daring to believe that what he saw was anything other than some ship going northward in the Gulf Stream, Thompson managed to gain his feet and support himself upon the railing. But the tiny white spot grew and grew until at last the



AND NOW THE IRON FLOOR GREW HOTTER.

whole little vessel was seen and the lightkeeper recognized her as one of the small craft belonging to a fleet of U. S. vessels that were kept in those waters during the Seminole War.

Nearer and nearer she came. Then after, seemingly, some little hesitation, Thompson saw that she had clearly changed her course and was heading straight for Key Biscayne.

If I remember rightly, the ship proved to be the U. S. schooner *Flirt* commanded by Lt. McLaughlin. It was observed on board that something looked strange at the lighthouse and Lt. McLaughlin at once decided to land.

The negro boy came out from his hiding-place and told the story, which they had already understood from the ruin before them — and indeed

they could all see poor Thompson plainly enough, leaning motionless upon the railing of the lighthouse.

The problem was to get him down. But sailors are of all men "equal to an emergency;" so a piece of twine was soon attached to a long rope and the other end of the twine fastened to a ramrod which was shot from a gun, directly over the tower. Thompson pulled up the rope by means of the twine, secured it to the railing and, in spite of being "half-roasted," succeeded in climbing down in safety.

He was most tenderly cared for and brought to Key West — that haven for Seminole victims, and eventually, I believe, recovered entirely from his hurts.



AN UNINTENTIONAL CHASE FOR A POLAR BEAR.

Frederick Schwatka

LITTLE Nannook was an Eskimo boy. He lived with his parents on the shores of Chesterfield Inlet, a deep salt-water channel reaching far to the westward from the northern part of Hudson's Bay. The Eskimo name for the great inlet is Aksharnak; this means the Place of the Northern Lights, and in winter they have some very fine displays of the aurora borealis over its frozen waters.

On the northern shore of the Inlet, and inland along the rivers, live the Kinnepetoo Eskimo. They subsist almost entirely upon reindeer meat, the most delicious food there is in the Arctic; and this region is the especial haunt of these animals both in winter and summer. Even in the fall of the year, when the approaching cold of winter sends reindeer migrating southward, half a dozen herds may be in sight at once from the top of any hill in the land of the Kinnepetoos; and during these months Nannook's father, *Ok-big* by name, always killed many for the winter's supply of meat, and of skins from which to make the family clothing and bedding.

But although the Eskimo in "the Land of the Northern Lights" have plenty to eat and wear, they must look sharp for oil and blubber to burn in their queer stone lamps by which they keep their egg-shaped houses of snow bright and warm. Therefore a month or two of each year is spent in the great Inlet by the Kinnepetoo hunters catching seal and extracting and storing the oil in their oil-skins.

These oil-skins are then covered with heavy stones to protect them from the claws and teeth of the polar bears, the wolves and wolverines, and the foxes, that are always on the search for such "cairns," as these piles of stones, roofed over meat and oil, are called.

Ok-big had a number of these cairns of seal oil, on a small island in the Inlet; and when the season had come to exchange the tent of seal-skin for

their snow-house he decided to drive to the island for a couple of skins of oil; he could make the journey in a day.

So early in the morning little Nannook, who was about nine years old, was sent, harness in hand, to catch the dogs — this has to be done one by one — and tie them to the sledge till the whole team, some ten or eleven, should be ready to drag the sledge on its day's trip. A thin coating of ice was formed on the runners of the sledge to make it pass smoothly over the snow, and a ham of frozen reindeer meat was tied to the sledge for a lunch on the island.

Little Nannook worked joyfully, for it had been decided by his father that he should go to watch the dogs and sledge, as something might occur to call him from the team.

Just as they were starting, Nannook's younger brother, a little favorite about four years old, begged so hard to go too that permission was given, and his mother brought out two or three nice reindeer robes to wrap him up in; and to prevent their coming off while the sledge was in motion and bumping over the snow-hummocks, they were lightly tied around him with the sledge lashings, and with the same lashings the little fellow was also tied down to the sledge.

Nannook now took his place beside him, Ok-big cracked his long whip over the dogs and away they dashed at a frolicsome gait, barking as if something were ahead that they were chasing; for Ok-big kept his team of big dogs in fine condition, and they always started away in a merry mood. After they had come down to a sober pace, a cold wind came up from the northwest. Nannook and Ok-big ran alongside of the sledge whenever their toes got cold, and then, out of breath, would jump on again and ride till their feet again felt the frost. The reindeer robes were pulled up over the little boy's head, his back was turned to the wind and he rode quite comfortably — at least for an Eskimo baby.

Scurrying along in this merry way, stopping now and then for short rests, and island was soon reached. Ox-big left the sledge and dogs, and also the child, in charge of Nannook on the salt-water ice near the shore of the island. He did not care to take the sledge upon the rocky land where so many stones protrude through the snow, for fear of tearing the ice off its runners, and then the dogs would have a heavy pull back home.

Then he started off up to his oil cairns on the rocky ridge and commenced removing the great stones; hard work indeed with no one to help,

hills, forgetful that they were tied to the sledge by their traces.

Nannook was sitting on the sledge slats with his back to the dogs. Therefore he did not notice when two or three of them suddenly rose up on their fore paws and began to sniff the air; and as Ok-big was just then at his very busiest dragging a huge skin of oil out of the cairn, he did not notice it either. But the hunting dogs of the team had surely scented game, and they soon aroused the others, and presently all the dogs were standing, noses up. Certainly something was not far off.



NANNOOK SAW A COMICAL SIGHT—THE BEAR WAS ON THE SLEDGE.

and he often sat down on the stones taking a rest talking with his two boys below him on the ice, probably forty or fifty yards away.

Meantime Nannook amused himself and his brother by chipping off little bits of frozen reindeer with his father's hunting-knife from the piece of venison they had brought along; and this they were eating with fine appetites. Most of the dogs had curled up on the snow and were sound asleep. The others were lazily watching the two boys eating frozen reindeer, evidently wishing for a chance to seize the ham and make off with it over the

But little Nannook now noticed, and was reaching for the whip that had fallen on the other side of the sledge, intending to walk among them and whip them into lying down again, when the foremost dogs, who were a little higher than the others, on a ridge of snow, saw at the same moment with their little master, a great polar bear not over a hundred yards away; an immense fellow that was walking from island to island trying to tear open the meat and oil cairns of the Kinnepetoo hunters. And no sooner did they see him than away they darted, and as one after another they caught sight

of his ponderous form they pulled with might and main at their harness traces and the sledge fairly flew over the snow with its light burden of only two small boys.

The frantic dogs in their swift gallop must have gotten half-way to the polar bear before he was at all aware that any danger was near him. But as soon as he got one good look — and not a very long one either — he wheeled around rapidly and took up a direction straight out for the sea which he would reach at the outer edge of the ice-floe some two or three miles away. The water is the favorite refuge for these beasts when pursued by the natives, if the latter are not in boats or canoes.

Nannook had not succeeded in getting his whip, so suddenly had the excited dogs started in the furious chase, and his thought now was to roll off the sledge and let the dogs go in their wild career. But when he grasped his little brother to take him with him he realized how he had been tied to the sledge slats in order to keep the reindeer robes snugly around him. He took a hurried search for the knife he had been using in chipping the frozen reindeer ham for their lunch. But knife and ham too had disappeared, having jolted through the open sledge slats in the first few yards of bumping along. Thus his last hope of cutting the thongs had to be given up. Nothing was left for him to do but untie them, as they were too strong for a dozen full-grown Eskimo to break, let alone a little boy. To untie the knots was the hardest work imaginable, for the sledge was bumping and rolling along, almost swinging straight out behind in its runaway gait. Where the rolling snowdrifts on the ice were like great waves of a white ocean the flying sledge struck only on the crests with bounds like a kangaroo so swiftly were they going. Whenever he got a hold of a knot to untie it and was just ready to loosen the first turn, the sledge would make a great jump or a sudden bump that would throw his hand away from it entirely, and he would have to try it over again under all these discouragements. With it all, too, he had hard work in keeping the bouncing sledge from overturning in the rough hummocks of ice, some of which were as large as small houses; this would have meant death by a terrible dragging and mangling for the

little one to whom he tenaciously and manfully clung.

Nannook was a pretty fair dog-driver for so small a boy. Education in this line of work commences early with Eskimo children, and although he had lost his whip, with which he could have done much to regulate the team, he used his voice effectively, and though he could not stop the exciting chase, he found that the leader of the dogs by whom all the rest are managed was willing to obey his commands as to going to the right or left, and thus he directed them over the best roads in the rough ice and prevented the sledge from upsetting.

The strong and swift dogs with so little as the light sledge and two small boys to impede their gait were constantly gaining on the bear and it was a mere matter of another three quarters of a mile when they would overtake him. Meantime, Nannook tugged at the knots whenever he got a chance and one by one they came loose. It was an exciting trial to see if he could undo them all before the dogs caught the bear. He knew that the creature would charge then upon anything in sight and that they, he and his little brother, would probably be his first victims.

But the last knot was just untied when Nannook saw ahead of him a long level stretch of smooth ice where he knew the dogs would catch the bear, and he determined to roll off the sledge just as soon as it was reached. He did it, grasping his brother, and the two rolled along for some distance like a couple of bundles of reindeer skins. Fortunately they were not seriously hurt.

As Nannook got on his feet he saw a most comical sight; for the bear was on the sledge where he had been but two or three seconds before. As the leading dogs nipped the bear's heels, he stopped suddenly to face them, rearing upon his haunches. But the sledge was going so fast that it struck his hind legs as he was in this posture, knocking them out from under him and letting him drop directly on it, sledging him along, the dogs running with it and turning too to the bear as he took his ride, paralyzed with astonishment.

The dogs of course held Bruin from going farther; and Ok-big soon came running up with his gun and dispatched him.

A STRANGE PRISON.

D. Blute

THE Sonora stone quarries lie on the east bank of the Mississippi, a little south of Nauvoo, Ill. Three or four miles further down the river are the Des Moines Rapids, among whose rocks the stream, at low water, flows with a mighty turbulence. At the foot of the Rapids, on the west bank of the river, in the very southeastern corner of Iowa, is the new-old city of Keokuk. At Keokuk is the southern terminus of the canal which has been constructed by the national government around the Rapids to facilitate river navigation. The canal is an excellent piece of engineering. In its construction great quantities of stone were used, a large part of which were obtained from the Sonora quarries.

When John Allen was fifteen years old he worked one summer at the quarries for Mr. Timberman, who had a large contract to furnish stone for the canal. "The quarries" was a rough place. The men lived in rude board shanties, the food was by no means delicate, tobacco and beer were consumed in abundance, the speech of the workmen was often extremely repulsive and profane. John's work was to cook the meals for this rough crowd, wash the dishes, make up the frowsy beds in the double line of berths down the sides of the long shanty, carry water to the men at work in the quarries, to do all sorts of chores. He hated the place, he disliked the work, but when he thought how much his monthly wages were needed by his mother over in Keokuk, to help take care of his younger brothers and sisters, he made up his mind to stay and to do the disagreeable work for that summer at least. His good-tempered willingness to help everybody made all like him, in spite of the fact that he never joined in their enjoyments. Mr. Timberman, noticing his ability and faithfulness, had become his fast friend, and did him many a good turn.

The "June rise" in the Mississippi had begun. Far away at the north the winter fall of snow had been heavy and, as it melted in the spring, it had filled the thousands of brooks and rivers that pour their flood into the great river. The spring rains,

too, all over the Northwest, had been copious. Experienced river-men had been predicting a great freshet, but they expected that it would come on gradually, that it would be yet some days before the flood was at its height. Mr. Timberman had been calculating upon loading several of the barges that lay at the quarry, deliver the stone, and get the barges into safe quarters before the rise came on. But there came an unusual rain in Illinois and Iowa just at the first of June. For two days it seemed as if the heavens were opened. The streams of the two great States were soon overflowing, and poured their roaring currents into the already full bed of the Mississippi, which now rose rapidly to an unusual height. Before the barges could be towed from the quarry the "June rise" was upon them.

The barges for carrying stone were large flat-boats made with a somewhat deep hull so as to carry heavy burdens, and with a deck having a single large hatchway in the centre. The stone were piled on this deck. For convenience in loading and unloading the gunwale was very low. When the rise began there were several barges at the quarry. Two of these were loaded, and one was partly loaded. This last one had a good many more stone piled on the shore-side than on the outer-side.

On the second morning after the rise came on this partly-loaded barge needed to be hauled a little closer to shore to bring it out of the increasing current. John jumped on board to change the position of the hawser near the bow. He hauled on the heavy rope with right good will, and was just putting it in place when his foot slipped, and the rope fell from his hands into the river. The current was then setting with some force against the shore side of the barge and the bow rapidly swung out towards the stream. Mike, one of the workmen, was busy fastening the stern hawser to a tree on the bank. When he saw the bow of the boat swinging out into the stream he tried to get his hawser securely fastened, but failed. He pulled in, but his strength was as nothing against

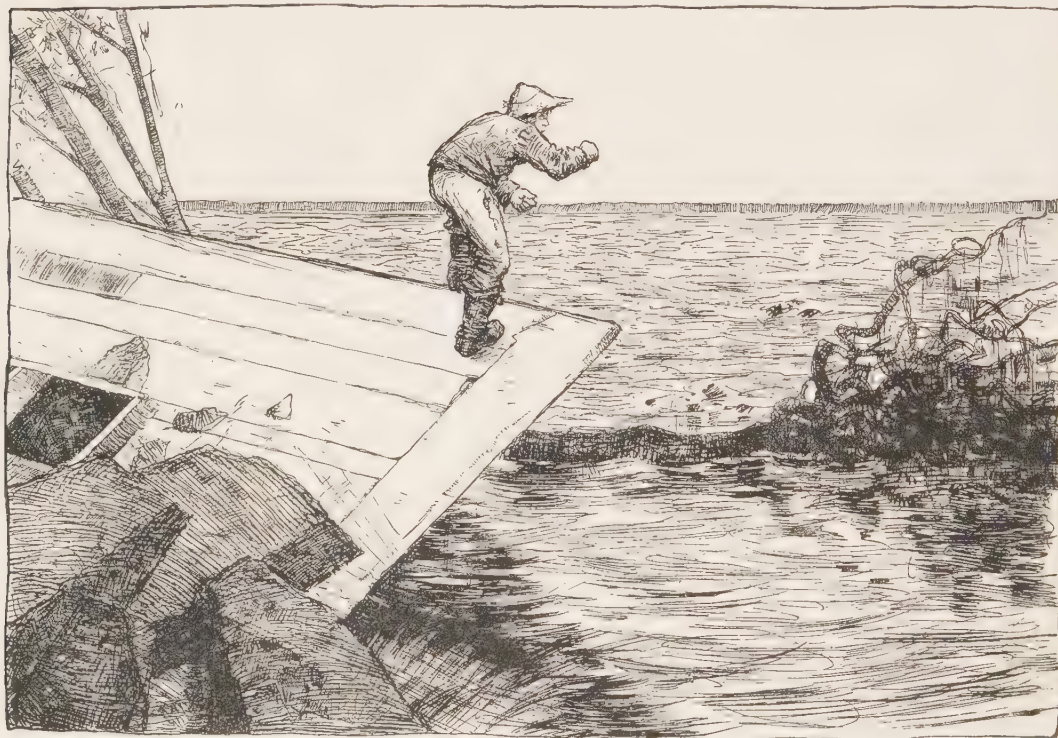
the heavy boat, in the sweep of the powerful current. The barge swung out into the stream with John on board. Almost before he knew it he found himself going rapidly down stream.

"Take the skiff and come for me," he shouted to Mike.

"Indade, but the boss tuk the shkiff to Nouvoo this hour since."

Yes, it was so. John had seen the boss and two men start for Nauvoo just after breakfast. There was no other small boat near. John saw his flat-boat, strangely tilted to one side by the load,

He was now two or three miles from the quarry. The boat had been drawn quite into the strong current. Being loaded most heavily on one side, that side was, of course, low in the water, and the opposite side was tilted up a good deal higher. With such a flat-bottomed boat this arrangement of the load had a tendency to make it float broad-side to the current, with the lighter or high side down stream. He was seated on this down stream side at about the centre of the boat, feeling a little disconsolate over his involuntary voyage, when he saw just below the boat, directly in its path, a



AS THE BOAT TURNED OVER, HE JUMPED INTO THE BOILING WATERS.

rapidly drifting down stream amid the logs and trees torn up by the roots that always mark a freshet in the Mississippi. He knew the river well. He was familiar with boats. It did not occur to him that there was any danger. He thought only that it was unpleasant to go floating down the river all alone on a stone-scow. But then, he would soon be seen by somebody on shore, and a boat would come out for his release. It would be an adventure which he could laugh about with the men.

large floating tree, its great branches projecting far above the water and covered with the young leaves of June, its tangled roots only just able to bear up to the surface the mass of earth that still clung to them. Boat and tree were both in the midst of the rapids. There was now plenty of water to carry the largest steamer safely over, but the immense sunken rocks caused the wildest commotion in the rushing waters. Suddenly the tree seemed caught in the whirling flood. Its great mass was for a moment crosswise of the

stream. Just then the elevated side of the boat was forced up on the tree. The mighty current urged the heavy boat forward, and pushed the light side up on the tree.

Suddenly some of the stones begun to roll towards the heavy side. John's quick eye saw the danger, but he could do nothing. Each tumbling stone caused the light side of the boat to rise still higher, and other stones to start. In a moment the low gunwale was at the water's edge. The rushing current caught against it. The whole mass of stones was now at the edge of the boat, and bore it down beneath the water. The weight of the stone, the force of the current, the floating tree acting as a lever to raise the light side still higher—all combined to upset the boat. John saw it all. He was at the upper side of the boat just above the hatchway. As in the resistless grasp of the flood the boat rapidly turned over, he jumped into the boiling, raging waters. They seemed to stretch up eager hands to grip him, and to close above him with fierce and fatal glee. He sunk far down into their cold embrace.

When he came to the surface he was in total darkness. There was not a gleam of light. He was for a moment dazed. Where was he? Why this sudden and complete darkness? Had his sight been injured by a bruise from the overturning boat? He was conscious of no injury. He could breathe with ease. He had no difficulty in swimming. He threw up his arm and his hand came against something hard. He carefully felt of the obstruction, and it seemed like wet plank. He swam around and suddenly his head came against something hard. Again it felt like wet plank. He slowly swam along by this obstruction, he felt again above his head. He soon learned that the boat had turned completely over, and was now floating bottom upwards. In coming to the surface after his jump he had come up through the open hatchway of the overturned boat, and was now swimming within the boat whose bottom and sides made for him an impassable prison from which every ray of light was excluded. It seemed, too, as if there was no ray of hope for him. He was alone, the thick and slimy planks were above him and around him, the mighty river was bearing him swiftly on in the grasp of its relentless flood.

It was a strange prison, indeed. It threatened a fearful fate for the bright boy of fifteen. To

his excited imagination it seemed as if the impenetrable darkness was full of slimy monsters eager to devour him. In his agony he lashed the water with his struggling arms, he cried out as if he expected that his feeble voice would penetrate the walls of his prison, and he heard on the far-away banks above the roar of the angry flood. In his excitement he chanced to put his legs down straight, and they also came against an obstruction. He was not long in learning that this was the underside of the deck of the boat, and that it gave his feet a secure standing place, and so enabled him to rest from the constant swimming.

As he stood resting himself he remembered that he must have come into his prison through the open, inverted hatchway. Perhaps he could get out in the same way. He began carefully to walk over the singular floor, feeling with his feet for the edge of the hatchway. He soon found it and felt around until he knew his exact position. He was a good swimmer and diver. He had often played with his companions at "letting themselves down" to the bottom in deep places in the sloughs, during the summer vacations before his father's death. He now let himself drop down through the hatchway, gave two or three vigorous strokes that would send him, as he believed, in a direction at right angles with the length of the boat, then rose.

He came at once to the surface, and into the glad sunshine. A stroke or two brought him to the boat, and he climbed upon its bottom. Then his strength gave way. He lay at full length, unconscious, on the slippery planks. But the boat that a few minutes before had been his prison, threatening him with a slow and torturing death, now bore him kindly up.

From his office in the government building at the lock at the lower end of the canal, just under the bluff at Keokuk, Jones, the engineer, looked out upon the rushing river. He saw the upturned boat, with what seemed a lifeless man upon its bottom. He sent two of the men at once to bring the body off. Their swift skiff was soon alongside the barge. They took on board the limp and dripping body of John, and in a moment were at the levy. A few restoratives, aided by Jones' skilful manipulations, brought the boy around. He was all right. Call upon him in Keokuk, and he will tell you the whole story.



HOW DANIEL ABBOTT OUTWITTED THE INDIANS.

J. E. L. 1850

DURING old colonial times in New England, when a new town was to be "planted" the ground was surveyed and laid out in plots; so many for the settlers, and one each "for the meeting-house, the parsonage, and the use of the school forever." Every family had to promise to pay so many pounds for the plot, so many shillings for admittance into the township "plantation" and a certain sum toward opening roads through the wilderness, beside an appointed share of the expense of erecting a place of public worship.

In one of the settlements which had progressed from "plantation" to "town," Penacook, now Concord on the Merrimac, in New Hampshire, lived young Daniel Abbott, one of a large family of brothers; and it is his story, handed down by tradition, which I propose to relate.

In 1746, when Daniel was about eight years of age, sad days began to come to the little town of Penacook; the people had so far lived in comparative security, the neighboring Indians being friendly to the white men. Now, however, came strange Indians, mostly from Canada, and who were instigated by the French to commit depredations on the settlers.

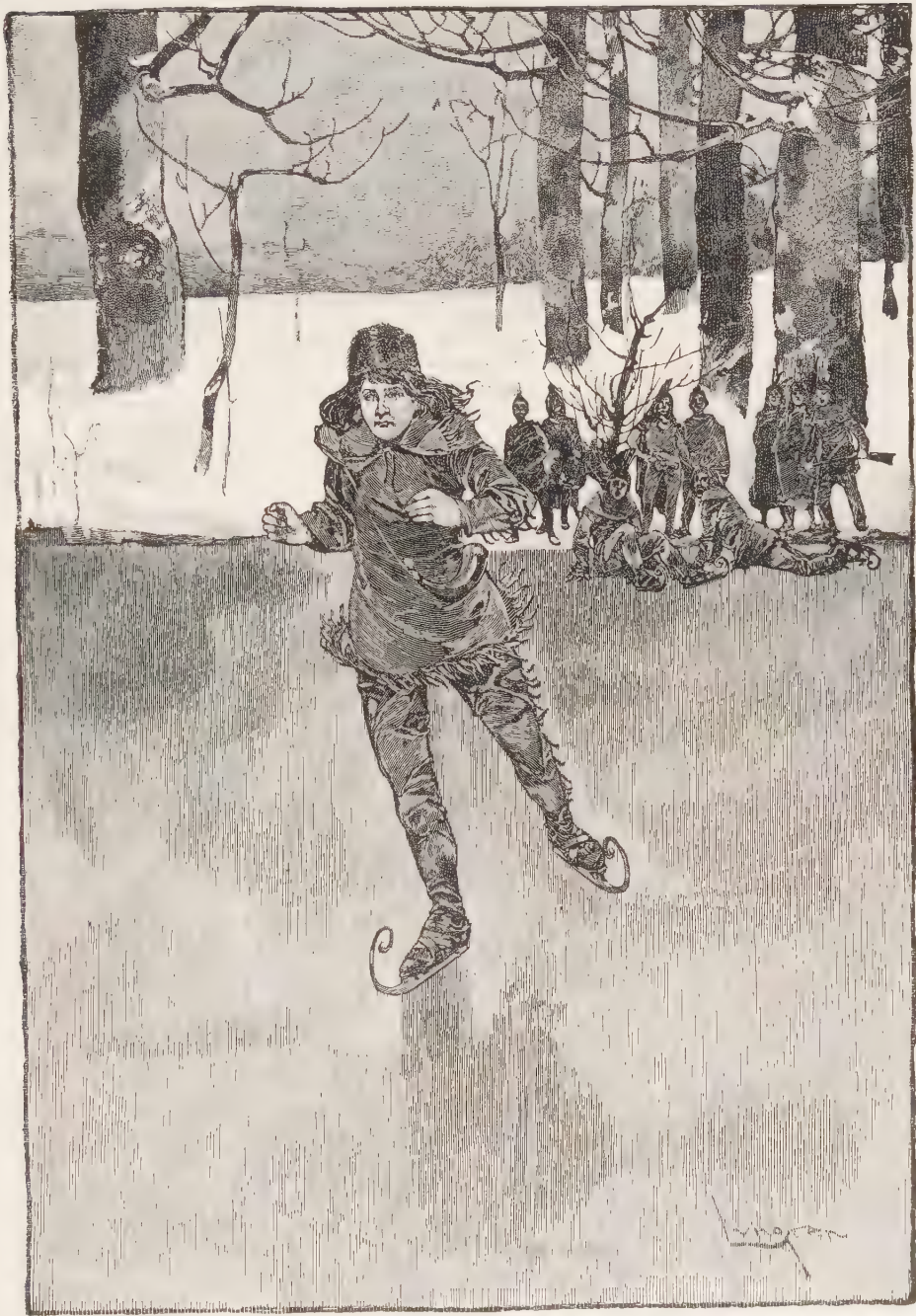
The houses at Penacook had been built in groups to be easily defended in possible times of danger; now came the order to fortify them. Strong walls of hewn logs laid flat upon each other, carried up as high as the roofs of the houses and

provided with sentry-boxes at the corners, were put up in different parts of the town so as to enclose each a group of houses. To every garrison was allotted a certain number of families; sometimes as many as a dozen or twenty families occupied the larger fortifications.

Thenceforth, for years, there was no peace of mind in Penacook; the farmers went armed to the fields; bounds were set to the children's rambles; sentries were on the alert day and night to fire signal guns at the first appearance of foes; on Sunday, the congregation to a man carried guns to "meeting," stacking them in the middle of the aisle, while the minister's rifle stood always ready beside him in the pulpit.

At last on one peaceful, sunny August day, the Canadian Indians swept down and shot to death a company of six men who were passing from the town to a garrison two miles distant. This event threw the whole community into a state of terrible anxiety and alarm. Men, women and children came to see the slain and wept aloud at sight of them. The people of Penacook, always an industrious community, now had their duties doubled, for they were constantly erecting or repairing defences, preparing for or repelling assaults, guarding their crops, or going in companies to assist their neighbors.

This feverish state of affairs continued, though there would be long intervals when all their



HOW DANIEL ABBOTT OUTWITTED THE INDIANS. — "THE MYSTERIOUS WINGS."



troubles seemed over; yet even then they dared not cease watching.

It is lovely summer weather now in Penacook. A season of quiet longer than usual had passed. It has been months since there has been even a rumor of Indians; and though the patrols, guns on shoulders, still pace about the town, there is a general feeling of rest and cheerfulness.

Whistling light-heartedly, Daniel Abbott goes out, after the early family breakfast, in company with his dog, to drive the cows to pasture; it is his turn to herd them to-day. Nathan Foster, another Penacook lad, is on hand with his cows to keep him company. Both are sturdy young fellows. Both of them carry their rifles. As they trudge along, they naturally drop into the favorite topic. Nathan guesses "the red-skins are gone for good and all." Daniel doubts it, having dreamed the night before that he was captured by the Indians.

The boys are to watch the cows all day; and as the noon sun begins to beat down, they betake themselves to a fallen tree-trunk in the edge of the woods whence they can keep their eyes upon the herd grazing contentedly. Time slips on; everything looks bright, secure, full of peace; the quick-eyed Jock is asleep in the grass at their feet; the air is soft and odorous, and the murmuring of the brook calls resistlessly to Daniel. "Come, Nat," he cries finally, "let us go down to the turn where the water's deep, and fish. Jock can do all the watching that is needed."

The boys intent on their lines forget there ever were Indians, ever was danger. The soft twitter of birds, the droning of the wild bees, and the drowsy flowing of the brook seem to be the only sounds in the great forest, till suddenly Jock's short, sharp barking rouses them. Startled, terrified, the boys peer through the trees. But they do not see the dusky forms concealed behind the great tree-trunks, nor the evil glittering of many eyes watching them.

But Jock's barking has ceased. Reassured the boys turn back to their fishing.

The day deepens into twilight in Penacook. One by one the Abbott and Foster cows, all save two, come trailing slowly homeward through the long grasses; but it is presently discovered that the boys are not with them. They are called on every hand. No answer.

"The Indians! — the Indians!" flies from lip to lip; strong men and strong women, standing in the doorways, blanch with terror. Instant preparation is made for search.

Too soon the dreadful suspense is ended. Not far from the edge of the wood the arrow-pierced bodies of Spotted Moll and Brownie are found, and near them Deacon Kimball's young heifer. The men gaze at the poor beasts in silence, not knowing which way to proceed; but something further must be done quickly. They separate, taking different paths through the woods. Suddenly Seth Kimball comes upon poor little faithful Jock with an arrow through his body. Wild halloes fill the wood. But no answer. Now they go down to the brookside. Here lies a dark heap. It is young Nathan Foster, murdered, mangled. The body fairly bristles with Indian arrows. In silence they lift him and carry him back to the town.

Returning with torches, they make a long search for Daniel; the hours go by, but not a trace of the unfortunate lad can be discovered. Night passes wofully enough in Penacook, for all the little hamlet is in sympathy with the two stricken houses, and none can tell whose grief is the greater — that of the mother clasping her dead son, or that of the mother who sits thinking of the tortures and cruelties her boy may be enduring, if alive.

Summer fades into autumn. Winter comes on apace. Still no news has reached the little town concerning the lost boy. His young brothers have learned to speak of him only in whispers, for their mother is worn to a shadow with grieving, and their father has grown gray with his sorrow.

But Daniel is not dead. Far off in a wigwam village, on the borders of a great lake, the lad is living with his captors. Escape is his daily and nightly dream. He seems content, for he has learned cunning from the cunning savages around him. He fishes, hunts, plays games with the Indian lads, and is greatly honored too, for Ca-hau-wuk, the old chief, has adopted him as his son. The squaws have plaited the finest mats for his bed; they roast daily for him the choicest bits of game; and whose leggins and moccasins are adorned like Pea-ha-la's? Who wears so rich a necklace of wampum?

Wrapped in his furs, with his feet to the wigwam fire, Pea-ha-la — for Daniel has now an Indian name — wakes one night and wonders at the dead

silence about him. By the red firelight he finds himself alone. He listens. In the next wigwam the squaws are awake, talking. He learns that a dozen of the tribe have gone off on a journey of plunder.

Pea-ha-la would rise and run southward this moment, only that the Indians' dreadful wolf-dogs would bark and betray him. So he lies down again breathing a prayer that God will sometime help him. The squaws chatter on together and hope the "Great Spirit" in the Southwest will make their "braves" successful. The chief's white son strives to keep awake and listen to learn whatever may be of future use, but soon drowsiness creeps over him and soothed by the warmth he drops asleep again.

At the new moon the band return, bringing with them scalps and much plunder. Pea-ha-la, at the feast of rejoicing, with a shiver, recognizes just such familiar articles as he has seen in the houses of Penacook; a "housewife," a pair of candlesticks, a snuff box, shears, and—oh, what are these hanging to Shin-gas' belt? A string of skates!

Like lightning a thought flashes through the lad's brain—but he must be cool, and calm. Pointing to the skates with great solemnity, he exclaims, "Behold the gifts of the Great Spirit! What will Ca-hau-wuk, my Father and Shin-gas the Powerful, do with them? My young brothers must now serve the Great Spirit."

The Indians look one at another; they crowd around Shin-gas and Ca-hau-wuk, shake their heads and looked troubled. Pea-ha-la is filled with a sudden joy which he conceals; he knows now that the Indians are utterly ignorant of the use of skates. With an assumption of greater gravity—for the perilous life of the New England settlers had made even childhood and youth shrewd and wise beyond their years—he cries, "Ca-hau-wuk, my Father! Shin-gas the Powerful! listen! I will tell you how, by these gifts, you may call upon the Great Spirit who dwells in the Southwest." He touches the skates with reverent gestures as he speaks.

"Let us listen to the 'pale face,'" cry the young braves gathering around Pea-ha-la.

"Speak, my son. How shall we call the Great Spirit?" answers Ca-hau-wuk, glancing around the assembly with a look of command.

"Come then, Ca-hau-wuk, my Father, and Shin-gas the Powerful! come, my young brothers! let us go down to the great water. There I will tell you how to use these mysterious wings in calling the Great Spirit," cries Pea-ha-la, rejoicing.

The Indians look at one another; doubt, anxiety, are struggling on their faces. But Ca-hau-wuk gives the word of command and they follow Pea-ha-la bearing the "mysterious wings" to the lake.

Bidding four of the young braves sit upon the ice, for the lake was well frozen, the pale face binds the skates on their feet, reserving the best and sharpest pair for his own use. Rising now, Pea-ha-la makes a series of wild and solemn gestures with his arms extended toward the Southwest. Then he whirls around in a circle, bowing toward the old chief. Then he skates rapidly around the young braves. The group on the shore are watching gravely and in silence these mysterious gyrations. Wider and wider grow Pea-ha-la's circles, till suddenly, flying swiftly toward them, he shouts, "To your feet! to your feet! to your feet, young braves! the Great Spirit calls you! Follow me! We go, my Father! We go, Shin-gas the Powerful! Away! Away!"

In great confusion and swift alarm the young braves try to rise; they fall and stumble one against another in affright. The old chiefs look on in amazement. In the midst of their cries and yells, Daniel puts forth his utmost strength and speed, and crying "Away! Away! Follow! Follow!" he flies on like the wind, making for a bend in the lake, a small cape, behind which he will find shelter from possible arrows.

"Pea-ha-la—Pea-ha-la," shouts Shin-gas passionately.

"Pea-ha-la! Pea-ha-la!" cries Ca-hau-wuk mournfully.

"Pea-ha-la, ha-la-la," answers echo faintly.

But Daniel heeds not! Still calling, "Away! Away! Follow! Follow!" every nerve is strained to reach the small cape; then away he speeds to the clear ice beyond.

The young braves on shore level their bows, arrows go flying, but it is too late. Pea-ha-la is gone. "The 'Great Spirit' has sent for him," say the old chiefs mournfully; and though the young braves doubt somewhat the integrity of Pea-ha-la, all return resignedly to the wigwam where the squaws set up a great lamentation, as for the dead.

Winter is nearly over. In his log house at Penacook one Sabbath evening Deacon Abbott is reading his Bible before evening prayers. Mother Abbott and her boys are reverently listening, when suddenly there is a commotion in the garrison; dogs bark, children scream, lights are flying to and fro; the sentry has spied an Indian and given an alarm. The Indian approaches boldly and gives a peace signal. He says he brings news from Daniel Abbott. A moment later he is conversing amicably and intelligibly with the sentry. Before many minutes more glad news flies through the garrison.

Mother Abbott and the good deacon open their door to listen to the stir. Presently a figure clad in deerskin, with the Indian leggins and moccasins, rushes wildly toward them: "It is I, mother, Pea-ha-la, who loves you! It is I, father! fear not.

Don't you know Pea-ha-la—no, Daniel?" And the young Indian laughs.

In another moment fond arms are clasping the long-lost son, kisses are showered on the dear bronzed young face and the brothers strive to see who will get nearest and stay closest to the hero of the night. The neighbors flock in to see Daniel, and to weep in joy with his mother; then a long half-sad, half-merry evening is passed listening to the tale of his capture, his life in the wigwam village; his escape and journeying through the wilderness. The skates—the Great Spirit's "mysterious wings"—are passed round from neighbor to neighbor, and handled and admired with a species of awe. Then silence falls on the little kitchen as the good deacon solemnly exclaims, "They were indeed the gift of the Great Spirit, neighbors; let us give thanks to God for them!"



DAISY WITH HER CHUBBY CHARMS.



PARSEE CHILDREN.

AMONG THE PARSEES.

BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

AFTER the first night spent in Bombay, I was aroused, at early dawn, by the hum of many voices, that seemed just beneath my windows. Throwing wide the long Venetian blinds, I looked out eagerly, and such a strange sight met my view! Though not yet sunrise, there was a crowd of well-dressed people—some two hundred in number—sitting and standing about in little groups, and evidently on the look-

out for something. What they were seeking or expecting, I could not imagine, for I saw nothing in the direction toward which all eyes were turned—nothing but a clear, beautiful horizon, and the warm, bright tint that always, in the East, precedes the rising of the sun. And *that* was just what all those people were gazing at so wistfully. Men, women, and children, all were decked in holiday garb, and they

had come out, at this early hour, to watch the coming of their "king," and to hail his advent.

For these people were Parsees, or Persians, the descendants of those who, more than twelve hundred years ago, fled from Mohammedan persecution in their own country, and found a new home in Bombay and other cities on the western coast of India. They were Fire-worshippers, who own no god but the Sun, and Fire as his emblem; and rather than renounce their faith, and accept that of their fierce Arab conquerors, they had left their beautiful homes, their rose gardens and fertile fields, and escaped with only their lives, and the sacred firebrands lighted from the temple-altar of their own land.

For forty generations these people have been exiles in a foreign land; but as they seldom intermarry with other races, and never change their religion or their social habits, the Parsees of our day are exact copies of those who peopled this colony twelve centuries ago. Still, every morning, an hour before sunrise, they gather on the broad, beautiful esplanade, and silently, devoutly, with folded arms and yearning faces, await the approach of their god and king. Not an outspoken word is heard; all the uproariousness of childish glee is hushed for the hour, and their very breathing seems subdued, till the eager watch ends, at last, with one long, glad shout, as the bright, cheery face of the sun becomes clearly visible. Again at evening, the last rays of the setting sun are watched with reverent devotion, followed by a general prostration, as if a real king were ascending his chariot to be absent for a long time from his kingdom and people.

Every Parsee boy and girl is taught to believe that the sacred fire on their altars was brought originally from heaven, by their famous prophet, Zoroaster, about four thousand years ago, and that it has never once, in all these years, burned out, or been extinguished. They believe, also, that this fire, lighted miraculously by Zoroaster, will continue to burn until it has consumed all evil, sin, and suffering from our earth. Their temples, which are entirely empty, save for the fire-altar in the center, are built mainly for its preservation; and once every day, for the space of an hour, the high priest stands over the altar with a bundle of rods in his hand, to drive off any unclean spirits that have ventured to approach the sacred fire. While this is going on within, the multi-

tude assembled outside prostrate themselves in silent worship.

But this, I, as a foreigner and a heretic, could only catch a glimpse of from a distance, for none but the devotees of their faith are permitted so much as to touch the doors of their temples, and for all further information I was indebted to some hospitable Parsees whom I occasionally visited. None but the most liberal Parsees will permit those of other creeds to eat under the same roof with themselves, and even these never eat at the table with their guests. The table is first laid for the visitors, and they are waited on with careful kindness, by the members of the family, as well as by the servants. When the guests leave the board, the cloth is changed, the table washed, and even the salts, casters, and pickles are emptied, washed, and refilled; while not a single dish of which the visitors have partaken, is placed on the board the second time. Guests are always served upon china, usually of the finest quality; but for the Parsees, small flat cakes are placed around the table to do service as plates, and the various dishes are so arranged in the center as to be within reach of all.

The family then wash hands and faces, and the father says a short prayer; after which all take their seats, and the meal begins. Neither knives nor forks are used, but meat is torn from the bones with the fingers only; and with the left hand each one dips, as he desires, bread, meat, or vegetables, into the broth or gravy, and then tosses it into his mouth, without allowing his fingers to touch his lips. This requires some dexterity, and children are not permitted to sit with the family at table until they have learned to eat in this way. If, by chance, the fingers of any one, either child or adult, should ever so slightly graze the lips, he is required to leave the table instantly, and perform his ablutions over again, or else to take to himself the dish from which he was eating, and touch no other during the meal. They are equally careful in drinking — adroitly throwing the liquid into the mouth or throat, without touching the lips with cup or glass. The food is always taken with the left hand — for the reason, they say, that the right, having more labor to perform, is oftener brought into contact with things unclean.

I once made a voyage, with an American lady and gentleman, in a Bombay ship that was owned and commanded by a wealthy Parsee merchant, though

the real sailing-master and his mate were Englishmen. We foreigners all ate at one table, and the Parsee nabob had his own in solitary state, though he occasionally invited us to dine in his cabin. As I happened, in consequence of my youth, to be something of a favorite, he used to stand at my side all the time I was eating, fill my cup or glass with his own hands, and urge me to eat of such rare dishes as he liked best himself. Yet he never ate or drank in our presence, even after we had left the table; and I learned afterward, that the costly service of rare china, silver, and glass, from which we had eaten and drank at his table, though carefully laid away, was never again used by the owner.

One pleasant evening, as we sat on the upper deck, my Parsee friend invited me to smoke! Of course I declined; and when he insisted, I told him that in my country ladies did not use tobacco. At this he laughed heartily, and said, "Did you suppose I would ask a lady to pollute her fragrant lips and breath with so foul a thing as tobacco? Taste, and see."

He brought his splendid *hookah*, which I found contained only fragrant spices, perfumed with attar of roses, while a slender coil of silver tube rested in a vessel of rose-water at my feet. The fumes were as agreeable as harmless; but this, my first experiment in smoking, cost my host rather more than three hundred dollars, the estimated value of his gold-mounted hookah, with its complicated array of tubes and tiny vessels, costly as curious, and none of which he durst ever use again.

Parsee boys and girls are generally very richly dressed, but there is little variety in their costume; for among these people everything is regulated by their religion—the hours for eating and drinking, the kinds of food to be taken, and the cut of their garments included. The shirt must have five seams,—neither more nor less,—and it must be laid across the breast in a particular way. The material of nearly all their garments, inner as well as outer, is silk, and they are often very richly embroidered.

The dress of the men and boys consists of a shirt and loose trousers, over which is thrown a long *caftan*, confined at the waist by an elaborate girdle. This girdle is the distinctive part of a Parsee's dress, like the button of a Mandarin in China; the color, quality, and size, in both cases, proclaiming the rank of the wearer, as definitely as could a placard suspended

from his neck. The dress of the women and girls differs little from that of their fathers and brothers, except that the *caftan* of females is longer, and their turban not quite so high. The turban is formed of a pasteboard cap, from eight to ten inches high, and covered with silk or velvet for the rich, and gray or brown nankeen for the poor.

Both sexes wear around the body a double string of silken cord, which is always loosened when the wearer is at prayer, but which he is not permitted under any circumstances to leave off. So much importance is attached to the wearing of this cord, that no contract is considered binding if made when either of the parties happens to be without it. Children are first invested with the cord on entering their ninth year; and the occasion is always celebrated with feasting, rejoicing, and the bestowal of gifts by all the relatives and connections of the family. After three days of rare fun and frolic, such as the child will be likely to remember all his life, he is pronounced a *child* no longer. Boys may thenceforward eat with their fathers, which before they were not allowed to do; and girls must be shut up in strict seclusion with their mothers, and are ready to be betrothed, or even married, at the will of their parents.

Parsee houses are usually built with a spacious hall extending through the whole length, with large folding-doors opening upon verandas at either end. This central room on the first floor is always the gentlemen's sitting-room, and, opening from it, on either side, are the sleeping-rooms of the father and sons. On the second floor precisely the same arrangement furnishes sitting and sleeping-rooms for the mother and daughters.

The mode of training the boys and girls is quite as distinct. The girls learn nothing, and do nothing, all their lives; but, like so many pretty dolls, are dressed, and fanned, and waited on from youth to old age. Boys, on the contrary, are very carefully educated, under the eye of their father, and, in a sort of domestic business college, are strictly trained to practical business habits from a very early age.

In the wealthiest Parsee families, during a large portion of the day, and occasionally in the evening, the head of the house may be found seated on a sort of raised dais at the upper end of the large hall, surrounded by sons and clerks, all busily occupied in weighing or counting out money, casting accounts,

and attending to other business transactions. Here, almost from the cradle, in this home bank and counting-house, these lads are taught the lessons of buying and selling, and getting gain; and when they go out into the world it is almost invariably to amass fortunes, and become honored and useful citizens. The

wealthy Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, the first East Indian who ever received a title from any European government, trained his sons in this very way; and the present Baronet, who inherits the title and many virtues of his sire, does honor to the teachings of his noble father.





A LITTLE VILLAGE OF RED-BROWN CHAETS.

STONED BY A MOUNTAIN.

BY ROSE G. KINGSLEY.

I WAS once stoned by a mountain; and a very disagreeable experience it was.

About six years ago my cousin Carrie V. and I were staying at Mürren in Switzerland, a little village of red-brown chalets, perched on the top of the lofty cliffs which form one wall of the Lauterbrunnen Valley. A sheer three thousand feet below us lay the green valley with its walnut and cherry trees; its stone-weighted house roofs and shady little pastures; its booths where rapacious peasants sold silver chains, and alpenstocks, and carved cows and clocks and paper-knives, and views of snow-mountains painted on wooden boxes; its wondrous waterfalls, and its "Alpen-horn," whose notes float up through the spray of the Staubach Fall, and bound from rock to rock, from cliff to cliff, and you grow sentimental and think of "the horns of elfland faintly blowing," until you come nearer and see a hideous Swiss man blowing with distended crimson cheeks into the end of an enormous green wooden horn, which emits unearthly hootings that only distance can change into sweet notes.

We had climbed the steep path through the damp pine woods for two hours, and now we were living up among the clouds; and if we dared venture so near the dangerous cliff-edge, we could see

all the valley down below us. But our eyes turned oftener to the opposite side of the Lauterbrunnen Valley.

There, right before us, rose a range of snowy giants, thousands of feet high — Ischangelhorn, Breithorn, Grosshorn, Silberhorn, Giger, Mönch — guarding the maiden mountain, the queen of this glorious court, the white, ethereal Jungfrau herself. For seven weeks we lived in sight of this spotless presence; in storm and sunshine, in fog or in clear moonlight, we knew she was there. And we grew to love her, with a love full of awe; and to watch her varying moods by day and night, to watch the first rose-flush of dawn on her lofty summit, the cloud shadows flitting blue across her broad expanse of snow, the avalanche pouring like a white cataract from her sides, the sunset and the mysterious afterglow dyeing her pure snow crimson — and then, when night had fallen and the stars came out, we watched her proud head emerge from the gloom and shine against the purple black of the heavens, clear and vast and awful.

On this summer's day Carrie and I turned our backs on the Jungfrau, and set our faces towards the mountains that lie behind Mürren. We were both botany-mad. This was my first visit to Switzerland; and the flowers in the pastures, the flowers

in the woods, the flowers by the streams, the flowers even on the bare rocks, had gone to my head. I dreamt of flowers by night. I gathered flowers, and dug up flower-roots by day. We filled every glass and jug and basin in our little rooms with flowers — and had to turn them out every morning when we wanted to wash! We begged vases from waiter and chambermaid. And at last we went into the *châlets* and bought the peasants' red earthenware milkpans — much to their amazement — all to be filled with flowers.

It was just the last week in June. The hay in the mountain pastures was not yet cut. It was not common hay such as one sees in English meadows, with here and there an oxeye daisy, or a bunch of red sorrel among the close, fine grasses. Here there was no grass to be seen; but the meadows were masses knee-deep of bright flowers — blue campanulas, pink polygonums, white ranunculus, purple geraniums, yellow hawkweeds, and a hundred other beauties — a waving sea of brilliant color as the Alpine wind swept over its surface.

No one who has only seen Switzerland in July and August can tell what he has lost by his late visit. The lovely flower fields have then turned to bare, parched, slippery Alps, from which even the cattle have fled in search of more succulent pasturage. The roadsides, where in June every shrub is loaded with fragrant blossoms and the turf gay with tiny flowerets, are then white with thick heavy dust from the ceaseless traffic; and the few flowers that dare to brave the dusty glare are as "tired" as Mr. Oscar Wilde's primroses in London.

We had explored the hayfields and the woods close round Mürren during the first few days of our visit; and rumors reached us of yet richer hunting grounds — of a valley of flowers, the *Blumenthal* — lying about half an hour's walk northwest of the *Hotel des Alpes*.

Now, among all the hundreds of exquisite Alpine flowers, there was one that I longed to find beyond every other. The *Primula Auricula*, with its golden blossoms and mealy leaves, the parent of all the quaint and richly varied auriculas of the garden, hovered before my mind's eye, a tantalizing vision of beauty and sweetness. It only grows at a considerable height above the sea, and flowers very early in the season. But I vowed that if it was to be found I would find it. So we set out for the *Blumenthal*.

Our way lay through the picturesque *châlets* of Mürren. All the women were sitting at their doors making coarse lace on pillows; and we stopped for a minute to speak to lovely Elizabeth, the belle of the village, who had just returned from a ten-mile walk to carry her young husband his dinner in the forest where he was felling trees. Ah! these mountaineers know what hard work is. Our beautiful friend, Elizabeth, with a sweet wistful face like a Madonna in a holy picture, was barely nineteen; and yet she was out every morning before four to turn the cow and goats out. Then she joined the women of the village and picked stones off one of the mountain pastures for some hours, and after that set out to walk six or eight miles through the woods with her husband's dinner which she had cooked meanwhile. Then came a few hours' lace-making, and the evening meal had to be prepared, and the goats fetched home and milked. No wonder these people grow old before their time, and that even the babies have a sad, grave look in their eyes; for life is hard and sad and grave to them — snow for eight months, coarse food, and biting poverty.

We turned from the village up a steep path of stone steps between fields of uncut hay. Here and there a great grey rock peeped out of the flowery mass, encrusted too with flowers — saxifrages with feathery heads of white blooms and hard leaves that look as if they were cut out of stone, and red-leaved houseleeks, and the exquisite dark blue veronica. While every crack in the walls was crammed full of ferns.

After passing the last *châlets* — where, later in the afternoon, the whole village congregates to meet the goats as they return from their day's wanderings in the high Alps — we found ourselves fairly in the *Blumenthal*. It is about three quarters of a mile broad, and a mile and a half long, surrounded on three sides by walls of grass sloping steeply up to rocky cliffs, which rise at the upper end to some two thousand feet, and are part of the first slopes of the *Schilthorn*. The *Almendhübel* rose green and fir-crowned on our right; the precipitous rocks of the *Schiltgrat* on our left; and down the middle of the valley, from the snows of the farthest wall, rushed the beautiful *Mürrenbach* between high rocks which broke it into scores of little waterfalls.

The hay was white with ranunculus and blue

with forget-me-nots; but our object was to search a mass of rocks at the upper end of the valley, and for this point we made with as little delay as possible. It was not easy however to get on very fast. Every moment we had to stop and exclaim with joy and wonder over some fresh treasure. First there was a bed of the narcissus-flowered anemone, just coming into full bloom, the unopened buds pink like a bunch of apple-blossom.

I screamed to Carrie that I had found the Auricula, and rushed to the spot. Alas! I was too late. It was the Auricula; but instead of a bunch of flowers it only bore a head of half-ripe seed-vessels.

Nothing daunted, we determined to push on further. Above us lay great sheets of snow. There surely we could not be too late, for it was still winter. As we neared them, myriads of delicate



A BIT OF REAL MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING ALONE AND UNAIDED.

The short, damp turf was studded with the exquisite little pink *primula farinosa*. The great blue gentian opened its deep blue corolla to the sun beside the smaller Bavarian gentian with its almost sky-blue flowers, and the grand golden mountain geum, whose blooms are as large as a penny. The rocks themselves were covered with a carpet of close-growing flowers: and at last on one I espied a bunch of cold gray-green leaves, with smooth, hard edges, and a white powdering over them.

white crocuses were springing up through the burnt brown grass, mingled with the tiny purple parasols of the soldanella, and round each heap of stones there was a fringe of small richly-scented oxlip. Where the snow had melted grew thousands of the splendid white Alpine anemone, and its even more beautiful sister the sulphur anemone — two of the grandest of all Swiss flowers. We gathered them by handfuls, and they glorified our bare hotel rooms for many a day.

But even they were forgotten, when, with a yell of joy I rushed to a big stone heap. On the very top grew a superb golden head of my *Auricula*. It was in full perfection, and the scent was more delicious than honey or attar or all the rich perfumes of the East. My prize was won. And it was soon safe with our other spoils in the plant basket which Carrie — an experienced mountaineer — insisted on carrying, strapped over her shoulder.

If we had been wise we should have gone straight home, for the sun had disappeared behind heavy clouds, and the valley looked dark and forbidding. But having come so far we determined to go still further. There was a tempting green "*col*" or sort of pass, on the wall of the valley between the Schwarzhorn and the Schiltgrat, and this we thought we would try to reach. It would be such fun to do a bit of real mountain climbing all alone and unaided. A smooth green slope, broken here and there by piles of stones or a solitary rock, led up to the *col*; and on we went.

Never was green slope more cruelly deceptive. I am afraid to say at what angle it lay. We wore heavy nailed boots, and had strong alpenstocks — none of the poor, weak, amateur things that you buy at Interlaken with names of mountains rudely burnt on them; but good tough ash sticks that could bear a man's weight — and I know that even with these helps I could hardly keep my feet as I toiled up sideways like a crab. For it was in reality a mass of the finest slate detritus covered with vegetation, which recent rain had made as slippery as so much ice. Once on it, to return was impossible. So with great difficulty I managed to reach a large boulder which gave me firm foothold. Cushions of the minute moss pink, *silene acaulis*, covered the rock, and I sat admiring it while I waited for Carrie, who was laden with the heavy plant basket, to join me.

While I was waiting and resting I suddenly heard a roar and a rattle that made me spring to my feet with a cry of warning to Carrie. Two big boulders came bounding down towards us from the upper cliffs. Down they came with savage leaps,

and ever-increasing velocity, making straight, it seemed to me, for my companion. But mercifully they passed between us within half a dozen yards of where she stood, and plunging on, buried themselves in the snow far below.

As soon as they had disappeared Carrie scrambled on to the shelter of my rock; and there we cowered for a moment, hardly knowing which way to go. We looked up to see if any man or any animal was on the cliffs above, and had dislodged the stones. But not a living thing was in sight.

Then we knew that the mountain itself was stoning us; and we also knew that if one of these stones struck us we should never get back to Mürren again.

It was no good, however, staying where we were. So gathering together all our courage we hurried on again up the cruel green slope. Every instant I expected to hear or see another of those horrible black boulders bounding down upon us. But at last we gained the top of the *col* in safety; and following a tiny goat path up a knife-edge of shaly rock some six inches wide, with deep precipices on either hand, we threw ourselves panting and breathless on the wet turf at the top of the Schiltgrat. Here a glorious view of mountain and valley, rock and snow lay before us. We were six thousand nine hundred and seventy feet above the sea, and one thousand six hundred and forty-nine feet above Mürren. But rain-clouds were rolling up from the valley, so we dared not stay to look at views or gather Alpen-rose. We were now on the border of a high and dry Alp; and finding a good path we set off for home, reaching the hotel in forty-five minutes, drenched to the skin, but triumphant at our exploit, and very thankful for our escape.

Next day we told Elizabeth where we had been.

"Ach! *Fraülein*," she cried in horror, "but it was at the peril of your lives. The mountain — the Mürrenberg — is wicked. He throws stones at all who come. Many times he has killed our people. Ach! for the love of heaven do not be so rash again."

And I can assure you we took her advice.

CAMPING AMONG THE SUNFLOWERS.

BY ALICE C. FLETCHER.



WEARING THE WAR BONNET.

I was greatly entertained one soft autumn day in following a long, dramatic, out-of-door frolic of some of my little Omaha friends. They called it "Going on the Hunt." Often a whole day is spent in this sport. Like other children, the little Indians copy the cares and perplexities, the labors and dangers which beset their elders, in their plays, but never have I seen them imitate any of

the religious ceremonials of the tribe.

Among the Omahas, the annual summer "Hunt" took place when the maize had reached a certain stage of growth; then it was that the whole tribe moved out from their village, followed the herds of buffalo in order to obtain their food, clothing, tent skins and implements. The exact time of starting, the selection of the leader, the preparations for departure, were decided and inaugurated by a series of religious ceremonials of marked solemnity.

The Hunt was conducted by fixed rules, and it was during this season that some of the most important religious festivals took place. It was no mere pleasure trip, but a time of work, danger, and of many religious observances, as I have previously said.

In the "play" I am to describe, it will be noted that these boys and girls reproduced the incidents of a family, not those of the tribe. The absence of any mimicry of religious ceremonies in Indian children's games is a significant fact of more than ordinary interest.

The children divided into the following groups to carry out their sport:

<i>Ne-da-wee</i> <i>Mee-pee</i> <i>Da-me-ta-the</i> <i>Enee-ga-sha-bee</i>	}	OMAHA WOMEN.
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Me-ten-ah (four years old) A LITTLE GIRL.

<i>A-tha-thumb-a</i> <i>Ida-hoo-lom-bee</i> <i>He-sa-the-ka</i>	}	OMAHA MEN — BROTHERS AND COUSINS TO THE GIRLS.
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<i>Da-wa-ke-ne-zhe</i> <i>Ga-they-da-mone</i>	}	TROUBLESOME, TRICKY HORSES.
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Ish-tah-par-dee A GOOD HORSE.

<i>Se-ga-ha-the</i> <i>E-ga-tha-they</i> <i>Murh-tey-en-zhe</i>	}	WILD COLTS.
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<i>Wa-they-da-he</i> <i>Ma-stey-ska</i> <i>Be-sa-te-ge-they</i>	}	SIoux WARRIORS, ENEMIES OF THE OMAHAS.
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Several articles are needful for this play. The Omaha men and Sioux warriors must have bows and arrows, and the warriors must wear war bonnets. These bonnets are highly prized because they take so long to make, and can only be made in the fall, after the husking is over. They are often kept from one year to another. Boys and girls work together to make them. The girls go to the cornfield and gather from the husks left there the middle layers. These they smooth out between their hands, and select the longest and stiffest. One hundred or more are required for a very grand war bonnet. When the husks are ready the boys' part of the task begins. The husks are arranged to lap one on the other, so as to stand up like a thick crown of feathers, to circle the head; then with a sharp stick or thorn, holes are punched in the husks, and narrow strands passed through, to stitch the head-dress firmly

together. Usually, two rows of this rude sewing is necessary: one near the bottom, one about half-way to the top. A fringe of the husks, really a continuation of the crown, and made in a similar manner, extends down the back nearly to the feet of the boy warrior. Sometimes the better part of several days is spent making one war bonnet.

The ropes for the lariats are made by the girls, out of corn husks. The inner layers are best, because softest. One husk makes four strands. These strands are knotted together until the strip is six or seven feet long. Two such strips are twisted together to make a rope. A more highly prized lariat is made by twisting firmly two such ropes. These the girls carefully preserve.

The boys manufacture the cooking gourds. A hole is cut in one side, the seeds taken out, and sometimes small holes are bored on each side of the rim, so that the girls may put in a handle of husk. A pot which can be hung over the fire is the result.

For their food the boys and girls save part of their home meal, and bring it for the play.

All these things being ready, "Let's go and get the tent poles!" says Ne-da-wee.

Off troop the girls and boys, those who are horses and colts, Omahas and Sioux joining in the race to where the tall sunflowers crowd up to the trails which wind here and there over the wide Reserve. If the boys are in the humor, they are very helpful; they bend the stalk as far down as they can, and then jump with all their might on the tough stem near the root, to break it, when a few dexterous twists secure the prize. If the boys are not in a helping mood, they pretend they are very busy, but tease the girls, who are struggling with twice their height of stalk. When the stem is stripped of leaves and flowers, it is a tent pole, six or eight of which are wanted for a tent. The girls carry the poles back to the playground; four are tied together near the top, and then spread at the bottom, and the other poles are leaned on the tied sticks. In this way the skeleton of the tent is set up. The tent cloth is two of mother's shawls which have been brought along; one is not large enough, for the tent is three or four feet high. The two are tied together by the fringe, and this seam concealed as much as possible by tucking the fringe inside, next to the poles. The attempt at covering up the fact of a

pieced-out tent cloth is not often successful, for the shawls are apt to be unlike in color or plaid.

If the contrast is very marked, Da-me-ta-the will say: "Our tent is painted differently on the sides;" or Mee-pee will declare: "How the rain has stained the tent cloth!"

The joined shawls are put round, and the fringe tied where the poles come together. One of the ends is lapped underneath, and the other end tied to a pole, to make the flap which guides the smoke up and out of the tent. Little sticks for tent pins are put through loops of the fringe, and driven into the ground, to make the tent cloth smooth and firm. If the girls are so fortunate as to have a third shawl of small size, they hang it over the opening of the tent for a door.

The tent being up, the Omaha men and women sit down to rest. The girls are grouped together and talk of where each one's sleeping place shall be in the tent; and compare horses; for, like her elders, each one has her own horse. The boys discuss where the camp will go, and the probability of meeting enemies.

During the settling of the tent, the horses and colts have been racing and capering about; these, too, now lie down and rest. The Sioux warriors have gone, and are dressing up and getting ready to track the Omaha party, and attack them. Neither Omahas nor Sioux must know where the other is going. The tall grass which grows on the prairie makes these surprises possible, for one can easily be lost to sight after a few steps.

"That is the fun," the children say.

Before long the boys give the word: "Let's go!"

Up jump the girls. Mee-pee and Da-me-ta-the pull out the tent pins, untie the fringes, and the two shawls speedily become two packs wound up with corn husk, cord, and containing the tent pins, gourds and food. The tent poles are thrown down and untied, to be fastened to the pony.

Ne-da-wee has started to catch her horse, and the other girls to capture theirs and halter them. The horses run hither and thither, and plunge and kick. Ne-da-wee, however, is skilful in throwing the lariat; when it touches a horse, he is caught. Then a strap of husk is put about his head, passing behind the ears, and knotted under the chin. To this halter the rope is fastened, and the horse walks after the girl, with bent body, his hands on his knees.

A girth of husk is tied about the waist, and three or four tent poles are tied by husks to the girth; the poles pass under the arms, and trail on the ground behind. A pack is put on each side, and fastened to the girth by a cord. The girth is therefore very important. I could not fail to see that Ga-they-da-mone was a spirited and tricky animal, and when the girth was put about him, it was strange how frequently it loosened, and let the packs and poles fall. Ne-da-wee was sometimes obliged to hold him close up to the chin when he was very unmanageable; for it was

or be lost. A coarse kind of grass, with a barbed end, furnish the real arrows. These catch and hang in the clothing and prick a little in striking the skin. The grass arrows are bound in husks, and thrown over the back like a quiver.

When all is ready, the boys lead off in single file, peering through the tall grass, keeping very quiet, and on the watch for the enemy. The girls follow, leading or driving their horses; each has a switch, with a few sprigs left on the end. The colts run about, kicking up their heels, and dashing through the grass. Often in these digressions



BREAKING CAMP.—THE PONY TRAIN.

bad for a horse to have the trick of getting his girth off.

The boys have robes made from the buffalo calf to sleep on; these are made into packs, and fastened on the other frisky horse, one on each side. Ish-tah-par-dee was so faithful an animal that I saw he generally went free of packs, and was kept as a riding horse in case of necessity.

The boys are now busy sorting their arrows. The pointed sticks, with feathered ends, are rarely shot from the bows, lest they should hurt some one

they betray to the enemy the whereabouts of the camp, and in turn are captured unless they are fleet enough to outrun their pursuers.

As the camp moves on silently, suddenly He-da-the-ka is seen running from the front, and as he nears the girls, he shouts: "Hurry, hurry!" and dashes back as he came. The enemy have surprised the "men," and a fight is going on. Loud shouts are heard; some long drawn, some short, sharp, and given in rapid succession as the warriors dodge the flying arrows.

As soon as the alarm is given, the girls urge the horses into a run, using their whips. They want to pass by the fight unobserved, so they keep well out in the grass, having only the sounds to guide them, for they can see nothing, and there is danger of running among the enemy and being captured.

I am sorry to say that it was in these emergencies that the tricky horses were most naughty. Ne-da-wee had all she could do to make her horse gallop, and keep him from loosening his girth, and so dropping the tent poles and packs. Mee-pee's horse was little better; he was determined to run into the other horses, and upset them. Da-me-ta-the also had a very hard time trying to keep the wild colts together in a sort of herd.

Enee-ga-sha-bee seizes the little sister Me-ten-ah, and puts her on the back of the good horse Ish-tah-par-dee, and away they go, steering wide of the shouting and fighting. It is all bustle, and hurry, and excitement, and at last the girls are sure they are safely by the danger, and halt their heated horses to rest and wait.

The boys, meanwhile, had had a hard fight, and succeeded in killing one of the enemy. He was struck by many arrows, so that at last he fell; then his companions redoubled their efforts to prevent any of the Omahas touching the body of their comrade, which would be a disgrace and misfortune, and they must also carry off the body to a safe place. This the Sioux at last succeed in doing, and the battle is over.

All the fighting is wholly with arrows. No one comes to a personal encounter. If any boy should venture to use his fist, he would not get a second chance to play; the Indian children on any occasion very rarely exchange blows, no matter how angry they may become.

After the battle the Omaha men join the women, and select a place to camp. Ne-da-wee unloads her horse, which is very restive, and threatens destruction to his load by jumps and kicks. Mee-pee and Da-me-ta-the begin at once to set up the tent, while Ne-da-wee and the other girls go down to the creek for water. The boys, meanwhile, lead the horses to the same place. They lean over the stream, resting on their hands and knees, and drink as best they can. A sudden ducking is sure to follow if, at this critical moment, a horse has a laughing fit. After the watering, the girls lead the horses back, and picket them near the tent.

The next thing is to cook the meal. Mee-pee has gathered some sticks and laid them so as to gravitate from a centre like the spokes of a wheel, the characteristic Indian manner of making a fire. A crotched stick is stuck in the ground, and leans over the fire, and from it hangs a gourd pot. The boys are seated not far off, smoking; a hollow reed is the pipe, which they puff and pass in true Indian fashion.

As these things are going on, suddenly a bending of the tall grass shows the approach of some one. The horses start and jump around. The Omaha men look up and see three visitors coming toward them on horseback—that is, riding a sunflower stalk, one blossom allowed to remain, which represents the ornamental bell worn hanging from the head stall. Necklaces of sunflowers are about their necks, in imitation of the elaborate ornaments worn by the Indian men. The three strangers dismount, and lean their horses against the high weeds and join the group of smokers. The pipe is passed silently and no words are spoken.

The girls have spread out the provisions inside the tent. Mee-pee advances to the Omaha men, and says:

“The food is ready.”

All the men rise and come and sit down at the door of the tent. The girls serve them, and then retire into the tent and eat by themselves. It is toward the close of the meal that the boys begin to talk, and it is only afterward, when the grass-pipe again passes, that free conversation takes place. Then the Omaha men make the speech of welcome, and conclude by saying:

“Tell us what you did when on your journey.”

The visitors tell how they saw herds of buffalo, but not being properly equipped, they could not secure any; and how in the dense woods they lost fine deer, and picture the animal as it stood, startled by the men.

Of course the visitors are the previous warriors who have taken off their war-bonnets, hidden them away, and donned the necklaces and mounted the sunflower horses. This is their only way of sharing the food; for enemies cannot eat together.

The Omaha men in turn recount to their guests how some one had attacked the camp, and describe the battles. After a time the visitors say:

"We are going to have a dance this evening."

Soon they rise and go away as silently as they came. I noticed that no one asked their names or mentioned any one's name; that would have been very rude. An Indian never tells his own name, or mentions another's name in his presence. This rule of etiquette is taught and observed from earliest childhood.

When the sounds of the song and of beating sticks (for these must serve in place of a drum) reaches the Omaha party, they repair toward the spot where the visitors are dancing. The horses and colts are transformed into boys, and join in the festivity; and before long all are dancing and singing, except the girls, who sit in a circle and are the audience. The Omahas give sticks to the visitors. These sticks represent horses. In the dances and ceremonies of adults a horse is given away by handing a stick to a person. It is always the duty of an Omaha host to make presents to his guests.

After the dance is over, the Omaha party return to camp for the night. The girls sleep inside the tent. Unfortunately, owing to its size, several pairs of feet project from the tent door. The girls' bodies are, however, well inside, and the eyes shut tight, so it does very well. The boys lie down outside, wrapped in their buffalo robes, and about their waists the lariats of the horses are tied to insure against theft in the night. In the silence of the tall grass, at a distance off, the visitors are once more changing into enemies, and preparing to again peril the advance of the Omaha camp.

It is morning. The girls wake first, go for water, and prepare the morning meal. The boys stir themselves, take the horses to the creek, return and partake of the food, seated as before. Then the word is given:

"Let's go!"

And the fun of taking down the tent, making up of packs, and catching the refractory horses, is repeated.

This second day's journey always is very eventful. The girls suddenly see the Sioux hidden in

the grass, who shoot their arrows at them with shouts. The girls scream and urge on the horses. The Omaha men hear the alarm, and run back to find the enemy in their rear, and the whole camp is in danger. The fight is most disastrous; the colts are captured, and the horses act badly. Ga-they-da-mone succeeds in loosening his girth, and away fly the tent poles and packs, which the Sioux break and destroy, and at last the women are taken prisoners, and everything is lost.

In these fights I noticed that the enemy boys were once in a while rather rough, and needlessly smashed the girls' things; but if a girl became displeased, the offender always tried to make amends. He promised next time to be the girl's horse, and do all she wished. Such promises are generally faithfully kept.

The prisoners are made to work very hard. New tent poles are cut, the tent set up—it is now the enemy's camp. The Omaha men determine to attack and rescue the women, and recapture the horses and colts. The conflict is desperate on both sides; the boys look like porcupines, their clothes and hair are so full of the barbed grass arrows. The Omahas are generally successful; for it would hardly do to have it otherwise when Omaha children play the game.

The Indian children, in their lively way, thus weave into their play the tales of life they hear about the lodge fires—tales of days that will never return, for the old Indian life is passing away. Going on the hunt, war paths, and capture, are fast becoming matters of the past. The white man has destroyed the vast herds of buffaloes; farms are dotting the great plains; homes are making echoes new to the wilderness, and the Indian himself is caught in the onward sweep of the mighty wave of civilization. The children themselves who frolicked so merrily that day, hiding and camping among the sunflowers—thrifty Neda-wee, and housewifely Mee-pee and the other girls—frisky Ga-they-da-mone, and good Ish-tah-pardee, faithful He-sa-the-ka, and warlike Wa-they-da-he, and all the boys—they are at the Indian school at Carlisle.

A SCHOOL IN THE FAROE ISLANDS.

David Ker

THERE are few more curious sights in Europe than the outlying islands of the North Sea, which seem hardly to belong to the civilized world at all, but rather to have been planted by King Winter as outpost sentries around his Polar citadel. Beyond wooded Scotland lies treeless Orkney; then Shetland, barer and bleaker still; then the grim precipices of Faroe, right out of the beaten track, as if hiding from the world; and lastly, far away to the northwest, volcanic Iceland and frozen Greenland, where the Arctic regions begin in earnest.

But even these desolate little nooks of No-Man's-Land can look gay and pretty enough on a bright spring morning; and our first sight of Tromsøe, the largest of the Faroe Isles, is certainly well worth having. Far and wide, the huge black cliffs tower up against the clear morning sky, while here and there a break in the great wall shows the sunny green uplands that lie behind it. A sudden turn, and we are gliding into a smooth, deep bay, so narrow at the mouth that it almost seems as if the sea had run in here to play hide-and-seek, and had never found its way out again. At the far end of it, plastered like a postage-stamp against the steep hillside, appear the clustering log huts that form the "town" of Thorshavn (Thor's Harbor).

Small as it is, this tiny capital has the distinction of being the only town in Faroe, and its thousand inhabitants form a full tenth of the entire Faroese population. It has a citadel of its own, too, for from the ridge above it flutters jauntily the trim Danish flag (a white cross on a crimson ground), surmounting a quaint little toy fort defended by four rusty guns and two men—the whole being on so tiny a scale, that one might almost expect to see labeled on its side, "The complete set, only 50 cents."

And what a strange, outlandish, fairy-tale kind of place it is, when we step ashore! The first thing we see is a lamb on the roof of a house, feeding contentedly upon the grass that covers the turf-thatch. A little farther on, several strips of jagged black leather are seen waving in the wind

along the wall of a log cabin; but another look shows them to be dried sheep's tongues, hung up like jerked beef in South America! This surprise is followed up by another—that of finding that three or four great blocks of grimy-looking wood heaped together in a corner, are really the bones of a whale! Junks of whale-flesh (a common kind of food here) are hanging in every direction, looking very much like coarse salt-beef; and a bleaching-ground of linen which we pass a few minutes later, gives us another start, the supposed linen being a store of flat-fish, spread out in the sun to dry.

And the farther we go, the more these oddities increase. The log cabins are either tarred or daubed with red paint, and we find rams' horns nailed over many of the doors, "to keep away the fairies," as the owners explain. The steep winding streets, paved with slippery "cobble-stones," are so narrow that two men can barely walk abreast. The figures, too, which meet us at every turn, look as if they had just stepped out of some old German engraving in Jacob Grimm's fairy tales. Short square-built men in steeple-crowned hats and broad-skirted brown coats with thick woolen stockings drawn up to the knee; round-faced women in short dresses of coarse dark "wadmaal," little saucer-shaped caps, and pointed sandals of soft lambskin; chubby children, almost as broad as they are high, wearing peaked red nightcaps such as one sees in the old Dutch paintings, and shaggy little ponies, not much bigger than sheep.

But with all its queer details, the capital of Faroe makes a very charming picture. In front extends the bright blue sea; behind lie the long low hills, floating in purple shadow—all around spreads the smooth green turf, with a huge black spike of rock starting up through it every here and there. A deep gully runs through the centre of the town, down which a tiny stream comes dancing and sparkling in an endless succession of miniature waterfalls; while the clear blue eyes and rosy cheeks of the towns-people show how well this rough outdoor life agrees with them.

It is no easy matter to reach the crest of the

overhanging ridge. At one moment I find myself over ankles in the thick brown mud that underlies this tempting greensward, the withdrawal of my foot sounding like the "plop" of a cork; while the next instant comes a howl of pain from one of my comrades, who, in scrambling over a loose "dyke," has brought down a huge stone right upon his tenderest toe. But at last we get to the top, and admire at our leisure the neat little white church, with its score or two of gravemounds, around each of which runs a well-kept border of flowers.

Just beyond the churchyard stands the school-house, looking very neat and trim with its clear thatch and whitewashed walls, and the well-kept gymnastic poles and ropes on the tiny patch of green turf in front of the doorway. Through the half-open window comes a buzz like the hiving of a swarm of bees, showing that the morning lessons are in full swing; and around the door lie a pile of satchels, all bearing visible marks of hard usage.

I venture to peep into two of them. The first contains a well-thumbed Danish *Robinson Crusoe*, inscribed with "Christjan Baerentsen, hans bog" (his book). In the second are three brown huge biscuits, put up by some careful mother, lest her boy should be hungry during the long schoolhours between eight and two.

Opening the door rather unceremoniously, we enter the school itself, and are very politely received by the teacher. He is a tall, thin man in rusty black, whose pale face contrasts very markedly with the ruddy color and round cheeks of the sturdy little fellows whom he has in charge.

Three or four of them are standing before his chair, repeating their lessons, while the rest are seated on low benches along the farther side of the little whitewashed room. They seem a very well-behaved set on the whole, although the wistful looks cast at the window by some of the bigger boys, show how they are longing for the glorious summer holiday-time when they will be out of doors all day long, climbing for guillemots' eggs among the precipices that overhang the sea, swimming and diving in the cool, clear water, or going a-fishing with their fathers and big brothers.

"How many boys have you here?"

"Just twenty; we don't usually have more. They generally stay here till they're fourteen and fifteen years old, and then either take up some trade, or go to Copenhagen to finish their education."

"Are your schoolbooks printed on the island?"

"No, we get them all from Denmark. We've got all Hans Christian Andersen's tales, and the children seem very fond of them."

"And what do you teach them?"

"Reading and writing, both in English and Danish, as well as geography, arithmetic, and a little history; and then they sometimes learn a piece of poetry by heart."

"Indeed! Can we hear one of them recite something?"

"With pleasure. Hans Petersen, come up and let the English gentleman hear how well you can repeat '*De Tappre Land-soldat*' (The Valiant Soldier)."

Hans Petersen—a sturdy little ten-year-old, with a clear blue eye looking out through the mass of tousled yellow hair that frames his round sun-burned face—shoots a sidelong glance at us, and then, apparently satisfied that we are not likely to be very hard on him, rolls out the famous old Danish war-song as energetically as if the whole national army were listening.

At every repetition of the chorus, I see the little heads nodding a lively accompaniment, while the teacher himself (who must have sung it pretty often when he was shouldering a musket against the Austro-Prussian invaders of Denmark in 1864) beats time briskly with his thin fingers, as the stirring words of the last verse come clanging out:

—for should we shrink away,
The Germans will come in on us, and for us make our hay;
And so with all my might
Like a soldier brave I'll fight,
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

The final "Hurrah" is echoed by the whole school with a vigor that quite drowns the half-hour stroke of the queer old clock in the farther corner; and with it comes a scuffling of feet and a scraping of benches, as all the twenty start up at once. For the teacher, like a sensible man, never forgets that he has been a boy himself, and knowing by experience how hard it is for these restless little bodies to keep still for so many hours together, lets out his flock for a general romp from half-past eleven to twelve; and it is wonderful how smoothly the lessons go after that!

Out they all rush pell-mell on to the green, darting up and down the exercise-poles as nimbly as

monkeys, swinging like frolicsome spiders at the ends of the ropes, rolling head over heels on the smooth turf, playing leap-frog or "tag," shouting, laughing, singing, enjoying the fun of the moment as only children can; while the teacher, seating himself in the doorway, looks on with a smile.

Gladly would we stay and have a frolic with

these thorough-going merry-makers; but it will never do to risk letting the steamer sail without us, and being left stranded here for a whole month. So we turn off again down the hill, while our small friends above send a shrill little cheer after us by way of farewell, which, if not quite so loud as a royal salute, is much better worth having.



THE LIFE-TRAIL.

Felix L. Oswald

TWENTY years ago an American engineer settled in the picturesque valley of Loxa at the foot of the Equatorial Andes, and erected a copper-furnace near a lake where his brother-in-law had a large coffee-plantation. The children of the two families at first attended the same school in the neighboring convent-town of San Blas. Afterwards Oscar Romero, the eldest son of the planter, became his father's clerk and overseer. Dan Colton, the only boy of the American, was sent to the mining academy of Quito.

But town-life only confirmed Dan's love of the mountains ; so much, indeed, that he spent most of his vacations amidst the wonders of the volcanic highlands, while his half-Spanish cousin preferred an easy-chair in his father's office to the grandest view of the Central Andes. He was apt to poke fun at the enthusiasm of the young naturalist. "Cousin Dan knows the private address of every bird and bug in the mountains," he used to say.

But, like many of his countrymen, Oscar was very fond of such out-door amusements as horse-races and dances, and one Easter-day he persuaded the Coltons to join him in an excursion to Aguas Friar, a famous mineral spring on the slope of Mount Cotopaxi. "We cannot do without Dan," said he, good-humoredly, "he is so clever that the girls will come in crowds, in spite of his vile preference for snapping-turtles."

But when the dancing began the young Creole was by large odds the favorite, and made himself so agreeable that he almost monopolized the attention of his fair guests, while poor Dan sat aside at the foot of the spring, a pet greyhound his only companion. After dinner one of the young ladies proposed a game of *decimas* — a contest in improvised poetry and rhymed repartee, and here, too, Don Oscar had all the fun to himself, while Dan could demonstrate his usefulness only by recapturing a horse that had run away with its cargo of sweetmeats and flowers. "We had better hitch him in that grove over

yonder," he told the fair owner, "he got scared at our camp fire."

The young lady protested.

"Then let me at least take him to the other side of the camp," insisted Dan, "I am afraid he won't stay here."

Oscar put in his word : "Hitch him right here, since Miss Rita wishes it," said he. "That ought to decide it, I should think."

Dan complied ; but the event justified his prediction, for five minutes after the horse broke loose again and trotted off towards the river, followed by two of his comrades, who for some time had seemed to be in a curious state of restlessness.

Dan again offered his services, but Miss Rita whispered to her brother, who leaped upon his own horse and rode down the creek. Before he returned, a troop of long-horned Sierra cows came thundering through the bushes of the upper ridge, but, seeing the camp-fire, wheeled to the left and galloped down the slope towards a herd of imported cattle that were quietly grazing at the shore of a little pond. The shorthorns eyed them with evident surprise, but something in the manner of the fugitives seemed to have excited their alarm, for all at once they, too, threw up their heads, and, as if seized by a sudden panic, joined in a neck-or-nothing race towards the river.

"Those cows seem to act strangely," remarked Don Romero.

"So did the horses," said one of his neighbors, "what can be up, I wonder?"

Dan knit his brows, his eyes roamed along the eastern horizon to the hazy summit of the Gran Cerro, the great mountain, as the natives call the peak of Mount Cotopaxi.

"It's getting cloudy, isn't it?" said one of the guests, "maybe we shall have a thunder shower."

"Or something worse," said Dan.

"What do you mean?" asked his cousin.

"Look over yonder," said Dan, pointing to the range of the eastern Andes, "do you see

those gray streaks on the Cerro del Can? That's no rain shower."

"What else?"

Dan lifted his hand. "It's coming this way," said he. "I did not want to scare you, but you can feel it now; it's raining ashes. We had better pack."

Oscar burst out laughing. "What an idea! Don't frighten our guitar-players. You" —

He did not finish his sentence. A deep rumbling echo rolled slowly along the cliffs of Mount Cotopaxi. The musicians dropped their guitars and in the next minute Oscar Romero found himself abandoned. A bevy of frightened girls crowded around the young American. "O, Don Colton, what happened! — Please, sir, what happened? what was it, Don Daniel — was that an earthquake?"

"I hope not," said Dan. "It's a *reventura*, a volcanic explosion. The eastern crater of the Gran Cerro has opened fire."

Again the deep echo rolled along the cliffs, but this time its rumbling was mingled with a curious whizzing sound that seemed to come from all sides at once. Small stones and pieces of *scoria* rebounded from the ground, and suddenly a heavier missile, hot from the furnace of the Gran Cerro, came hurtling through the tree-tops and struck hissing into the pond where the cows had grazed ten minutes ago.

With screams the girls scurried to the shelter of the trees, while Dan whipped out a knife, cut the rope that girded the burden of the next pack-horse and then quickly removed its halter.

"What are you doing there!" cried Oscar, "we'll have to mount those horses if one of ours should run away."

"Yes, and ride to our death," said Dan; "we'll have to pick our way afoot, there will be a shower of stones in another minute. Here, all of you! Help me unpack these horses, so they can shift for themselves."

The men looked at each other, but seeing that Don Romero had followed his nephew's advice, they hesitated no longer, and the next moment a score of naked horses galloped towards the pond and disappeared in the opposite thicket.

"They follow the cows," observed one of the young Creoles.

"Never mind, they will find their way home,"

said Dan, "and now for the trees." Stones were already falling thick and fast. "Let's keep together," he called, "till we see our way out."

Groups of terrified girls huddled together behind the trees, while the men hesitated to anticipate the advice of their young leader who stood at the edge of the grove, scanning the horizon in every direction. "This will never do," said Oscar, when a large stone struck a tree overhead and scattered its fragments like an exploding bomb. But the men stood silent till Dan at last turned from his picket post. "It's spreading to the south," said he, "but in the east the sky is clear; there hasn't a stone fallen on the other side of the Cargas Ridge. O, Don Romero, let's call up the families from Torres Vegras, please, and tell them that they cannot start a minute too soon. They will be safe as soon as they get across the ridge."

"And shall we join them?" asked Oscar.

"No," said Dan, "we must try to get home."

"Yes, Dan; for Heaven's sake let us try it," said Mrs. Romero, "nobody home but an Indian nurse to take care of the babies, and the house liable to catch fire any minute."

"Yes," said one of her neighbors, "and listen to that thunder!"

"Let us start at once," cried the anxious mother, "while we have a chance to get through."

"Wait one minute, Aunt," said Dan, "you may have noticed that the large stones come only at intervals. We will start as soon as the next shower is over. It will be ticklish work," he added, "but only till we get across the Vegas and the open fields. As soon as we reach the ridge I am going to take you by way of the *Camino Vida*, the 'Life-Trail,' at the foot of the Black Cliffs. Last Christmas I found out why the Indians gave it that name: it leads along under a large range of shelving rocks, where no kind of shower can reach you. Cross the river at Pilo's ford," he shouted after the Torres Vegras folk who had already taken to their heels. "Hurry up, and you will be safe in half an hour."

"And now," said he, "let us form in double file, the trail is too narrow for more than two abreast."

The six families then fell into ranks and began the perilous race across the open Vegas.

As Dan had predicted, the light ash-rain at first came down unmingled with larger objects, but before the fugitives had passed the foothills the stone-shower recommenced; yet, in spite of the fearful possibilities suggested by the whizzing rush overhead, there was no screaming and flinching; the shadow of death had sobered the giddy girls, and the men were resolved not to be shamed by the example of the heroic boy who ran in the van bareheaded, forcing his way through all obstacles.

"Keep up, *amigos*, keep up," he called out cheerily.

They had just passed a dry gully and scrambled up the opposite bank, when they heard a crashing in the bushes overhead and at the same moment their leader sprang back into the shelter of the ravine. "Look out there!" he called down, "back there on the left! cling to the rocks — there's an avalanche coming down the cliffs!"

The warning had come in time, and only poor Oscar, who brought up the rear, was taken by surprise, and in springing back collided violently with a number of young girls who had put themselves under his personal protection.

"*Me derribo* — he knocked me down," cried the youngest, when her sister endeavored to dry her tears. Oscar's apology was, of course, accepted; but his companions could not help comparing his conduct with that of his young cousin who seemed to foresee every danger and not for a moment lost his self-possession.

The bowlders luckily cleared the ravine in wide bounds, for it would have gone hard with the wight who had encountered them on the open slope; when they crashed into a strip of pine-timber forty feet further down three good-sized trees were knocked over as if they had been struck by cannon-balls.

But Dan had not lost sight of the sky, and before the thunder of the avalanche had died away he assisted his younger companions across the tangle of a bramble-hedge that fringed the upper edge of the ravine.

"Now then for the mountains," he called out, "only a thousand yards to the Life-Trail now!"

The black cliffs looked, indeed, near enough to be reached in ten or fifteen minutes, if the slope had not been so desperately steep. As

it was, the roughest half of the way was yet to come, when the volcanic thunder gave warning of another stone-shower.

"Now then, friends, let us show that we deserve our lives," shouted Don Romero when the ominous whizzing recommenced; "the children are giving way. Take up one of the youngsters every one of you that means to call himself a man."

The proposal was cheerily acted upon. Stones and cinders came down like a hail storm, but the brave mountaineers kept right on, till at last the steep slope was broken by a level terrace, and two minutes after, their leader with a loud hurrah rushed forward under the shelter of the shelving rocks. They had reached the protecting cliffs of the Camino Vida.

When the kissing and handshaking was over and the men had spread their shawls to enjoy the luxury of a safe rest, Dan called their attention to the curious situation of their refuge-place. For a stretch of nearly five miles a ledge of basalt-cliffs cropped out of the bed-rock of solid trachyte, but near the seam of the two formations a less solid stratum of flint-gravel had been washed out by the action of the water, thus forming a sort of covered way or groove along the foot of the basalt-ridge which projected far enough to protect the trail against every kind of rain, judging from the appearance of the dead leaves which looked dry and clean, while those in the gullies of the open slope were either moist or sprinkled with ash-dust.

"How did you ever happen to find this trail?" asked Don Romero when the fugitives continued their march along the foot of the cliffs.

"Hunting minerals," said Dan. "I passed here last Christmas when I went up to look at the *fumarol*, the new smoke-crater, and when I came back I met an Indian who told me that during the great eruption of '69, these cliffs were crowded with all kinds of game, and that this is the only place on the eastern slope where birds roost the year round. I noticed that myself; crows generally do not like to build their nests within range of an active volcano, but up here there is a whole rookery of them."

"Strange that nobody else of us ever noticed that," said the planter. "The trouble is that our people take no interest in outdoor studies.

Gold-washing is the only thing that ever brings them to the mountains. Listen! there goes another blast!"

The thunder of the explosion was somewhat deadened by the mass of intervening rocks, but the ground trembled perceptibly, and here and there loose pieces of the basalt-columns detached themselves from the cliffs overhead and fell rattling down the rocky terrace below the trail. Some of these fragments were heavy enough to knock a man down, if they had hit him on the head; still the danger from that source was a mere trifle compared with the perils of the open slope, where the missiles of the Gran Cerro swept down like a storm of shot and shell, and in numbers that made it evident that the fugitives had not saved themselves a minute too soon. Many of these projectiles trailed a streak of white smoke, as they hissed through the air, and gave other proofs of a disagreeable temperature, for some of them set the grass a-fire where they struck the sun-scorched slope of the foothills.

In several places the action of the mountain-torrents had opened gaps in the cliffs that could be passed only during the occasional pauses of the bombardment, for the apparent direction of the volcanic shells was rather deceptive. Missiles that seemed to be aimed directly at the face of the observers passed high overhead, while others that appeared to have spent their energy on the upper slope struck the trail with a force that scattered the pebbles like the explosion of a rock-blast. Flocks of mountain-birds passed by in wild flight, pigeons, iris-crows and screaming paroquets. Only the *caprimulgus*, the long-winged goat-suckers, appeared to sport with danger, darting and dodging about the volcanic rockets like bats about a tossed-up stick. They, too, though, flew towards the north side of the mountains, where their instinct seemed to promise them a place of refuge.

But suddenly a number of the low-flying crows darted back in a scattered swarm, as if they had met with an unexpected obstacle. "There's another gap in the rocks ahead there," said Don Romero.

"There must be something else," said Dan, "yes, look here! where does all that smoke and steam come from? Four months ago this same

ravine was perfectly dry. It must be one of those hot geyser-springs that has burst out in the rocks above us, and the crows, I suppose, were driven back by the hot spray."

"That would drive anybody back," remarked one of the young Creoles; "we can't pass."

"Not straight ahead," said Dan, "but look up there at the north of that branch ravine, there are no rocks in the way, and no spray or splashing; that's the place for us to cross. Let us try it or that grass smoke will smother us. Do you think the water is more than five feet wide up there?" he asked an old ranchero who was carefully scanning the situation.

"About four feet," said the old farmer; "perhaps not more than three at the narrowest place."

"We can jump that, so come on," said Dan, and began to clamber up the basalt-rocks at the bank of the ravine.

But his followers hesitated. It seemed, indeed, a desperate venture to cross a torrent of hot water that scattered its seething foam in every direction, as it rushed down the rocky bed of the mountain-glen. The vanguard of the refugees had already approached within reach of the scalding spray, and even at the mouth of the branch-ravine the steam rose in masses of whirling clouds.

"Stop! we will get boiled like shrimps," said the young Creole.

"No, no, come on, boys; it's nothing but a jump through a cloud of warm steam," laughed the old ranchero. And besides, we have seen enough to-day to let Don Daniel decide such questions. If he should ask me to climb up those cliffs, I should feel sure that it would be the safest plan to follow his advice. Come on, we can get across in half a minute."

"Yes, but what about the little girls?" said the Creole; "look at Marita, there, she cannot jump four feet to save her life."

"Let me attend to that," said Oscar, resolved to redeem his honor; "here, Marita!" and taking off his jacket, he wrapped it around the child, lifted her up, and amidst the cheers of his companions rushed through the seething steam.

"Come on!" he shouted from the other side, "that's nothing but a jump through a vapor-bath. Come ahead, boys, before the bombardment begins again!"

Thus encouraged, his companions hesitated no longer, but charged the gap at once. One barefooted boy slipped back and had his heel scalded, though Dan snatched him in the nick of time, and Dan's own greyhound got parboiled by attempting the passage at one of the lower fords; but the rest got safely over, and hastened across the glen to regain the shelter of the basalt-cliffs, for again the thunder of the volcano announced the end of the short truce. But this time the dreaded storm came only in the form of a cinder-shower; the towering cliffs on the left seemed to intercept the fire of the heavier artillery. As the fugitives approached the north slope even that shower thinned down to a sprinkling of white ashes.

"We are saved," said Miss Rita.

"Yes, we have reached the safe side of the mountain," said Dan, "but Heaven help the poor people in the Casgar Valley—look over yonder!"

A whirl of black clouds with fiery borders seemed to descend on the hills in the south. Every now and then those red seams brightened into a glare that illuminated the summits in all directions, and even from that distance the shrieks of the poor settlers could be heard through all the thunder of the volcanic batteries.

"And *we* are not out of the woods yet," said

Dan; "we are here in the shelter of the cliffs; but the question is if the Loxa Valley comes in for the benefit of the north side."

The next turn of the road, however, settled that question. All the buildings in sight had remained unharmed, and with a loud hurrah the six families rushed down the slope towards the Loxa bridge, where their neighbors and friends received them with cheers that were echoed from the hillsides all around.

The danger was over. Since the wind had shifted the mountain-cliffs had intercepted all but a light shower of hot cinders. Mr. Colton's stone house was almost fire-proof, and the planter Romero's villa had been saved by the exertions of the neighbors who had covered the roof with a thick layer of sand.

"Your boy will be remembered among our people," said Don Romero, when he met Dan's father at his gate; "they will call him the hero of the Loxa Valley. What they will call my Oscar," he added, "is another question."

"O, Uncle! there is no question about it," said generous Dan, "No one will deny that Oscar has proved himself a man to-day."

"Well, Oscar," said Don Romero, "we will not contradict Dan on a day when he has saved our lives; but after this you must never tell us that there is no profit in outdoor studies."



A LONG TIME AGO.

AN ARGENTINE INDEPENDENCE DAY.

BY ARTHUR F. J. CRANDALL.



ISH you were going with me shooting on the Paraná to-morrow," said the U. S. Consul, one May-day, "but I know you ought to stay in Buenos Ayres. To-morrow is the national holiday, the *25 de Mayo*, and you want to know how they celebrate here. I've been through it two or three times myself."

"O, to-morrow will be the Argentine Fourth of July?" said I.

"Yes; or one of them, rather. On that day of the year 1810 the Argentines deposed the last of the Spanish viceroys. But they did not formally declare their independence till July 9, 1816, and if you stay here a few weeks you will see to-morrow's doings repeated."

Two days a year set apart as sacred to gunpowder! And both coming in the Southern winter when bonfires would not be unseasonable! How black-eyed Argentine boys must commiserate the young patriots of poor one-horse Yankee-land! So I thought as I left the consul's office, to stroll about the great strange city of the South, already bustling with preparations—a city which might have celebrated the completion of its first century when yet hardly a beginning had been made of the city of Boston.

Discordant blasts from cows' horns, used by the drivers on the many tramways, filled the air; above the din I could sometimes hear a newsboy's cry: "*La Protesta! Republica! Nacion! Ciudad!*" I soon found myself in the great plaza Victoria, about which were grouped the principal buildings, including the beautiful cathedral and the *cabildo*, or capitol. I noticed that the Argentines had a pretty way of naming streets and of making parks and plazas, as we build monuments, to commemorate important events in the country's history. There was the street of "the Defence," of "the Re-conquest," and of the "6th of July," and there

was the plaza "25 de Mayo." The latter was separated from the plaza Victoria by a long Moorish-looking arcade with a triumphal arch in the middle. This arcade was already gay with the flags of every nation; and over them all the blue and white flag of the republic, a golden sun in the middle stripe of white. And if I had not perceived by this that the Argentines considered their country as important as the United States, I should have learned it from a little bootblack in the lofty arcades of the *cabildo*.

"From what country are you, *señor*?" he asked in Spanish, as he finished one shoe.

"I am an American," I replied.

"*Americano?*" he flashed back quickly. "*Loy Americano tambien. Usted es Nord Americano.*" (I am an American, too. You are a North American.)

I noticed, however, that the boys of the city did not go about with the look of joyful anticipation that they wear with us on the eve of Independence Day, nor did their pockets bulge with the materials of explosive fun. I soon saw that it was to be the holiday rather of men and women; and, that while elaborate provisions were being made for illuminations, fireworks, and noise, the authorities undertook to furnish the people with those amusements, and reserved to themselves the supreme felicity of touching the match. Had young South America obtained a firecracker (and I do not know where he could have found one), I doubt whether he would have dared to fire it; for on every corner stood a swarthy whiskered policeman, armed with revolver and sword-like *machete*, looking terribly alert.

The next morning I was awakened at dawn by a mad clangor of church bells all over the city. The Merced church was next the hotel, and, sitting in bed, I could see its glittering dome and tall oriental tower, where the ringer stood gesticulating like a conjurer, as he rang. The clangor ceased after a while, and then I could hear the trumpets at the different posts around the city, sounding a reveille.

After dressing I went up to the broad promenade on the housetop, called by the Argentines the *azotea*. The sun, arisen, was saluting his gilded likeness on innumerable flags, but there was still a breath of frost on the tiles of the roof, and the air was October like — an improvement surely, on our Fourth with the mercury in the nineties.

There had been an artillery salute at sunrise, joined in by the men-of-war anchored in the river, and for a while showers of bombs, sent up from the plaza 25 *de Mayo*, kept up quite a homelike crackling; but all presently became again silent. Just then I heard a hearty English voice behind me.

"Ah! I've found you. What doing here? Come down to the central pier, if you want to promenade—you can have two thousand feet straight away, and not need to face about every half minute."

I turned, and saw a young Englishman named Hanley, whom I had met at dinner the night before, and who, from his year's experience in the country, promised to be an entertaining friend.

"I had begun to think this might be an ancient Spanish or Moorish city, after all," I said, "or even a dream."

"As to that," said Hanley, "I can show you houses and churches here that were built at a period much nearer to the times of Ferdinand and Isabella than to our own."

From the end of the pier, we had a fine view of the old vice-regal fort, at present used as a custom house. Its arcade formed of more than a hundred arches was still imposing; but another long pier, with railings leading right up to the open portal of the fort, showed to what uses it had fallen.

"Being a Yankee, you may be glad to know that our crosses of St. George and St. Andrew had to be lowered from that fort once," said my British companion. "We have the consolation of knowing that you had the French to help you gain *your* independence of us, but these fellows drove us away single-handed."

"When did that happen?" I said, ashamed of my ignorance of South American history.

"In 1806 and 1807. Of course we had Napoleon on our hands at the time; but that does not alter the fact that we were driven out before we were hardly seated in the place. And when General Whitelock tried to recapture the city his army was literally cut to pieces — brave fellows, these Argentines, without doubt."

"Was the fighting done in the city!"

"A great deal of it. That Moorish arcade so decorated with flags to-day—the *Recoba Vieja*, they call it—was the scene of one battle; and Whitelock's army was defeated in the streets, after he thought the Argentine army routed. The name of the plaza, Victoria, was given to it in honor of that victory. The people are proud to this day because their ancestors whipped us. Over there, in the church of San Domingo, they keep the flags they captured from us; and you may see cannon-balls imbedded in its walls, where the Argentines fired into their own church to compel the surrender of some of our fellows who had seized it. Whenever the church receives a coat of whitewash, the balls are painted black."

"But this didn't happen in their war for independence?" I queried, still confused.

"O, no. Still, a people who could handle *us* didn't find it a very hard matter to win when the struggle came with Spain, a little later. But the President attends *Te Deum* in the cathedral this morning, and reviews the troops. We must try to see it."

Although it was still early, when we re-entered the city we found the streets filled with people going toward the cathedral. The national colors were shown everywhere — no house too poor to contribute to the general display. Windows and balconies were everywhere draped with blue and white; and the colors were caught up by rosettes under the archways and over the portals, to hang in festoons against the pale yellow walls of the buildings. At the plaza Victoria, Church and State had vied with each other in the adornment of the cathedral and the *cabildo*, and the balconies of the latter and the great portico of the former were filled with people overlooking the larger and less fortunate concourse in the plaza. A row of balconies close to the sidewalk, was filled with young girls and stately ladies, all selling articles for the benefit of some charity connected with the church. The liquid Spanish of their persuasions was most melodious, as with their wax-like fingers they rolled cigarillos for purchasers.

And now the clear notes of a trumpet rang forth from the open tower of the *cabildo*, and answers came like echoes from countless distant points. We could see the soldier who blew the signal standing there, his gay uniform and the broad gold-

fringed pennon of his trumpet giving him the appearance of a herald calling knights to some mediæval tournament. The trumpet continued to blow at intervals, and we could hear quick, imperative drum-taps and strains of approaching music.

A company of zouaves appeared and cleared a passage to the central door of the cathedral, approaching briskly with rifles, the sabre-bayonets fixed. The first regiment that followed was a company of trumpeters on horseback, and next came a regiment of mounted lancers, their bright blades gleaming aloft, blood-red pennons fluttering gayly below; their seat in the saddle was most knightly and the horses tinkled their trappings and curvetted proudly. Then came regiment after regiment of plain every-day zouaves, batteries of artillery, and companies of mounted carbineers.

I could not help noting the youth of many of the soldiers. If the boys of Buenos Ayres were lacking among the spectators, they were present in the ranks — I saw some young orderlies and lieutenants who looked hardly sixteen years old. One dark, handsome young fellow, with the shoulder-straps of a captain, seemed particularly proud of his command.

All the military evolutions were directed by the trumpet of the herald in the tower; and the commands, given in mellow notes from the bugles of the different regiments, rang out most musically over the rattling drumbeats and strains of the wild impetuous Argentine march. The plaza was nearly filled with bright uniforms, nodding plumes, and glittering bayonets, when the state carriage of the President appeared with its guard of honor. It was an immense vehicle of antiquated pattern, decorated with the national colors, its panels pale blue with white mouldings, the arms of the nation gilded upon its doors; and within we could see the President, General Roca, resting comfortably upon cushions of blue and white satin.

Very unrepugnant, yet brilliant and impressive, were the services in the cathedral. I could not help recalling to mind tales of the proud days of the rule of Spain, and for the moment the soldierly President became the humble viceroy of a great Catholic kingdom. The subdued organ-tones and chanted Latin service, the splendid vestments of the priests, headed by the gray-haired archbishop, the purple robe of the Pope's legate, who had the seat of honor among the ambassadors — all seemed

to belong to that other and long, long bygone time.

The nave of the cathedral was set apart for the President and officers of state, together with the diplomatic corps. I ran my eye over the bright uniforms and decorations of the latter, till I came to our own minister's plain blue uniform of a major-general, and I rather liked its quiet dignity. Farther down, in contrast, a young secretary of legation absolutely blazed in a fur-trimmed Magyar costume of scarlet and gold, plumed fez, and great cavalry boots with gilded spurs of enormous length, which clanked on the floor as he walked.

After the *Te Deum*, came a review by the President with more bomb and artillery salutes, and then the elaborate mid-day breakfast.

In the afternoon everybody seemed to be going to the pretty park *3 de Febrero*, a few miles up the river. The drive was filled with carriages, and the railway coaches and trains were crowded — the latter even to the roofs, where young men sat and serenely puffed cigarettes and dodged and ducked to avoid the overhanging street decorations. At the park we enjoyed rifle matches and horse-races (no bull-fights, I am glad to say) and, not least by any means, the fine, broad avenue of palms, for carriage driving and promenading. At the athletic grounds a game of football came off between the Zingara club and a picked team. Hanley took part in this at the solicitations of some who knew of the former's prowess at Rugby and Oxford, and wanted him to "show the natives a dodge or two." In fact the picked team were mostly young Englishmen, and the Zingaros were badly beaten.

In the evening the plazas Victoria and *25 de Mayo* were again thronged to witness the illumination and display of fireworks. The *Recoba Vieja*, cathedral and *cabildo* were brightly outlined with glittering gas jets, which followed every detail of the architecture to the highest pinnacle. Wonderful ingenuity had been spent in leading the lines of scintillating lights about the plazas, over the fountains; and the Monument of the Victory showed all its carvings and letterings outlined in flame.

The fireworks were, however, but a repetition of the noisy bombs of the morning, varied with set pieces of enormous size, which would not always go off properly. One, which seemed to please the simple fancy of the people, was an exact counterpart of the *cabildo*, in colored fires; but the great venerable building itself, sparkling with myriads of lights, was

more attractive to me. From its roof would be sent at short intervals, large fire balloons, showing alternate squares of blue and white, often varied by one bearing the red and yellow of Mother Spain. The wind hurried them away over the river, and over the fleet whose lights twinkled ten miles away. We could watch the lengthening procession made by the fires in the balloons, until each blaze shrank to a trembling star, and then vanished; and we wondered if any of them would reach the shores of Uruguay. A boy came near us with a string of common toy balloons. His great round eyes looked so sleepy, and, like the other boys of the city, he seemed to take such a languid interest in what went on around him, that I said to Hanley that it would be very easy for us to send up our quota of balloons by cutting his string. "We'll do it," said he.

He called the boy, and asked him in Spanish the price of a balloon. "Five pesos, señor."

"How many have you left?"

"Six, señor."

"And how much for the lot?"

"Forty pesos, señor."

I laughed. But Hanley said, "Oh, that is gen-

uine Spanish bargaining. The more you buy, the greater the price."

With a stroke of his pocket-knife, Hanley cut every string; and the little red globes soared away, bobbing over the roofs, and were gone.

Hanley stood holding out the money, but the little fellow could not see it, he was so overcome with astonishment and anger. His eyes dilated until they seemed twice as large and twice as black; choking with passion, he could only say:

"Señor!!"

But when the trifling joke did dawn upon his sluggish brain, he acted as if he would like to laugh, but unfortunately had never learned how. The expression on his face was very funny. At last an idea seemed to seize him — here was a market for balloons — and he hurried away to hunt up some of his fellow dealers; seeing which, we withdrew.

The evening's exhibition closed with an ear-rending, earth-shaking salute of giant torpedoes. It was still early; but I thought that every one, even the young people, seemed relieved, and they departed homeward with the air of patriots who had performed all that their country could ask.





